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NARRATIVE

OF A

MISSION OF INQUIRY

TO

THE JEWS

FROM

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

IN

1839.

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"He caused me to pass by them round about, and behold there were very many in the open valley, and lo! they were very dry." Ezek. xxxvii. 2.

VOL. II.

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CHAPTER I.

SYROPHENICIA—GALILEE.

"Thy land, O Immanuel."—Isa. viii. 8.

In the afternoon of Monday (July 8) we set out for Galilee, with a small cavalcade of six horses. Ibraim and Ahmet took leave of us. The latter felt little, but Ibraim exhibited very affectionate feelings. He followed us a little way beyond the gates, then took farewell, burst into tears, and rushed out of sight. We felt it very sad to leave this Arab for ever, not knowing how it is with his soul.

Our road lay nearly south through a grove of pines, with mulberry gardens on all sides. Pleasant wild flowers adorned our path; the oleander in full bloom skirted the banks of two small streams which we crossed; and often also our own modest white rose appeared amongst the fragrant myrtles in the hedges. We crossed a bar of sand which is here blown across the promontory of Beyrout, and is two hours in breadth. The muleteers said that this sand was blown all the way from Egypt, but we heard that the shore is composed of a very soft sandstone, which accounts for its origin. Between us and Lebanon lay a splendid olive-grove, stretching north and south, said to be the largest in Palestine, which it

was refreshing to the eye even to look upon. But Lebanon itself chiefly attracted our admiration, for every part of its lower ridge seemed covered with villages. From a single point we counted twenty-one villages, all appearing at once on the brow of the mountain, each village having considerable cultivation round it. In the days when these stupendous heights were crowned with forests of pine and cedar, how deeply expressive must have been the words of the prophet, "Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt-offering."[1]

We reached the southern side of the promontory before sunset, and came upon the rocky sea-shore, along which our course now lay. Just as the sun went down, we passed a small khan,—a busy scene. Some were unloading their asses, some spreading their mats for the night. One man was opening his sack to give his ass provender, and forcibly reminded us of Jacob's sons arrived at their inn.[2] They invited us to stay with them, saying, "You will be plundered if you go on." We had not gone far when darkness overtook us, and we lost our way just as we came upon the bank of a broad stream that comes down from Lebanon, called Damour, the ancient *Tamyras*. Here we wandered among mulberry gardens; till at length we found a ford near the ruins of a bridge. The roots of the mountains here stretch out into the sea, forming rocky promontories. We crossed over one and another of these by what appeared to be a *pavé* or ancient Roman road, and came down through a village to a khan on the sea-shore, called Naby-Younes, "the prophet Jonah." There is here a small bay, which a Mahometan tradition makes out to be the spot where Jonah was cast ashore by the whale.

[1] Isa. xl. 16. [2] Gen. xlii. 27.

The keeper of the khan offered us accommodation, but, after taking a little of his salt bread and *leban*, we judged it preferable to encamp on the open shore near the sea.

The servants who now formed our party were all of different persuasions. Botros, Mr Calman's attendant, was a Greek Catholic; Antonio, who waited upon us, was a young Syrian of the Latin Church, and spoke Italian. The muleteers were, Mansour, a Druse, and Tanoos, a Maronite lad, of a most gentle disposition. Sometimes at night Antonio and Botros "poured water on our hands" to wash away the dust, reminding us of II Kings III. 11. With these around us, and the waves of the Mediterranean almost at our tent-door, we slept in peace.

Early next morning an old decrepit Moslem, with head white as snow, calling himself the Dervish of Naby-Younes, came to the tent-door asking alms. He was very grateful for a very small coin. We left this bay at six o'clock, and gaining the height of the next rocky promontory, obtained a view of the coast, indented with deep sandy bays, and of Sidon itself two hours distant. The view of Sidon as we approached was very fine, and exceedingly like the representations commonly given of it in the sketches of Syria. The town stands upon a high rising ground, which projects a considerable way into the sea. It is enclosed by a high fortified wall on the eastern side, and two mosques tower over the other buildings of the town. The most striking object is a fortress built upon a rock in the harbour, and connected with the town by a bridge of nine arches, said to be a remnant of the times of the Crusades. There is also a ledge of low rocks in the offing, near which two small vessels lay at anchor. Between the

town and the mountains lie richly cultivated gardens with tall verdant trees. Behind these the mountains appear, and we counted five distinct ridges of the range of Lebanon, rising one above another. Altogether, "Great Sidon," though fallen from her ancient glory, occupies a noble situation. Into the bay to the north of it flows a considerable stream, another of the many which are fed by the snows of Lebanon. After fording it, a lively scene met our view. The country people were bringing their cusas and melons to market upon donkies. One woman wore handsome silver anklets, similar to those spoken of by Isaiah.[1] The Moslem ladies all in white, the face entirely muffled in a dark coloured veil, the feet enclosed in large yellow boots, were taking their morning walk toward the tombs. Many remains of ancient pavement occasionally occurred. Mr M'Cheyne rode on before the rest, and arriving at the gate, inquired of the sentinel the way to the Jewish synagogue. He pointed to a Jew, who was standing beside his shop-door at the entrance of the bazaar. The Jew, shutting up his shop, took the stranger kindly by the hand, and led him away to his house. He tied up the horse in the court-yard, took off the carpet and bridle, and ushered him into his best room, where both sat down on the divan. After some preliminary questions, the Hebrew Bible was produced, and the first part of Ezekiel XXXVII. read, from which Mr M. shewed

SILVER ANKLETS.

[1] Isa. III. 18.

him his state by nature. He seemed a little offended, yet not wishing to shew it in his own house, tried to change the subject of discourse, and offered coffee. On leaving the house, another Jew led Mr M. to the synagogue, a substantial building, having the roof vaulted in the Gothic style. An old man sat on the ground surrounded by some Jewish children, whom he was teaching to read portions of Hebrew. Here the rest of our company met, and the old Rabbi, whose house joined hard to the synagogue, came in, and was followed by some twenty or thirty Jews. Several of them recognised Mr Calman, and received him in a very friendly manner. They seemed well inclined to enter into controversy on divine things. Two lads maintained an animated conversation with Mr Bonar, during which he produced his Hebrew New Testament, and asked one of them to read a chapter. They began very readily to read Matt. II, but when nearly finishing it, an elder Jew looked over their shoulder, and whispered to them the name of the book which they were reading. They immediately closed the book, and one of them started from his seat. We told the Rabbi that we had come from a far country to visit Israel; that we had seen God's word fulfilled in the desolations of Jerusalem; and we asked for what cause Israel were now like the dry bones in the open valley? The old Rabbi appeared to be a man of a perverse spirit. He went to his house, and brought out a Hebrew New Testament, one of those printed by the London Society, a good deal worn. He turned up to Mark XIII. 32, where Jesus says that he did not know the day of his second coming, and asked how then could he be God? One bitter Jew made signs to have us thrust out of the synagogue; but the rest shewed greater kindness, especially one young Rabbi from the coast of

Barbary, who spoke a little French. He shewed us their manuscripts of the law, one of which he said was three hundred years old, written at Bagdad, and now much worn. It had cost them 200 dollars. This man afterwards received us politely into his house, entertained us with lemonade and coffee, and at parting accepted a Hebrew tract called "The City of Refuge." He told us that there are 300 Jews in Sidon.

We now proceeded through the bazaar to a handsome khan or caravansera possessed in former days by the Franks. It is a large square, built round on all sides, with a fine fountain and pool of water in the centre, over which a vine was trained; a few orange-trees grew around. While sitting by the pool waiting till one of our mules was shod, a string of camels arrived, heavily laden with furniture, which proved to be the property of the late Lady Hester Stanhope, which, we were told, was to be sold at Sidon. Here also two Druse women were sitting, wearing the *tantour*, or horn upon the forehead. On the finger they wore a massy ring, having a seal on it. This we had noticed frequently in Egypt.[1] In the streets we met several Greek ecclesiastics neatly attired. The town is solidly built, and the bazaars are in a thriving condition. A public bath is one of the few modern buildings; but frequently we stumbled upon broken pillars and fragments of carved stones, the memorials of departed greatness.

All the magnificence of Sidon is gone, for "God has executed judgments in her."[2] Again and again have its inhabitants been "judged in the midst of her by the sword on every side." There are no more any merchants worth mentioning in Sidon. In two or three

1 Gen. xli. 42. Luke xv. 22. 2 Ezek. xxviii. 22.

shops fishing-rods were exposed for sale, but there were no signs of trade. "Be thou ashamed, O Zidon; for the sea hath spoken, even the strength of the sea, saying, I travail not nor bring forth children, neither do I nourish up young men, nor bring up virgins."[1] The city, and the sea that laved its walls, now lament the want of its once crowded and stirring population. It no more can boast of a king. "All the kings of Zidon" have been made to drink the wine-cup of God's fury, even as it was foretold.[2]

Before leaving the town, a Greek Christian, who acts as a Consular agent, came to us, and advised us not to proceed, for a traveller had been killed by the Arabs the day before, three hours on the way to Tyre. We had no reason to suspect this person's veracity, and yet we hoped that his information might be untrue; and, committing ourselves to God, left the gate of Sidon an hour after noon.

The gardens and groves that shelter the east side of the town, afforded a pleasant shade. Among some of these Abdolonimus may have been found by Alexander the Great;[3] and there the rich merchants of Sidon enjoyed their wealth, and revelled in that luxury and ungodliness which made the Saviour fix upon them as eminent instances of guilt, "It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment than for you."[4] Our way lay directly south, through the fine plain which stretches beyond Tyre. Some parts of it were cultivated, yielding barley, dhura, and tobacco, but the greater part was lying waste, covered with thistles and tangling briers. It is skirted on the east

[1] Isa. xxiii. 4. [2] Jer. xxv. 22.

[3] Justin. lib. x. cap. 10; and Quin. Curtius, lib. iv. cap. 1, § 19.

[4] Matt. xi. 22.

by a low range of hills connected with Lebanon, and these frequently open and shew pleasant little valleys, with villages and olive-trees on the heights.

In three hours we came upon many fragments of marble pillars scattered on the shore. These and other similar remains appear to be the remnants of ancient villas, if not of some town. In the days when Tyre and Sidon enjoyed their greatest splendour, this mid-way situation would be most favourable for the country-seats of the princes and merchants. Here, far removed from the noise of the city, they might be refreshed by the sea-breeze tempering the heat of summer, while, from the neighbouring heights they enjoyed the view of their stately vessels sailing past.

At this mid-way point stands Sarfend, the ancient Zarephath or Sarepta. It formerly spread toward the shore, but now is on the heights. The hills are here about a mile from the shore, and the village is pleasantly situated upon the steep brow of one of them, overhanging a ravine filled with fine olive-trees, and commanding a wide view. The vine once grew upon its hills in great luxuriance, and is celebrated by a Latin poet,

> "Quæque Sareptano palmite missa bibas :"[1]
> ("Wines which the vineyards of Sarepta yield.")

But it was matter of far greater interest to us, that it was hither that Elijah came from the brook Cherith, and here he was nourished out of the widow's barrel of meal and cruise of oil, and here he raised her child from the dead by prayer. These simple facts invest the place with a sacred interest. It was the theatre where God displayed his amazing sovereignty. The Lord passes by the many widows that were in Israel—he passes by all the princes of Tyre and Sidon, and

[1] Sidon Apoll. 17. 51.

fixes on one who dwells unknown in Sarepta, "a woman that was a widow;" teaching the world that he chooses his vessels of mercy where and when it seems good in his sight. Elijah may often have walked along these shores, and it was pleasant even to imagine that we were treading in his footsteps. There is reason to believe that this fertile plain, which may well be called "the borders of Tyre and Sidon," was also the scene of one of the most affecting of the gospel narratives, shewing the same sovereignty and grace as the wonders of Sarepta. For it was toward this plain that Jesus directed his steps from the Sea of Galilee, when the woman of Syro-Phenicia came and fell at his feet.[1]

More than an hour to the south of Sarfend, we diverged from the shore to visit the caves and tombs which occur in the precipitous face of the low hills. We climbed up into one large cavern, apparently natural, about sixty feet deep by thirty broad, and from twenty to thirty feet in height. From the mouth of the cave we could count about twenty sepulchres cut in the face of the rock, probably part of the ancient works of Tyre, the tombs of her rich men and princes.

Two hours farther south, we arrived at the largest stream we had yet seen in the land. The banks were skirted with the red blossoming oleander, and many tortoises were creeping in the shallows. This is the Kasimieh, believed to be the ancient *Leontes*, which has its source near Baalbec, flows through the splendid Vale of Cœle-Syria, and empties itself into the sea an hour and a half north of Tyre. We crossed the stream by a substantial bridge, upon the side of which we found sitting a cluster of Bedouins, wild, suspicious-looking men, with a little yellow shawl over the head, encircled

1 Matt. xv. 21—28. Mark vii. 24—30.

by a rope of camel's hair. They seemed to be looking out for a prey, and our servants evidently did not like their appearance, but we saluted them peaceably and passed on. On the high bank overlooking the river, stands an old dilapidated khan; and here, as the sun was going down, we resolved to encamp for the night. Perhaps the story we had heard at Sidon of the danger of the way made us think more of "perils of robbers," than we should otherwise have done; nor was it any addition to our prospects of a peaceful night's rest, to be told that the ground here was full of scorpions, and that even the floor of the old khan was not free from them. However, we decided to go up to the khan, and seek shelter within its walls. Here, as the brief twilight came on, there arrived first one company and then another of mules, with tingling bells, till the square of the building presented quite a lively appearance. We pitched our tent on the roof of the old ruin, where the grass had been allowed to grow; and committing ourselves to Him that keeps Israel, lay down to sleep in peace. Occasionally we heard the cry of the jackal, but nothing else disturbed our rest till the rising sun shone with intense brilliancy into our tent.

(July 10.) We were soon on our way to Tyre, an hour and a half distant, through the fine plain, covered mostly with thorns, with here and there a field of dhura. Tyre appears a long promontory stretching into the sea. Half-way between the town and the hills, there is a conical rising ground surmounted either by a khan or a tomb, and nearer Tyre appear the remains of the ancient aqueduct.

Arriving at the gate, we were detained some time under the shade of some fig-trees, till the Governor had fully ascertained that we came from the north,

and not from places where the plague prevailed. We entered, and with some difficulty rode through the bazaar, which was shaded with mats and vines, till we arrived at the khan, a large half-ruined building, where we put up our horses.

Tyre is but the wreck of a town. You cannot traverse its streets without meeting at every turn fragments of other days. Thus, at the gate there are two fallen pillars; in the bazaar, another prostrate pillar helps to complete the pavement; and on the shore of the peninsula (once THE ISLAND), broken columns lie on all sides, over which the sea dashes its waves. We stood awhile amidst the ruins of the old Christian church, at the south-east corner of the town, where Eusebius is said to have preached, and looking over, observed the waves break on two large columns with their capitals that lay close under the wall.

From this point, and from the summit of a tower to which the Jews led us in the south-west corner of the town, we surveyed the whole extent of what was Insular Tyre, once densely covered with the palaces of Tyrian merchants.[1] The island appears to have been of the shape of a prolonged diamond, stretching nearly a mile from north to south. The breadth it is not easy to estimate, as we cannot tell where Alexander's causeway commenced. We observed a chain of low rocks in the offing, all a little under water, which may very possibly have been built upon in former days. The modern town or village is thinly scattered over the eastern part of what was formerly the island; the part next

[1] A recent traveller, Mr W. R. Wylde, found in some of the rocks holes exactly fit for pots, in some of which were pieces of shells, with the debris of other shells lying round. These shells all belonged to the species *Murex trunculus*, from which the purple dye used to be extracted. Hence he concludes, that these holes were anciently the vats used for preparing the Tyrian dye. We found specimens of the shells he speaks of on the shore under Mount Carmel.

the sea is cultivated, and bears good tobacco. The little harbour of Tyre lies on the north side of the peninsula, and is nearly enclosed by a wall, the ruins of which are standing here and there. It would not now vie with the harbours of any of our fishing-villages; we counted some ten open-decked fishing-boats riding in it; but larger vessels cannot enter. The island was originally nearly half a mile distant from the shore; but across the intervening gulf Alexander with amazing labour formed his famous causeway, using for that purpose the stones and the very dust of ancient Tyre, scraped from off her. During the lapse of ages, the sea has washed up the sand on each side of this causeway, so that it is now a broad neck of land, with fine sandy bays on each side. Ruins of ancient walls and foundations are still to be found in different parts of it. The houses, or rather cottages of Tyre, are built of good stone, with many palm-trees, vines, figs, and pomegranates interspersed, giving the place a cool and pleasing aspect. The modern name is Sour, and there are about 1500 inhabitants. There is some probability that the sea has advanced upon this coast, and materially affected the size of the ancient island; and if this be the case, we can have no difficulty in understanding how the almost impregnable fortifications, of which history speaks, and the palaces of the Tyrian merchants, were once crowded together upon this interesting spot.[1]

In order to understand fully the accomplishment of the divine predictions against Tyre, it must be borne in mind, that though the island may have been very soon

1 Mr Wylde gives many interesting proofs of the advance of the sea all along the coast. For example, the old castle at Beyrout, which is now surrounded with water, was once joined to the land. The shallowness of the harbours at Jaffa and Acre seem to shew the same thing. He also saw ruins under the water at Tyre. If we are to trust Benjamin of Tudela, he says that, in his day, if one went out in a ship a little way, he might see ruins of streets and towers at the bottom of the sea.

occupied as a stronghold, yet the most ancient city, called by historians Palæ Tyrus, or Old Tyre, was situated on the mainland, at a distance of nearly four miles south from the island. This was "the strong city Tyre" mentioned in the days of Joshua,[1] and the "stronghold of Tyre" in the time of David.[2] As many travellers have done before us, we stood upon the ruins of insular Tyre, and stretching our eye round the bay to the south, conjectured where Old Tyre may have been situated; and afterwards on our return from Acre, we traversed the coast and sought with the utmost care for any remains of the strong city—but in vain. The word of the Lord has come to pass, "Though thou be sought for, yet thou shalt never be found again, saith the Lord God."[3] About eight miles south from the island, a high rocky promontory appears, forming a precipice over the sea, called Cape Blanco, from the whiteness of the rock. The road passes over it, and there are singular steps cut in the rock, supposed to be the *Scalæ Tyriorum*, or Tyrian Ladder of the ancients. Now, between Cape Blanco and the island, there is a spacious bay, with one or two lesser curves. It occurred to us that, in the days of Tyre's glory, when they took "cedars from Lebanon to make masts for her, and oaks from Bashan to make oars, and fine linen from Egypt to be spread forth as her sails;" when "all the ships of the sea with their mariners were in her to occupy her merchandise," this vast bay may have afforded her an anchorage, where the forests of masts would present to the eye a spectacle not less noble than any which can be seen in the harbour of the very greatest of our commercial cities, and this in a region of surpassing beauty.

1 Josh. xix. 29. 2 II Sam. xxiv. 7. 3 Ezek, xxvi. 21.

Indeed, it is not unlikely that Old Tyre may have extended as far as the precipitous summit of Cape Blanco, from which its name Tsour, that is, "a rock," may have been derived. Tyre on the Island may have been at first, as Jowett has conjectured, the harbour of the original city, connected with it, as the remaining aqueducts testify, although four miles distant from its gates. If there be truth in this conjecture, it would at once explain the vast circumference of the city as described by Pliny, and would illustrate the glowing description of Ezekiel, when he describes how "her builders had perfected her beauty."

Keeping both the Tyres in view, we could not fail to notice with what awful accuracy the word of God has been verified concerning them. The word of Amos has been fulfilled, "For three transgressions of Tyrus, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof. But I will send a fire on the wall of Tyrus which shall destroy the palaces thereof."[1] Not a vestige of her palaces remains, except the prostrate granite pillars, over which the wave is ever beating. We remembered, too, as we looked along the bare shore, the minute prediction of Ezekiel, "They shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers: I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock. It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea; for I have spoken it, saith the Lord God."[2] Alexander the Great seems actually to have scraped away the very rubbish as well as the stones of Old Tyre to construct his causeway;[3] and now the bare rocks

1 Amos i. 10.

2 Ezek. xxvi. 4. Dr Newcome's note on this passage gives us the full sense,—"*The bare shining surface of a rock.*"

3 The words of Quintus Curtius, quoted by Dr Keith, are very remarkable: "Humus aggerebatur."

along the shore, on some part of which the ancient city must have stood, are literally a place for the spreading of nets. The first man we met in the gate of Tyre was a fisherman carrying a load of fish, and the fishing-boats in the harbour we have already mentioned. If, indeed, the sea has made an advance upon the coast, then the very rocks where Old Tyre stood may be now under water, and the nets of the fisherman may be literally spread over them. And this, also, would give new meaning to the expression, "Thou shalt be broken by the seas in the depths of the water;"[1] although at the same time the ruin of her fleets and merchant ships will completely satisfy the terms of this prophecy. How interesting, too, is the very uncertainty that hangs over the true situation of ancient Tyre, some placing it on the shore, some at Ras-el-Ain farther inward, and some on a rocky eminence called Marshuk, to the north-east—all combining to shew how awfully the thrice-repeated curse has been fulfilled, "*I will make thee a terror and thou shalt be no more;*"[2] and how true to the letter, "*Though thou be sought for, yet shalt thou never be found again.*"

Looking to the bare rock of the island, or to the village that stands upon it, without a remnant of the triple wall and fortress once deemed impregnable, a traveller is ready to ask, in the very words of the prophet, "Is this your joyous city, whose antiquity is of ancient days? Who hath taken this counsel against Tyre, the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth? The Lord of hosts hath purposed it, to stain the pride of all glory, and to bring into contempt all the honourable of the earth. He stretched out his hand over the sea: he shook the

[1] Ezek. xxvii. 34. [2] Ezek. xxvi. 21; xxvii. 36; xxviii. 19.

kingdoms; the Lord hath given a commandment against the merchant-city, to destroy the strong holds thereof."[1] But a brighter day is yet to dawn upon Tyre, when it shall be a city of holiness. For the same sure word of prophecy declares, that though after its ruin it should return to its sinful gains, yet a time is coming, when "her merchandise and her hire shall be holiness to the Lord: it shall not be treasured nor laid up; for her merchandise shall be for them that dwell before the Lord, to eat sufficiently, and for durable clothing."[2] May not this allude to some event connected with Israel's restoration; for they shall be in a peculiar manner the people "*that dwell before the Lord?*" Perhaps as Hiram supplied cedars and other materials for the temple in the days of Solomon, Tyre may again send her supplies to assist Israel on their return home.

The first Jew whom we met in Tyre was from Algiers. He had there acquired a little knowledge of French from the army, and told us that there were about a hundred Jews in Tyre; of these five families had come recently from Algiers, and the rest from Saphet on occasion of their dwellings being destroyed by the earthquake on 1st January 1837. He led us to the synagogue, one of the poorest and most wretched we had yet seen, having a solitary lamp burning beside the ark. Several Jews gathered round us. The Hebrew Bible was produced, and we soon entered on divine things. One interesting young Jew seemed a little impressed, and often carried his difficulties to the elder ones, seeking from them an answer. Under a verandah, outside the synagogue, an elderly Jew sat on the ground teaching some children. Mr Bonar tried the children with a few sim-

[1] Isa. xxiii, 7, 8, 9, 11. [2] Isa. xxiii. 18.

ple sentences in Hebrew, and they in turn asked him in Hebrew the names of several Scripture characters, putting such questions as "מִי אָב מֹשֶׁה," "who was the father of Moses?"

We next visited the Rabbi of Tyre at his own house. He seemed a sagacious-looking man, kind and polite in his manners. In discussing passages of Scripture, when Mr Calman pushed him hard, he invariably resorted to his commentators, taking down from a shelf some old thin folios. As we sat looking out at the open window upon the bright blue sea, we observed that "the earth shall yet be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea;" upon which he made this interesting remark, that as there are many caverns, and inequalities of depths in the sea, and yet the surface of the water is all smooth and level; so shall it be then, people will still possess unequal capacities of knowledge and enjoyment, yet all will present one common appearance, because each will be filled up to his measure. He asserted, that the purpose for which the Jews are now scattered over the world, is to diffuse the knowledge of the true God; but was at a loss for a reply when we referred to Ezekiel XXXVI. 23, "My great name, *which ye have profaned* among the heathen."

We now retired to the khan, and spread our carpets for a little repose before leaving Tyre, but our visit excited curiosity throughout the Jewish community, and many whom we had not seen before came to visit us. With our back to a pillar of the khan, and the Hebrew Bible in our hand, we maintained a broken conversation, often with half a dozen at a time, some going away, others coming. One, as he departed, cried, "Come away from that Epicurus." Some were a little angry, but most were kind and good-natured. We

shewed that Isaiah I. 7, had been fulfilled before their eyes, "Your country is desolate, your cities are burned with fire, your land strangers devour it in your presence;" and therefore v. 3, must be true of themselves, "Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." We proved to them from Zech. XIII. 1, that, as a nation, they did not at present know the way of forgiveness, for God says, "*In that day*, there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness." Several of them remained with us to the very last, conducted us through the narrow bazaar, and parted with us outside the gate, with expressions of kindness.

As we moved slowly round the fine sandy bay on the southern side of the peninsula, we remembered the solemn scene which that very shore had witnessed, when the Apostle Paul visited Tyre on his way to Jerusalem, as recorded by Luke. The Tyrian disciples "All brought us on our way, with wives and children, till we were out of the city; and we kneeled down on the shore and prayed."[1]

Not far from the town, our mules stopped to drink at a well, where the trough was of beautifully carved stone, and seemed to have been an old sarcophagus. We passed a small grove of fragrant lemon-trees, and then crossed an old aqueduct, with water running in it. Several of the gardens had watch-towers in them, in one of which we saw two men sleeping on a sort of loft. We soon began to ascend the heights which form the eastern background of the plain around Tyre, and often looked back to enjoy the magnificent view of the sea, the coast of Syro-Phenicia, and Tyre itself, with its rocks stretching south from the end of the peninsula.

In two hours from Tyre, our attention was attracted

[1] Acts XXI. 5.

by a singular monument or tomb, resting upon immense hewn stones. The upper stone was very large, and it was not easy to see how it had been lifted on to its fellows. Where are they that raised it? Their name and object are alike unknown.[1]

Reaching the summit of the ridge, our road lay south-east, as it penetrated into the interior of the country. In crossing the hills, we noticed in them another capability of this wonderful land, distinct from any we had seen in the southern parts. The sides, and even the summits, were seen sprinkled over with vigorous olive-trees. Some of these hills were no doubt 1000 feet high, yet their tops were frequently crowned with groves of olives, shewing how fertile and how suitable for the cultivation of the olive this range must have been in former days. This was the more remarkable, because we were now in the tribe of Asher; and the prophetic blessing pronounced upon Asher, was, "*Let him dip his foot in oil.*"[2] His hills appear to be suitable neither for the vine nor for pasture, but for the olive, whose berries yield the finest oil. To this also, as well as to Asher's luxuriant plains in the south of his possession, the words of Jacob may refer, "out of Asher his *bread shall be fat.*"[3] Nor is it unlikely that the promise, "*Thy shoes shall be iron and brass,*"[4] may have a reference to these hills, that were his defence against his hostile neighbours in Tyre and Sidon. In days of quietness and peace, his hills yield him oil in which he dips his feet; in war, his hills are to him as shoes of iron and brass.

1 Robinson mentions this monument, and says that it bears among the common people the name of Kabr Hairan, "Sepulchre of Hiram." "It is possible (he adds) that this sepulchre once held the dust of the friend and ally of Solomon." Vol. III. 385.

2 Deut. XXXIII. 24. 3 Gen. XLIX. 20. 4 Deut. XXXIII. 25.

In an hour from the ancient monument, we came to a kind of basin in the bosom of the mountains—a gentle hollow, with a thriving village in the midst. It was surrounded with luxuriant corn-fields and verdant olives, and the villagers were all busy at the corn-floor. We asked an old peasant the name of the village, he said, "Kana." The name thrilled to our heart, so strange and pleasant was it to hear a Scripture name from the lips of an ignorant Moslem. It is every way probable that this is the *Kanah of Asher* mentioned in Joshua.[1] Near it are some caves or tombs, and there is a heap of stones on a hill to the right which caught our attention, but which we had no time to investigate. The situation of the village is retired and peaceful. In the last cottage we passed, some Jews, who seemed to be travellers, were much surprised when we saluted them in the holy tongue.

Leaving Kana, we proceeded up a steep ascent, on the summit of which was another village called Sedeekin, that is, "The faithful;" so called by the Moslems because none but Mahometans dwell there. It is beautifully situated in the midst of fields of tobacco and fig-trees in abundance. It may be the site of some one of the towns named along with Kanah, "Hebron, and Rehob, and Hammon." The inhabitants were all in the field reaping their harvest. The climate on the high hills of Galilee we found to be delicious. The hills around, as far as we could see, were covered with a carpet of green, not of grass however, but brushwood and dwarf-trees. Crossing over a low hill, and descending a very steep declivity, we came to the entrance of a deeply shady glen, called Wady Deeb, that is, "Valley of the Wolf," no doubt from its being

[1] Josh. xix. 28.

a favourite resort of that animal. Here we met a Moslem returning from cutting wood with his axe in his hand, while his wife followed carrying the bundle of wood upon her head, an example of the degradation to which women are subjected in eastern countries. The steep hills on each side of the pass rose to the height of 800 feet, and were finely clothed with tall shrubs and trees. The road winds through by a foot-path, which in winter is probably the bed of a torrent. Nothing could exceed the romantic beauty of this ravine. Every kind of tree and shrub seemed to shew themselves in turn, the beech-tree and valonea oak, the wild rose, the broom, and many others; while the white flowers of the woodbine and clematis clustered like garlands round the stronger shrubs, loading the evening air with their fragrance. We pressed on for an hour and a half, till we reached a large natural cave on the left side of the valley, where the pathway became very steep and rocky; yet it was wonderful to see how the little Syrian horses clambered up.

The darkness had now settled down upon us, and the fire-flies were sparkling through the air in all directions. Reaching the summit, we discerned our nearness to a village by the scent of the straw, peculiar to Arab villages. The name of it was Jettar, and we were directed to the khan, an enclosure at the end of the village, which had a roof and one wall made of the boughs of trees. Under these we spread our mats, thankful to find a place of rest. The villagers were very kind; and so many of them came to visit us, that our lodging was full of strangers till a late hour. About forty families live here, all of them Mahometans. Fifteen houses were destroyed by an earthquake in 1837. There is a

large pond of water beside the village, and to this herds of leopards and wolves come to drink at night. Wolves and wild boars abound in the valley we had passed through; and gazelles are numerous. The villagers told us, that near this place are the ruins of several old towns, some of them extensive. They mentioned the names of three, Mirapheh, Mar-yamin, and Medinatna-hash ("city of brass"). The name Jettar, and the striking features of the valley Wady Deeb up which we had passed, suggested to us that this may be the valley of "*Jephthah-el*" mentioned in Joshua.[1] It is above five hours distant from Tyre.

(July 11.) We were awoke early in the morning by the sound of horses' feet, and starting up saw a soldier, armed with gun and pistols, looking in upon us. Along with him were two Jews from Tyre, whom we immediately recognised as friends. One told us in his broken French, that a messenger had brought word to Tyre of a Jew having been shot by the Bedouins two hours farther on the road to Saphet, and they were now going to find his body. Whether this was a true report or not we never ascertained, but it made us feel that our way through Galilee was not unattended with danger. The villagers, too, seemed alarmed; they were going to a market at some distance, somewhat in the direction of Saphet, and were very anxious that we should accompany them, either out of kindness to us or through desire of protection to themselves. We thought it better, however, to journey forward by ourselves, as we could not have reached Saphet by the proposed bypath the same night. Their advice reminded us of the days of Shamgar, "when travellers walked through byways."[2] We

[1] Josh. xix. 27. [2] Judg. v. 6.

read Isaiah XXVI. in our morning worship under a tree, at a little distance from the village, and rode on our way through the tribe of Naphtali.

On a hill near were the ruins of a small fortress, and caves that may have been used as sepulchres. The Arabs called the place Bedundah. In a little while a deep valley came in sight lying beneath us, with a fine pass winding to the east, the hills beyond appearing wooded to the top. The mouth of the pass was shut up by a conical hill, completely wooded. In winding round this hill, we came upon a well and a watering trough, where several shepherds had gathered their flocks together to drink. The quietness of the valley, contrasted with the rumours of danger from the Bedouins, reminded us of Judges, "They that are delivered from the noise of archers in the places of drawing water."[1] For some time hill and valley alternately presented themselves, covered with shrubs and trees. At one place, a large snake glided away from us among the shrubs, and once or twice an owl was seen perching on the trees.[2] Coveys of partridges also frequently crossed our path. On the height above was a village called Jibbah. The way was adorned with many wild flowers, and we were occasionally refreshed by romantic scenery. The jasmine is called by the Arabs "Jasmin-el-barie," that is, wild jasmin, and appears to be a native of the country. Often it was seen creeping to the top of the trees, and there forming a snowy crown, or twining from branch to branch a garland of white flowers. The yellow broom also, a native of Palestine, was flourishing in great profusion. Through another mountain valley, we came into a small plain of great beauty. Here an

1 Judg. v. 11. 2 Psa. CII. 6, "An owl of the desert places."

old olive-press was lying by the road-side. A wooden

screw and vice seemed intended to press a large stone upon the olives, while a stone trough beneath received the oil. At the eastern end of this plain, we came to a considerable village called Ramea, with a large circular pool of water. In a wide area close by, heaps of corn were piled up ready to be trodden out, and at another place horses were employed in treading. Many flocks of sheep and goats were on their way to drink at the pool.

Leaving this beautiful plain, our way led us through mountain passes of a similar character to those already described, only here we observed the remains of ancient terraces, and remarked, that the natural rock is frequently in the form of terraces, as in the hills of Judah. About mid-day we came in sight of a village on the summit of a rocky hill; to which we gladly turned aside to enjoy a little rest. Throughout all the morning we had expected to fall in either with the Bedouins, or our Jewish friends; and many a lurking place suitable to the designs of the robber we passed, but no evil came near us. The name of the village to which we had come was Kefr-birhom; its inhabitants, about 200 in number, are all Maronite Christians. They received us

very kindly, and introduced us to their priest, a gentle and venerable-looking man. His dress was a dark caftan or cloak, and a high black turban. He pressed us much to take up our lodging in an upper room which he pointed out to us; but we preferred the deep shade of a spreading fig-tree. He sat down with us, and many of the villagers at a respectful distance; and, through Mr Calman, we had some discussion on points of doctrine. One of us, wandering through the village, entered into the cottage of a Maronite, and sitting down read a little of his Syriac prayer-book, to the infinite delight of the poor man, who thereupon welcomed the unknown traveller as a brother. Soon after, when we were all reclining under the fig-tree, this man came with a present of four eggs; and on being presented with a pencil-case, ran back to his house and brought us two pigeons. Contrasting this gift with the present of a sheep which the Governor of Hebron brought us, we saw in a very clear manner the considerateness of the command in Leviticus I. 10, 14, where the rich man was expected to bring a sheep for an offering, and the poor man two young pigeons.[1] While seated under the fig-tree, several Jews arrived on their way from Tyre to Saphet, among whom we recognised the young man who had been a little impressed in the synagogue. He soon came and spoke with us, and, taking up the Hebrew Bible, he put his finger on Joshua II. 1, where Joshua is described as sending out the two spies to view the land, "Now (said he) you are these spies."

We found in the village traces of former greatness, especially in the north-east, where are considerable remains. The principal ruin is that of an ancient Synagogue. The doorway and two windows (one on each

1 Comp. Luke II. 24.

side of the door) are still in good preservation, but half sunk in the rubbish. The upper part of the door is or-

namented with a fine wreath of vine leaves and bunches of grapes carved in the stone, and in beautiful preservation. The windows are also adorned with carved work; three columns are still standing, and several fragments lie scattered through the village. The Maronites and Jews both called it a Jewish Synagogue, and connected it with the name of Isaiah.[1] We were told also that the Jews sometimes go there to pray. In a field about a quarter of a mile distant stands another doorway, said to be not so elegant, but bearing an inscription over it. We regretted much that our time did not permit us to visit it and endeavour to decypher the inscription.

In the afternoon, we set out again, having the Jews in our train, and conversing with them by the way. A fine spreading mountain now came in sight, two hours distant on the right hand, commonly supposed to be Mount Naphtali, resembling Queensberry Hill in Dum-

[1] Comp. p. 39.

friesshire. There is a considerable plain around its base, which may be part of the plain of Zaanaim, where Heber the Kenite dwelt, and where Barak gathered his army.[1] The hill would serve as a mark easily seen far off by "all Zebulun and Naphtali," and so would render this spot the better suited for a rendezvous. The town at which they met was Kadesh, the birthplace of Barak, and also a City of Refuge. If Kadesh stood near this hill, it would be well fitted for a city of refuge, as the hill would point out its situation at a great distance to the fleeing manslayer, while the plain made his flight easy. In this respect it would resemble Sychem and Hebron, which were also cities of refuge.

On the left hand we passed, without seeing it, the village of Gish, supposed to be the site of *Gischala*, which Josephus says was mostly peopled with agriculturists, and near which (he says) was Kydessa, which may be the modern village Kadyta, a little to the south-east. Mr Calman had visited Gish immediately after the earthquake by which it was totally destroyed. In one place he mentioned that the rocks were torn asunder to a considerable breadth, and no one could tell the depth of the fissure. About half a mile farther on we turned off the road to the left to visit a singular pool, called Birket-el-Gish. It bears evident marks of having been at one time the crater of a volcano. It is of an oval form, and about 1100 paces in circumference. This we ascertained by walking round as near to the edge as the sharp projecting rocks would allow. The rocks are all black, evidently composed of lava, and it is singular to notice that, to the south and east the fields are covered with black stones of the same description, while there are none to the north and west. A consi-

[1] Judg. iv. 10, 11.

derable quantity of water was collected in it, and the flocks are driven down to the edge to drink. The neighbouring plain is called Sachel-el-Gish, or "Plain of Gish." The plain, the pool, and the village all bearing the same name, shew that it must have been a place of some importance. Returning from this pool, we obtained our first glimpse of a small part of the Sea of Galilee, by looking past the shoulder of Mount Naphtali. Saphet also was full in sight, its snow-white houses perched on the summit of a lofty hill, gleaming under the rays of the setting sun. This is believed, though without any positive evidence, to be the "city set on a hill," to which our Lord referred, and perhaps pointed, in his Sermon on the Mount; and certainly no place in all Palestine could better answer the description. We were not able to ascertain even from the Jews the name of any Scripture town situated there.[1] Before coming to Saphet, we passed a village called Saccas, on a high rugged hill. Descending this hill, Mr Bonar's mule entangled its foot in a fissure of the rock, and rolled upon its side. Its rider was precipitated to the ground, without suffering any injury; but the poor animal's foot was sorely crushed, and the muleteer led it along, pouring out incessant lamentations, and often kissing it like a child.

After crossing several ravines, all running south toward the Sea of Galilee, we climbed the hill on which Saphet stands by a very steep path worn deep in the white limestone rock. Mr M'Cheyne rode up by the path on the east side of the hill, and came upon ruins made by the earthquake, which on that side are very ap-

1 The name Saphet may be derived from צפת, the capital of a pillar (1 Kings vii. 41), alluding to the appearance of the town which surmounts the hill, very much in the way that a capital surmounts a pillar.

palling. Arriving at the house of a Jew, he was kindly entertained, and requested by his host to tell the news of the war. Another Jew kindly guided him to the rest of our company. Mr Calman, being well acquainted with the place and with the Jewish inhabitants, soon obtained for us a comfortable lodging in the cottage of a German Jew, who willingly removed to make way for us. He lighted up the lamp filled with olive-oil, and we spread our mats upon the floor. We found all the Jews here living in a state of great alarm. The troops of the Pasha had been withdrawn, being engaged in the war, and the Bedouins were every day threatening an attack to plunder the town. Only four soldiers had been left to defend them, and these, along with ten Jews, used to patrole the town all night to give alarm in case of an assault. We observed how poorly clad most of the Jews seemed to be, and were told that they had buried under ground all their valuable clothes, their money, and other precious things. It was easy to read their deep anxiety in the very expression of their countenances: they were truly in the state foretold by Moses more than 3000 years ago. "The Lord shall give thee a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind: and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life."[1] And all this in their own land!

The Jews wondered that we had travelled so safely, when we did not even carry fire-arms. But "the Lord had gone before us, and the God of Israel had been our rereward." We felt deeply thankful for the mercies of this day, and slept quietly in our Jewish cottage, the loud cry of the jackals being the only sound to break the silence of the night.

1 Deut. xxviii. 65, 66.

(July 12.) The morning air was cool and delightful in this elevated region. The hill on which Saphet stands appears to be of great height, not inferior even to Tabor. The town is built upon two heights, of which the northern and upper is occupied almost entirely by the Jews, the lower by the Mahometans. On the highest point are the ruins of the castle. All its houses are built of a pure white limestone, which gives them a dazzling appearance. The ruins of the town caused by the earthquake, 1st January 1837, are every where to be seen, and in some places are literally heaps upon heaps; for the town having been built on the slopes of the steep hill, one range of houses actually hung over the other, and hence, in the earthquake, the houses were cast one upon another. The Jews have rebuilt a great part of their quarter, out of veneration for the Holy City, but the Mahometan quarter is still an appalling ruin.

The situation of Saphet is singularly beautiful. Looking west from our cottage-door, the noble mountain of Naphtali met the eye, verdant to the top, and the fine undulating plain stretching east and west at its base. Looking down the hill on which the town itself stands, we saw pleasant groves of olives, and vineyards supported by terraces, while footpaths and tracks in the white rock wind up in all directions, along which the country people were moving slowly with mules and camels, this day (Friday) being the market-day. Close to the town, in the N.W. is a village—a small suburb—called Ain Zeitoun, "well of olives." Farther off, in the same direction, is the village of Kadyta, and on a height nearly due west, Saccas. And upon the side of the hill of Naphtali, the white tombs of Marona are dimly visible,

a highly venerated spot, because of the rabbies buried there.

Walking round to the southern brow on which the Mahometan quarter is built, we sat down among the tombs in full view of the Lake of Galilee—solemn, calm, and still—and meditated over the scenes that had been transacted there. Returning by the bazaar, we had an opportunity of witnessing the market which is held here weekly. All was bustle and noise, very like a market at home. The Bedouin Arab was there, fully armed, with his long firelock under his arm; for though he is known to be a robber, yet he attends the market in peace, no one laying a hand upon him, in wonderful fulfilment of the prophecy, "His hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him, *and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren.*"[1] Here, too, were the Syrian women wearing the nose-jewel alluded to by Isaiah,[2] fastened by a hole bored through the nostril, not so large nor uncomely as we had expected. A much more unpleasant yet common custom, is the staining of the chin and under the mouth with dots of henna. In many of the shops the only weights in the balance were smooth stones, which we learn from the book of Proverbs[3] were also used in ancient days.

The custom of drying corn and other articles on the roofs of houses here, appears to be as common as it was in the days of Rahab.[4] The houses in the streets have their flat roofs so connected, that nothing could be easier or more natural in case of any alarm, than to walk along the whole length of the street on the house-top, without coming down.[5] Indeed, there are some yet remaining, where the roofs of the lower row of

1 Gen. xvi. 12. 2 Isa. iii. 21. 3 Prov. xi. 1; xvi. 11. See original.
4 Josh. ii. 6. Also ii Sam. xvii. 19. 5 Luke xvii. 31.

houses form the pathway of the row above. This was very generally the case in Saphet before the earthquake, and, in reference to it, a well-known story is current among the inhabitants. A camel-driver passing along the street suddenly observed his camel sink down. It had been walking on the roof of a house, and the roof had given way. The owner of the house was filled with alarm and anger at seeing the animal descend into his apartment. He carried the case to the Cadi, claiming damages for the broken roof of his house. But he was met by the camel-driver claiming damages from him for the injury his camel had sustained by the fall, owing to the roof not being kept in good repair. We did not hear the decision of the Cadi in this difficult case.

Towards evening, we clambered through a vineyard to the shapeless ruins of the castle, which surmounts the highest peak of the hill of Saphet, and commands the finest view of the Lake of Galilee. Here we disturbed several serpents of considerable size, which darted out of sight at our approach, or glided down the slope. Large vultures also were hovering over our heads in great numbers.

We climbed up to the highest part of the untenanted walls, and sat down. Immediately below us was the Governor's house and the Mahometan quarter, and part of the hill clothed with fig and olive trees. Three ridges more intervene, and then the Lake of Galilee appears. It did not seem more than two miles off, though in reality four hours distant, so much does the clear atmosphere deceive the sight. The greater part of the lake was in view, nearly in the form of an oval, a deep blue expanse of calm, unruffled, silent waters. Through part of the middle of the lake, we could discern a streak

like the track of a vessel that had lately cut the waters. This might possibly be caused by the current of the Jordan passing through it; but of this we were rather sceptical, for at other times we could not discover any thing like this appearance. On the eastern side the mountains are lofty and bare, descending abruptly on the shore. We could not descry a single village or town on that side, although smoke was rising from one or two points. On the western side the hills are not so lofty nor so close upon the lake, but there is more variety. We remarked that there was no part of the margin which shewed any thing like a plain except that part in the north-west, where a verdant plain extends apparently three or four miles along the shore, and seemed to be a mile or a mile and a half at its greatest breadth. We concluded at once that this must be the plain of Gennesareth, of which Josephus speaks in such glowing terms,[1] and the land of Gennesareth, so often mentioned in the Gospel narrative, where stood Capernaum, and other cities, whose very site is now unknown.

South of the plain, two rocky promontories run out into the lake. Over the nearest, a few buildings, dimly discernible, indicated the site of *Tiberias;* but a little farther a white building attracts the eye upon the shore. It is the hot baths of Tiberias. Over the second promontory a distant village is visible, probably Kerak, the ancient *Tarichæa;* and there the view of the lake is bounded. The whole extent of the lake may be about fifteen miles in length, and nine miles at the greatest breadth. The view of the hill country to the west and south-west of the lake is very beautiful. The heights of Huttin, commonly fixed on by tradition as the Mount of Beatitudes, appear a little to the west of

1 Wars, III. 10, § 8.

Tiberias. Over these the graceful top of Mount Tabor is seen, and beyond it the little Hermon, famous for its dews; and still farther, and apparently higher, the bleak mountains of Gilboa, on which David prayed that there might fall no dew nor rain.[1]

A view of the position of Tabor and Hermon from such a situation as that which we now occupied, shewed us how accurately they might be reckoned the "*umbilicus terræ*"—the central point of the land,—and led us to infer that this is the true explanation of the manner in which they are referred to in the 89th Psalm: "The north and the south thou hast created them; *Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name.*"[2] It is as if the Psalmist had said, North, south, and *all that is between*—or, in other words, the whole land from north to south, to its very centre and throughout its very marrow—shall rejoice in thy name.

We could imagine the days when Jesus walked down by the side of that lake, and preached to silent multitudes gathered round him. It seemed at that moment unspeakable condescension, that God in our nature should once have stood on some of these slopes, and stretched out his hand to sinners as he spoke in the tone of heavenly love, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest!" And it was strangely solemn to be gazing upon rocks that echoed to his prayers by night, and desert places where he was alone with his Father: "He departed again unto a mountain himself alone;" "and his disciples went down unto the sea."[3] All sides of the lake are now comparatively bleak and dreary; yet they suit the stillness of the scene. Not a tree is to be seen on the mountains; and even the land of Gennesareth, so famous in the days of Josephus for the amazing variety

[1] II Sam. i. 21. [2] Psa. lxxxix. 12. [3] John vi. 15.

and luxuriance of its trees and shrubs, is now only a wilderness of reeds and bushes. "Behold your house is left unto you desolate!"[1] The house remains, but it is desolate. The rocks and mountains around this sea continue unaltered; the water of the lake is as pure and as full as it was in ancient days; and yet the place is most desolate. Its cities are gone, and the vast population that once thronged its shores are now reduced to a few miserable inhabitants of mud-walled villages.

Returning from this solemn scene, we bent our steps toward the Jewish quarter. They reckon Saphet a peculiarly holy city, because Simeon, author of the Zohar, and many other eminent rabbies, are buried in its vicinity. We entered a synagogue, where several persons were reading the Talmud and the Commentators. A young man was reading a commentary on 1 Chron. XXIX, where the dying words of David are recorded. This led us to speak of what a man needed when death arrived, and we came at length to the question, How can a sinner be righteous before God? We were speaking in a mixture of Hebrew and German. The young man was very earnest, but several gathered round and stopped the conversation by asking, "From what country do you come?" Before leaving, Mr Bonar read out of a German tract the story of Salmasius, who on his deathbed wished that he had devoted his life to the study of the Holy Scriptures. In another synagogue, a young man, who spoke Hebrew and German, conversed with us, and three old men joined us for a short time, but all of them looked suspiciously at us, and soon went away. We learned, in the course of the day, that they had heard from some of Sir Moses Montefiore's attendants, that we were come for the purpose of making

[1] Matt. XXIII. 38.

them Christians, and had been warned to enter into no discussions.

In the evening toward sunset, we could observe the preparations going on in every Jewish dwelling for the Sabbath. The women brought out of the oven the bread they had baked, beautifully white wheaten bread, the first we had seen among the natives of Palestine. The houses were all set in order, the table arranged, and the couches spread; in every dwelling the Sabbath lamp was lighted, and a low murmur was heard, while the father of the family repeated the appointed benediction. "Blessed art thou, O Lord, King of the World, who hast sanctified us by thy commandments, and commanded us to light the Sabbath lamp." Soon after, all hurried to the synagogue, to bring in the Sabbath there. There are two synagogues of the Ashkenazim, and two of the Sephardim in Saphet, and six of those places for study called *Yishvioth*. We visited one of the former, and found it very neat and clean, beautifully lighted up with lamps of olive-oil. Several very venerable men were seated all round; more than half of them had beards verging to pure white, and grey hair flowing on their shoulders. It was to us a new scene indeed. In reading their prayers, nothing could exceed their vehemency. They read with all their might; then cried aloud, like Baal's prophets on Mount Carmel; and from time to time, the tremulous voice of some aged Jew rose above all the rest in earnestness. The service was performed evidently as a work of special merit. One old man often stretched out his hand as he called on the Lord, and clenched his trembling fist in impassioned supplication. Some clapped their hands, others clasped both hands together, and wrung them as in an agony of distress, till they should obtain their request. A few beat

upon their breasts. One man, trembling with age, seemed to fix on the word "Adonai," and repeated it with every variety of intonation, till he exhausted his voice. All of them, old and young, moved the body backward and forward, rocking to and fro, and bending toward the ground. This indeed is an important part of worship in the estimation of strict Talmudists, because David says, "*All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto thee?*"[1] When all was over, one young man remained behind prolonging his devotions, in great excitement. We at first thought he was deranged, and was caricaturing the rest, but were assured that, on the contrary, he was a peculiarly devout man. Sometimes he struck the wall, sometimes he stamped with his feet; often he bent his whole body to the ground, crying aloud, "Adonai, Is not Israel thy people?" in a reproachful tone, as if angry that God did not immediately answer. The whole service seemed an embodying to the life the description given by Isaiah, "Wherefore have we fasted, say they, and thou seest not? wherefore have we afflicted our soul, and thou takest no knowledge?" "ye shall not fast as ye do this day, to make your voice to be heard on high."[2]

We never felt more deeply affected at the sight of Israel. It was the saddest and most solemn view of them that we had yet obtained. Sincere, anxious, devout Jews "going about to establish their own righteousness." None seemed happy; even when all was over, none bore the cheerful look of men who had ground to believe that their prayers had been accepted. Many had the very look of misery, and almost of despair.

We had just time to look in upon two other synagogues before they broke up. The devotions in all

[1] Psa. xxxv. 10. [2] Isa. lviii. 3, 4.

seemed to be conducted in one spirit of vehement and intense excitement. Yet it is said that the Jews of Tiberias exceed them in the earnestness of their religious services. All the Ashkenazim here belong to the sect called "Chasidim," who are by far the most superstitious and pharisaical sect among the Jews.

On Saturday morning (June 13), walking out a little way, we came to a part of the hill where are some small vineyards, with the vines trained on terraces, and affording a specimen of former times. It is a surface of rock, with a thin sprinkling of earth that has been thus cultivated. Frequently the rocky terraces are entirely concealed by the verdant vines which hang over them, and often we passed through rows of the vines, where the road was covered from view by the spreading luxuriance of the branches. To such a fruitful and spreading vineyard, where the very roads were overspread by the luxuriant boughs, Job referred, when he said of the wicked's final ruin, "he beholdeth not *the way of the vineyards*."[1]

We had planned a journey to explore the upper end of the Lake of Galilee, and see if any marks could be found to decide the position of Bethsaida, but difficulties came in our way. Some assured us that the journey would occupy only two hours; others said that it would be seven, and that the Bedouins had taken some horses there a few days ago, so that we must be accompanied by a guard. The uncertainty as to distance determined us not to go, for we did not wish to risk breaking in upon the Sabbath-day. We accordingly resolved to visit Marona, whose white tomb was in sight, the burying-place of many illustrious Jews, and also a village named Jurmah, higher up the mountain, whither many

[1] Job xxiv. 18.

Jews had fled from the present danger. Every year Jewish pilgrims visit the sepulchres of Marona, and after many prayers, burn precious shawls dipped in oil in honour of the dead rabbies. This very year Sir Moses Montefiore had gone on a pilgrimage to it, the Jews of Saphet accompanying him in a body. They sung as they went, and clapped their hands in concert with the song. They prayed at the tombs and returned.

Mr Calman preferred remaining in Saphet, both in order to see some of his old Jewish friends, and not to give needless offence, which would have been done had they seen one of their former brethren travelling on the Jewish Sabbath. Descending from the hill of Saphet, we crossed a rocky wilderness, and passed through a fine old olive-grove. Here we met a large train of mules carrying merchandise on their way from Nablous to Damascus.

Soon after, we began to ascend Mount Naphtali, and in less than two hours from Saphet, came to Marona. It must have been an ancient place, for there are the ruins of terraces; also many caves and excavated tombs, some of them large and very curious. But the most remarkable object is a beautiful gateway, like the one we saw at Kefr-birhom. The carving appeared to be after the same pattern. The stones are very large, and the whole space occupied by the edifice can be accurately traced by the large foundation-stones that are distinctly visible. A pillar said to belong to this building, lay among the ruins in the village. Below this spot are situated the tombs of the holy men of the Jews, having a white-washed oratory built over them, and enclosed within walls. We entered by a narrow gate, and found ourselves in a court, in the centre of which grew a spreading fig-tree. From this court is the entrance to

the white oratory, a cool pleasant spot, having an ostrich-shell suspended from the roof. There is a desk with prayer-books for the use of Jewish pilgrims, among which we left one of our Hebrew tracts. The devout Jews have left their names scrawled over the walls. Beneath repose the ashes of the Jewish saints, and, the most distinguished of all, the author of the Zohar, lies here.[1] A little lower down the hill, we entered a large cave, having seven vaults hewn out in it, containing many places for dead bodies, all empty. At the entrance lay four singularly carved stones, probably intended for lids of the sarcophagi. Some of the Jews of the place were absurd enough to assert, that this village, Marona, is the *Shimron-meron* of Joshua XII. 20, and they called the channel of a small winter-torrent close by, "the waters of Megiddo." They proved the former merely from the likeness in the name, and the latter from the circumstance of Kedesh, Megiddo, and Taanach, all occurring in the history of Barak's expedition against Sisera, and then occurring along with Shimron-meron in Joshua XII. 20, 22. The village itself is poor and wretched, adorned by a solitary palm-tree. It belongs to the Maronite Christians, who have such respect for the chief man among the Jews there that they give full protection to all his brethren.

We now ascended an hour higher up the mountain to Jurmah. The road was wild and beautiful, and the atmosphere at this elevation pure and delightful. The myrtle-trees were in full blossom, and the whole way was lined with shrubs and evergreens, till we reached the village. It is situated upon a level brow of the hill just where the view opens out towards the Lake of Galilee. Here we had been directed to inquire for the

1 See his history in the Appendix.

house of Rabbi Israel. We found him sick and in bed, but his family and the other Jews of the place received us very kindly. About fifteen of them reside here, principally Russians, who had left Saphet on account of the unsettled state of the country. The table was spread with a clean white cloth; bread, cheese, milk, and a kind of spirit, were produced, and we were pressed to partake. We conversed in Hebrew and German, and before leaving had some conversation regarding the pardon of sin. We felt it deeply interesting to partake of Jewish hospitality in one of the villages of the land of Israel, and they seemed friendly and not at all offended by our words. From the door of the house, they pointed out Bet-jan, a village half an hour from this, in which several Jewish families had taken refuge; and told us of a village three hours farther up the mountain, called Bukeah, where twenty Jews reside, and where they cultivate the ground like Fellahs. If this be true, it is the only instance we heard of in which the Jews till the ground in Palestine.

Descending the hill, we returned to Saphet in time to visit the synagogues of the Sephardim. On our way we met an old Jew, carrying his prayer-book in his hand, in the same manner as our old Scottish peasants carry their Bibles to church. O that Israel had the same light upon the Word of God, that the Holy Spirit has granted to many of our peasants in Scotland!

The synagogues of the Sephardim are both within a small court, in which fig-trees are planted; and both are clean, white-washed, and well lighted up. Here we got into converse with the same interesting young Jew who had followed us from Tyre. When we were speaking on Psalm XXXII, the blessedness of being forgiven, he said, "But I obtained forgiveness long ago, by tak-

ing four steps in this holy land." And referring to Isaiah LIII, he said, "Yes, it applied to Messiah, who is now sitting at the gate of Rome among the poor and the sick;" a singular legend which exists in the Talmud, and is one of the ways by which the Jews evade the force of that remarkable prophecy. Whenever any entered into converse with us in the synagogue, they were forbidden by the frown and authority of elder Jews. At last they cut off all further debate by beginning the public prayers. The same young Jew afterwards meeting Mr M'Cheyne in the street, and observing a strong staff in Mr M.'s hand, requested him to give him a present of it. He made his request in Hebrew תן לי המטה הזה ואם הגוים יבאו אני אכה אותם בעץ הזה "Give me this staff, and if the Arabs come, I will smite them with it." It was strange to hear this youth speaking the language of his fathers on their own mountains.

This evening, we heard that a party of Bedouins had come down upon the little village of Mijdel, on the border of the Lake of Galilee, and plundered the villagers of all their goods and cattle. This news spread fresh alarm through Saphet.

(July 14.) We spent a pleasant Lord's day. We sat in the open air enjoying "the shadow of a cloud,"[1] and the cooling breeze that swept over the hill. In the forenoon, beneath the shade of an olive-grove, with Mount Naphtali full in view, we read together the Epistle to the Philippians, and worshipped. In the afternoon we joined again in social worship on the southern brow of the hill among the Mahometan tombs, with the Lake of Galilee at our feet. While walking down the face of the hill, we came upon a cave where the Jews had

[1] Isa. xxv. 5.

thrown aside, from religious scruples, leaves of Hebrew books, and many MSS. written on parchment rolls, in which some defect had been found. This cave was amidst the flat gravestones that whiten that part of the hill. On the tombs, few of the inscriptions were interesting. Almost all ran in the same terms, beginning generally with the common formula, viz. the two letters, פנ, that is, "Here is buried;" and then the individual's name and character, איש תם וישר, "A man perfect and upright." One quaint inscription quoted the words of the prophet Habakkuk, and applied them to a dead rabbi, as one whom even the inanimate objects would lament, "For the stone shall cry out of the wall; and the beam out of the timber shall answer it."[1]

In returning to our dwelling in the afternoon, a Jew constrained Mr Calman to go into his house. It turned out that the man was intoxicated, and that he was a Russian who had become a Jew. Such cases of apostacy on the part of professing Christians sometimes occur. Mr Calman knew two others who had become Jews in a similar manner.[2]

It was here that we first observed the עֵרוּב, "Eruv," a string stretched from house to house across a street, or fastened upon tall poles. This *string* is intended to *represent a wall*, and thus by a ridiculous fiction the Jews are enabled to fulfil the precept of the Talmud, that no one shall carry a burden on the Sabbath-day, not even a prayer-book or a handkerchief, or a piece of money, except it be within a walled place. How applicable still are the words of Jesus, "In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."[3]

[1] Hab. II. 11.

[2] There is a singular instance in the history of our own Church, recorded by Wodrow, of one Fr. Borthwick, who was accused of Judaism.

[3] Matt. xv. 9.

In the evening, our servant Antonio, a simple kind-hearted lad, read with us in the Italian Bible. He was much struck with Christ's words on the cross, "*Dio mio, dio mio, perche m' hai lasciato,*" "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" He had for several nights, at the end of the day's journey, sat down alone to read a little. Mr Calman began to address the muleteers; but one of them, when he heard how the Sabbath ought to be sanctified, said, "He did not like that, for it was the only day he had for *fantasies*," that is, amusements.

Thus our last evening in Saphet came to a close. We could not help desiring that the time would come when our beloved Church should be permitted to establish a Mission here. When the Deputation was unbroken, we had often spoken together upon this subject, and had always turned toward this spot as probably the most desirable situation in Palestine for a Mission to Israel; and now that we had visited it, our convictions were greatly strengthened. The climate of Saphet is very delightful even in the heat of summer. The thermometer immediately before dawn stood at 58° F.; at 8 o'clock, 64°; at noon, 76° in the shade. The mountain air is pure, and the hills are finely exposed to every breeze that sweeps by. A Mission established in Galilee would have this great advantage, that the head-quarters might be at Saphet in summer, where the cool atmosphere would enable the missionary to labour without injury to health, and at Tiberias in winter, where the cold is scarcely felt. There is no missionary at present resident in either. The missionaries at Jerusalem visit both places occasionally, but by no means frequently. The Jews of Saphet have intimate communication with those of Jerusalem, and of the coast, so that all the motions

of our English brethren at Jerusalem, and even our movements as we travelled through the land, were well known to them. They are also quite accessible to the efforts of a kind and judicious missionary, though many of them were shy to us, because they had been warned from an influential quarter to have no dealings with us. Still the Sephardim were quite willing to hear, and all were friendly. In the village, where no external influence had been used, they were kind and attentive. The Jews here have little or no employment, and have therefore abundant leisure to read and discuss. They are also in deep affliction, "finding no ease, neither has the sole of their foot rest," a state of mind more favourable than carnal ease for affording opportunity to press upon them the truths of the gospel.

If it were thought advisable to engage converts in agricultural pursuits, it would be much more easily accomplished here than in any other part of the land. They might settle in a village among the mountains, and till the ground, or train the vine, like the Jews at Bukeah of whom we heard. The Jews both of Saphet and Tiberias are most interesting, from the very circumstance of their extravagant devotion and bigotry. They have a peculiar love for these two places, being two of their four holy cities, and many of their saints being buried near. They say that Jeremiah hid the ark somewhere in the hill of Saphet, and that Messiah will come first in Galilee. This notion is probably derived from Isaiah, "Galilee of the nations, the people that walked in darkness have seen a great light."[1] That remarkable prophecy was fulfilled when our Lord Jesus, the great light of the world, came and dwelt beside the Lake of Galilee,[2] and who can tell whether He may not

[1] Isa. ix. 1, 2. [2] Matt. iv. 13.

choose the same favoured spot to make light spring up again on them which sit in the region and shadow of death? If the Spirit of God were poured down upon Saphet, it would become a city that might shine over the whole Jewish world. "A city set on a hill cannot be hid." Such were our feelings upon the spot in 1839. The blast of war has passed over the country since then, and the reins of the government of Syria have been wrenched from the hand of Mehemet Ali, and transferred to the feeble grasp of the Sultan. At present (1842), the country is said to be so unsettled, that no Missionary would be safe in Saphet or any where in the interior of Galilee. But if tranquillity was restored, the desirableness of the place as a missionary station would be as great as ever.

(July 15.) We were up before the sun, and, by six o'clock in the morning, took leave of our Jewish host and his family. Many Jews saluted us as we passed through the town. We proceeded south, with the Lake of Galilee fully in view, and descended into a deep valley, with a remarkable range of high and precipitous rocks, composed of reddish sandstone, on the left hand. In the bottom was a fresh stream of running water, issuing from a copious well, the oleander blossoming all around. The name of the valley was called Wady Hukkok. It may be the spot mentioned in Joshua, "The border of Naphtali went out to Hukkok, and reached to Zebulun on the south side."[1] The name has evidently been given in reference to its steep precipitous sides.[2] It seems probable that the border of Naphtali ended at this point.[3]

[1] Josh. xix. 34.

[2] The root "חָקַק" signifies to cut out or engrave.

[3] The difficult prophecy in regard to Naphtali's portion in Deut. xxxiii. 23, should probably be translated, "Possess thou *the sea* (יָם) and *the south*." The

Descending still farther south, we observed on the right a singular rock, of considerable height, in which were many caverns, and one part of which seemed to indicate excavations made by art, capable of containing a large number of men. We did not ascertain the name of this place, but afterwards conjectured that it might be the site of *Jotapata*, the city of Josephus, for it answers well to the description of that fortress given by him.[1] "Jotapata is almost wholly a precipice, abruptly enclosed all round on the other sides with immense valleys, whose depth wearies the eye of the beholder, and affording an access only on its northern side." The caves of Arbela (supposed to be the *Beth-arbel* of Hosea[2]), in the valley of Doves, south-west of the Plain of Gennesareth, appear, from the descriptions of travellers, to be very similar.

Leaving this spot on our left, we crossed over a pleasant hill to the south-east, and came down into the fertile Plain of Gennesareth, near a fountain called "Ain-el-Tin," "the fig-tree fountain," supposed by some to be "the fountain of Capernaum" mentioned by Josephus. We did not search out the ruins of the city, but there were pointed out to us heaps among the luxuriant bushes of the plain, which some have thought to be the remains of Capernaum. The land of Gennesareth is a beautiful little plain, extending along the shore nearly four miles, and about two miles from the lake to the foot of the hills at the broadest part. It is in the shape of a bow and string at full stretch, and there is a gen-

term "south" is intended to fix the meaning of "*the sea*;" *q. d.* not the Great Sea or Mediterranean, but the sea that lies south of thy border; that is, the Sea of Galilee. Capernaum, Bethsaida, and other fishing towns, belonged to Naphtali, so that his vessels commanded the whole lake, or, in other words, "*possessed* it." Just as, in Gen. XLIX. 13, the border of Zebulun is said to "*be unto Zidon*;" because he might be said to extend to that point when his vessels were trading thither.

1 Wars, III. 7. 2 Hos. x. 14.

tle slope from the hills to the water's edge all round. It seems highly probable that part of the hills which enclose it, may have been included in the territory of Gennesareth in the days of its splendour. Gardens and orchards could not find a better soil than these declivities, and it must have been on the different steps of this amphitheatre, that the variety of trees yielding the fruits of different seasons found each its appropriate climate, as described by Josephus. Moving on southward, we crossed a fine stream flowing through the plain, the same which we had seen gushing from its fountain among the hills below Saphet. Its banks were adorned with the oleander and other flowers. A fine flock of goats were watering here, and a rich crop of dhura was springing green and beautiful. The reeds and thistles were growing to an amazing height beside the water. Soon after, we crossed another stream from the mountains, full and rapid. On the left bank upon the height, there were the remains of an ancient tower, in no way interesting, and the name of which we could not learn. In the middle of the stream stood a ruined mill. Many tortoises were seen dropping into the water as we approached. The plain opens out considerably, affording spots of pasturage, where we observed several Bedouins feeding their horses; but still there was a vast profusion of reeds and shrubs, and thorny plants, the most common being the tree called *nabbok* by the Arabs. In almost an hour from Ain-el-Tin we came to Mijdel, at the southern extremity of the plain.

Such is the present condition of the Land of Gennesareth,—once a garden of princes, now a wilderness. We have seen that the remains of Capernaum, which is so often called the Saviour's "*own city*,"[1] are

[1] Matt. ix. 1.

scarcely to be found; and the traces of Chorazin and Bethsaida are still more doubtful. There seems every probability that they were also within the limits of this little plain, but where, no one can tell.[1] The solemn "woe" pronounced by the Lord Jesus on these three cities, in whose streets He so often spoke the words of eternal life, has fallen with silent but exterminating power. It is more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon than for them. "And thou, Capernaum, which wast exalted to heaven, are brought down to hell."[2] He took out his believing remnant from the midst of them—as he took Lot out of Sodom—Peter, Andrew, and Philip, three worthies from Bethsaida, and three from Capernaum, the nobleman, the centurion, and Jairus; and then swept the unbelieving cities away with the besom of destruction. An awful voice rises from these ruined heaps of Gennesareth, warning the cities of our favoured land that a despised Gospel will bring them as low as Capernaum, "He that believeth not shall be damned."

It was in Capernaum that Jesus healed so many upon one Saturday evening, when the Jewish Sabbath was over, and the cooling breeze of sunset was favourable to the journey of the sick.[3] We could imagine them coming, some up the side of the lake, others from its northern towns, or down the valley of Doves from the interior of Galilee, till all meet in this very plain,

[1] It seems evident that there were two towns called Bethsaida, on opposite sides of the Sea of Galilee. One was the town of Philip, Andrew, and Peter (John i. 44), associated with Chorazin and Capernaum (Matt. xi. 20—24), and belonging to the land of Gennesareth (Mark vi. 45, 53). This town was clearly on the west side of the sea. The other is associated with the towns of Cesarea Philippi (Mark viii. 13, 22, 27), and with the desert place where Christ fed the five thousand (Luke ix. 10). It was on the east side of Jordan, probably an hour north of the lake, where the ruins of a town on a hill still remain.

[2] Matt. xi. 20—24. [3] Mark i. 32—35.

where they hear that Jesus is in the city, and forthwith pour in to find him. He receives them, heals many that were sick of diverse diseases, and casts out many devils; for "he did most of his mighty works" there. And being left alone, "he rose a great while before day, and went out and departed into a solitary place," wandering up the valley of Doves on the west, or the deep ravines of Saphet on the north, and there prayed till Simon Peter and a multitude of anxious souls found him out among the rocks, and said unto him, "All men seek for thee."[1]

We found the small village of Mijdel quite deserted. We had already met in the valley several poor plundered peasants on their way to Saphet, with all that remained of their property. We examined at leisure their wretched mud-huts; the habitation of man and beast seemed to have been not only under one roof, but sometimes in the same apartment, separated merely by a slender partition. Their little gardens were full of cusas and cucumbers, and other thriving vegetables. It is not unlikely that this village occupies the site of *Migdal-el*, mentioned by Joshua as one of the towns of Naphtali;[2] and is also generally believed to be the site of the *Magdala* of the New Testament,[3] the town from which Mary Magdalene got her name. But this latter supposition is doubtful, for there seems to have been another place of the same name on the eastern side; and the name, which signifies "a tower," was not an uncommon one in Palestine. We sat down to rest under a shady nabbok-tree, and then wandered to the edge of the lake through oleanders and reeds. Many curious insects people the leaves of these shrubs; one species especially abounded, shaped like a frog, and green as

[1] Mark i. 37. [2] Josh. xix. 38. [3] Matt. xv. 39.

the leaves on which they sat. We washed our hands and faces in the soft water, and gathered many shells from the beach as memorials of the spot.

From this point of view is to be seen the whole of the upper margin of the lake, which appears like a semicircle. We could easily trace the point where the Jordan enters, by the opening of the hills. The eastern mountains in the region of Bashan, appeared still more steep and lofty. The ridge of Hermon on the north, sprinkled with snow, formed the grandest object in sight. There was deep serenity and calm, and a bright sun playing upon the waters. How often Jesus looked on this scene, and walked by the side of this lake! We could *feel* the reason why, when harassed and vexed by the persecution of enemies, "Jesus withdrew himself with his disciples *to the sea*."[1] The rabbins spoke more truth than they intended, when they said, "GOD loved that sea beyond all other seas!"

From Mijdel, the margin of the lake takes a turn to the south-east, and as the hills approach close to the shore, the pathway is often a considerable height above the water. Sometimes a wady descends from the hills, and the shore forms a gently sloping cove, with a pebbly beach, and then, again, becomes abrupt. It was probably on one of these pebbly spots that Jesus was walking, when the people gathered round him, till the pressure of eager listeners was so great, that he had to enter into a ship, from which he spoke the parable of the sower, "and the whole multitude stood on the shore."[2] And perhaps it was during a solitary walk round some of these rëtired coves, that he came on James and John, with their father and servants, mending their nets by the shore.[3]

[1] Mark III. 7. [2] Matt. XIII. 1, 2. [3] Mark I. 19.

The largest of these open spaces running up toward the hills, was cultivated, and seemed very fruitful, and we noticed on the shore a large circular well, enclosed by walls that were much dilapidated. The pathway ascends the promontory beyond this, and now the south part of the lake came fully in view, with the dark walls and towers of Tiberias at our feet. The hills of Bashan on the opposite side appeared a steep unbroken wall, descending into the lake, and giving a shade of deeper blue to the waters beneath. We could not distinguish a single tree on the opposite hills, and on this side very few. We passed a single fig-tree, the only fruit-tree we saw till we came in sight of the few palms that adorn Tiberias. In approaching Tiberias, the eye rests on the ruins of towers and walls; and as the greater part of the stones are black like lava, it gives the place a dismal and melancholy appearance. The wall, which nearly surrounds the town, has been at one time massy and solid; but the town and much of its walls was ruined by the same earthquake which overwhelmed Saphet, and has never been properly rebuilt. They call the town Taberiah, by a corruption of its ancient name.

We intended to take up our quarters in the old church of St Peter, a relic of the earliest ages of Christianity, but soon found that we could enjoy more cleanliness and coolness by pitching our tent between it and the lake, our cords almost dipping in the water. In passing through the town, our compassion was excited by observing the wretched booths in which many of the people live. Many of them were nothing better than boughs of trees plastered over with mud, and their common fuel was the dung of horses and cattle, such as we had seen used in Saphet.

We walked over several ruined arches in our way to the Jewish quarter. Here we came first among the Ashkenazim, Germans and Russians, with their black broad-brimmed hats, or large fur caps, and soiled black Polish gowns, of all dresses the most unsuitable for such a climate. Tiberias (as mentioned before) is one of the four cities which the Jews account peculiarly holy. In it are three synagogues of the Ashkenazim and two of the Sephardim, besides several reading-rooms—very clean and airy buildings, especially those of the Sephardim. The first synagogue which we entered was one belonging to the Ashkenazim, in which were seated three old men, with beards white as snow, one nearly deaf, and all nearly blind, yet poring over volumes of the Talmud. It was truly a sight fitted to move in us the feelings of our Lord, when in Galilee he saw the multitude "as sheep without a shepherd." No sooner did we begin to speak with them, than they were warned by a young Jew pressing his finger on their arm, and were immediately silent. They seemed lost in studying the Hebrew page; and soon one and another rose and left the place. The veil is upon their hearts, while they are at the very brink of eternity! The synagogue was cool and pleasant, with a good many Hebrew books in it. In another synagogue, we found a good number of younger Jews sitting, who at first had some freedom in conversing with us, but, being also warned, turned more shy. When we were here, a respectable Jew named Haiim came in, and suddenly recognised Mr Calman. He was an amiable, intelligent man, possessed of a little money, and practising as a physician. On a former visit, Mr Calman and Mr Nicolayson had met with much kindness from him, and had left with him a Hebrew New Testament. When he recognised Mr Calman, he

started, and did not speak very freely, for a reason which he afterwards explained. But before leaving us, he quietly invited us to come to his house, which we promised to do.

We then visited a synagogue of the Sephardim, from whom we experienced a much kinder reception. We found an old Jew seated on the ground, with twenty children, whom he was teaching to read Lamentations I, with proper intonation of voice. Several Jews gathered round us, and with them we had an interesting discussion for about an hour. It began by the teacher putting questions to us as to our knowledge of Hebrew. He and Mr Calman carried on the conversation in Arabic. Meanwhile, the Jewish boys gathered round Mr Bonar, and read part of Lamentations I, translating it into Arabic as they went on. They also amused themselves by putting many questions to him in Hebrew. A group of young men stood with Mr M'Cheyne at the door. He spoke to them regarding Israel's ignorance of the fountain of forgiveness, as proved from Zech. XIII. 1. They soon brought two of their rabbies, really venerable-looking men, and asked them to answer the questions that had been put. The rabbies were very friendly, but not liking the discussion soon went away.

On the opposite side of the court, they conducted us to one of the best of their *Yishvioth*, divided into three apartments, in which was a large collection of Hebrew books. It was pleasant to look out upon the blue waters of the lake immediately under the windows. They told us that there were at that time only 600 Jews in Tiberias, owing to the calamitous state of the country. Like those of Saphet, they are in daily terror on account of the Bedouins. We made special inquiry

after any traces of the ancient Jewish Academy, where the compilers of the Mishna and Gemara carried on their labours—the once famous seat of the School of Tiberias—but in vain. We inquired if there were any remains of any ancient building connected with it, but no one knew of any thing of the kind, nor did any of the Jews appear to be acquainted with its history. After leaving the synagogue, we found under an arch of the ruined buildings, a parchment roll, being a MS. of part of the book of Esther, cast out amidst many fragments of other books because of some error in the transcription.

We now visited the Jewish physician, Haiim, who had recognised Mr Calman in the synagogue. We were guided to his house by a little Jewish girl who spoke German. As we went, we asked her about her parents; she replied, "They were both buried in the ruins by the earthquake." How truly might she be taken as representative of a large class in Israel, of whom the prophet writes, "*We are orphans and fatherless!*"[1] We found the doctor's house very clean and comfortable. He told us that he had not spoken to us in the synagogue, because he was very much suspected by his brethren. Some time ago, during his absence from home, some of the Jews had discovered the Hebrew New Testament lying in his house, and, on his return, he found them in the act of tearing it to pieces, leaf by leaf. He shewed it to us; it was a Hebrew Bible with the New Testament affixed. He had saved part of it, but as far as the Epistle to the Corinthians had been destroyed. He was a kind pleasant man, with great leanings toward Christianity.

In the evening, while walking along the shore, we

[1] Lam. v. 3.

saw a boat anchored close by; and on making inquiry, found that it belonged to a Jew, who had likewise another of a smaller size, both of which were used in fishing; and being told that on the coast, directly opposite, where the hills seemed very steep and close upon the water, there were many tombs cut out of the rocks, our desire was excited more than ever to cross the Lake. We were sure that the opposite side was "the country of the Gadarenes, which is over against Galilee;" and from a comparison of all the circumstances, it seemed likely that the scene of the amazing miracle wrought upon the man possessed by Legion was directly opposite, the steep place of which they spoke being possibly the hill down which the herd of swine ran violently into the sea. We accordingly bargained with the boatman to take us over, which he thought he could do, with the aid of the breeze, in an hour. We got on board, furnished with our cloaks and a few mats, in case the wind should fall and prevent us from returning that night; but all of a sudden, without assigning any reason, except that the wind might change, and that then we could not get back till next morning, the boatman refused to go, so that we were obliged reluctantly to give up the pleasure of crossing the Sea of Galilee. Soon after we saw him move his boat down the lake.

We returned to our tent upon the pebbly beach. Our servants had procured for us some excellent fish from the lake, resembling the carp, which they broiled, and we recalled to mind as we partook of it, that this was the scene of John XXI. It may have been here, or not far off, that Jesus stood on the shore that morning, when he said to the disciples, "Children, have ye any meat?" and then prepared for them the "fire of coals, and

fish laid thereon, and bread," saying, "Come and dine." And on the same spot he left the touching message, first addressed to Peter, but equally addressed to all who, like ourselves, are shepherds of a flock of Christ, "Lovest thou me? Feed my Lambs—Feed my Sheep." We all felt the deep solemnity of the strain in which one of our number, as he sat on the shore, concluded a song of Zion—

O Saviour, gone to God's right hand!
Yet the same Saviour still,
Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand,
And every fragrant hill.

Oh! give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,
Threefold thy love divine,
That I may feed, till I find my grave,
Thy flock—both thine and mine.

While we were thus engaged, Dr Haiim came to the tent. He had waited till it was dark for fear of the Jews. Mr Calman had much conversation with him. On our asking him regarding the lake, if there were ever storms upon it, he said, "Yes; and, in winter, *the storms are worse than those of the Great Sea.*" This quite corresponds with the testimony of Mr Hebard, one of the American missionaries at Beyrout, who visited the lake in April; and who told us that he and his party had encamped at evening close by the lake, when at midnight, all at once, a squall came down upon the lake, so terrible that they had to hold by their tent-poles for safety. Such, no doubt, was the tempest that came down that day when the little ship in which the Saviour and the disciples sailed "was covered with the waves;"[1] and it is not then to be wondered at that the disciples were so alarmed, and cried, "Lord, save us, we

[1] Matt. viii. 24.

perish;" for such a squall coming in fury from the hills is more dangerous than the storms of the Great Mediterranean Sea.

The thermometer was 91° F. during the day, and 76° during the night. All night long innumerable fish and wild fowl were dimpling the waters; and the beautiful moon shone above as in one of those silent nights when it was

"Left shining in the world, with Christ alone."

Some of us awoke at midnight, and for a short time sat by the edge of the lake. The darkness had completely enveloped the waters, and now the Saviour's midnight prayers on these neighbouring heights and shores, seemed a present reality; and the remembrance of the time, when "in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus went unto the disciples walking on the sea," spread an indescribable interest over the sleeping waters. No place excepting Jerusalem is so deeply and solemnly impressive as the Sea of Galilee.

(July 16.) Early in the morning we bathed with delight in the pure water of the lake, and observed a peculiar pleasantness and softness in the water,—resembling that of the Nile. While we were thus employed, a fisherman passed by with a hand-net, which he cast into the sea. The net was exactly the net called in the Gospel of Matthew ἀμφίβληστρον,[1] the same kind of net which we had seen used at Lake Bourlos in Egypt.[2] The simple fisherman little knew the feelings he kindled in our bosoms as he passed by our tent, for we could not look upon his net, his bare limbs, and brawny arms, without reflecting that it was to two such men that Jesus once said by this sea, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

1 Matt. iv. 18. 2 See Vol. I. p. 84.

We then resolved to ride down to the baths, about two miles south of Tiberias, and, if possible, to get a nearer view of the foot of the lake. As we passed through the town, we observed some of the inhabitants rising from their bed, which had been spread on the top of the house,—like Saul when Samuel called him on the top of his house at Ramah.[1] The Jews were met in their synagogue for morning worship; and one unusual sight was three women sitting under a verandah with large folios before them, apparently prayer-books. Several of the children whom we had spoken with yesterday recognised and saluted us. Might not an opening be found into the bosom of Jewish families by shewing kindness to their children?

We made our way over the southern wall of the town, through one of the breaches made by the earthquake. On the outside, the country people were already busily engaged in threshing and winnowing their wheat harvest. We rode smartly along the smooth edge of the lake for about two miles, till we arrived at the "Hammam Taberiah," or "hot baths of Tiberias," the white building which we had seen from Saphet. It is supposed to occupy the site of a fenced city called "*Hammath*," mentioned by Joshua,[2] and which stood near the town Cinnereth, that gave its name to the lake. An attendant came forward and held our horses, while we were ushered into a commodious apartment. The building, which was erected by Ibraim Pasha, is handsome, the floors being all of marble. The bath is open to the public gratuitously, only the bathers pay the attendants, who furnish them with every thing needful. There are small baths of white marble in private apartments, and the common bath is in the centre, a large circular basin

[1] 1 Sam. ix. 26. [2] Josh. xix. 35.

built of marble, and continually supplied with hot water from the hot springs without. We found it about five feet deep, and it was with difficulty that we could at first bear the heat of the water. After swimming round and round for some time, it became exceedingly pleasant, and every pore of the body seemed to be freely opened. We afterwards enjoyed the luxury of free and copious perspiration as we sat in the ante-room, and were refreshed with water-melons and coffee. We examined two of the principal springs, from which the water boils up so hot that we could not keep our hand in it for more than a second. Between the springs and the lake are many curious petrifactions. The stump and roots of some old olive-trees, over which the water from the springs flows, were completely petrified.

We were anxious to obtain a view from the last promontory on this side of the lake, and accordingly rode a little farther south along the shore, finding the banks fringed with beautiful oleanders and reeds, among which one solitary palm raised its head. Two deep ravines in the mountains on the opposite side were from this point distinctly visible, but we obtained no fuller view of the southern end of the lake. We would gladly have gone farther down and explored the remains of Tarichæa, and the place where the lake discharges its waters into the Jordan; but a long day's journey yet lay before us, so we turned back to the town, struck our tent, and about eleven o'clock issued from the gate of Tiberias. Two German Jews shook hands kindly with us at the gate.

It was with real regret that we bade farewell to the blessed shores of the Sea of Galilee. Our course lay due west, up the steep hills which enclose the little plain on which Tiberias stands; and as we turned back to gaze

on this sea, it lay at our feet serene and bright, reflecting the deep blue sky as peacefully as on that day when Jesus stilled its waves, "and there was a great calm." The rocks over which we travelled were black and of volcanic origin. Reaching the summit of the hill, the beautiful plain of Huttin lay on a lower level on our right hand, extending to the brink of the hills which enclose the lower plain of Gennesareth. On our left was a still higher plain, nearly all cultivated, and chequered with fields of green and yellow. The plain of Huttin was also variegated with wild flowers and occasional patches of cultivation, giving it the appearance of an extensive carpet. Here we saw the gazelle bounding on before us, over shrubs and rocks and every obstacle, and felt the exquisite fulness of meaning in the Church's exclamation, "Behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills! My beloved is like a gazelle or a young hart."[1] It is the very nature of this lively animal to bound over the roughest heights with the greatest ease; it seems even to delight in doing so. Looking back, we obtained a distant view of the northern part of the lake, from which we were gradually receding; the white summit of snowy Hermon appeared more majestic than ever, and Saphet with its white buildings could not be hid. Our way lay through large fields of splendid thistles, having purple flowers, and very fragrant. The stalk was often six or eight feet high, bearing twelve or fifteen heads. Again we were reminded of the oft-recurring threatening, "There shall come up briers and thorns."[2] But there is a different day approaching of which the same prophet writes, "The nations shall rush like the rushing of many waters; but God shall rebuke them, and they

[1] Song II. 8, 9. [2] Isa. v. 6.

shall flee far off, and shall be chased *as the chaff of the mountains before the wind, and like thistle-down before the whirlwind.*"[1] At the very moment, on a neighbouring height before us, a husbandman was tossing up his wheat into the air, that the brisk mountain breeze might carry the chaff away; and often by our side, the wind caught up some of the loose thistle-down and whirled it rapidly over the plain. With the same ease and rapidity shall Israel's enemies be swept away: "Behold, at even-tide trouble, and before the morning he is not! This is the portion of them that spoil us, and the lot of them that rob us." In a short time we came in sight of Mount *Tabor*, called by the Arabs Jebel Tor, in the distant south, while near us on our right, appeared the Horns of Huttin, a rocky hill with two conical tops. The latter is the hill called by tradition "the Mount of Beatitudes," being supposed to be the scene of the Sermon on the Mount, for which reason it is also sometimes called the hill of Toubat, or Blessings. Another tradition supposes it to be the place where Jesus fed the five thousand with five barley loaves and two fishes.[2] It is not impossible that one or both of these traditions may be true; but there is no positive evidence of their truth, and it seems too probable that they arose from the hill being so prominently marked by two peaks. Turning to the south, we soon came to a village called Lubiah, situated high on a limestone ridge, commanding a full view of Tabor. Here we encamped till the heat of the day was past. The village is large, and surrounded with the fig-tree and prickly pear, which give it an aspect of plenty and pleasantness. Most of the houses have a place for sleeping on the roof as at Tiberias, and we observed here one of the most interesting examples

[1] Isa. xvii. 13. See margin. [2] John vi. 3—14.

of the stair from the roof down to the street.[1] From Lubiah we descended into *the valley of Jezreel*, now the plain of Esdraelon; and having directed Antonio and the muleteers to carry our luggage to the village Dabourieh at the western foot of Tabor, accompanied by Botros only we rode smartly forward over the plain, intending to climb Mount Tabor before sunset.

The plain (extending about thirty miles in length, and twenty in breadth) is singularly level, cultivated in some spots, but for the most part a wilderness of weeds and thorns. There is the appearance indeed of varied produce upon it, but this is caused merely by the different colours of the thistles and briers which cover it. It is reckoned that not more than one-sixteenth of the whole is under cultivation; and at this part, the proportion is certainly still smaller. How strikingly are the words of Isaiah fulfilled, "They shall lament for the teats, and for the pleasant fields."[2] The eye is much deceived in judging of distances over this vast plain. From the heights of Lubiah, it appeared to us that we might reach Tabor in less than an hour, and yet it occupied fully two hours, though we rode nearly at full speed. The weeds were often as high as our horses, and scarcely a tree was to be seen on the plain till we approached Tabor. Tabor is a truly graceful mountain, but presents a very different appearance when viewed from different sides. This accounts for the great diversity in the representations given of it. From the north, it had the appearance of the segment of a sphere, and appeared beautifully wooded to the summit, affording retreats to the animals for whom "the net was spread on Tabor."[3] From the west, it is like a truncated cone,

[1] Referred to in Matt. xxiv. 17.

[2] Isa. xxxii. 12. See Vol. I. p. 158.

[3] Hos. v. 1.

appearing much steeper and higher, with the southern side almost destitute of trees. But on all sides it is a marked and prominent object, as the prophet intimates when he says, "As Tabor is among the mountains."[1] We passed through several flocks of goats, and near the hill came to a ruined khan, and beside it a fortress, with towers at the corners, which bore marks of having been built by the Franks in crusading times. Close by was the tomb of a Moslem saint under a fine spreading tree, with a jug of water upon the grave, according to the practice of Mahometans. The lower branches of the tree were covered with votive rags of different colours.

We stopped a little to examine a plough, which lay thrown aside under a tree. It was made entirely of wood, the coulter only being sheathed in a very thin plate of iron, and was therefore exceedingly light, and fit to be guided by a single hand. We at once saw how easy a matter it would be literally to fulfil the words of the prophets, "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares."[2] The approach to Tabor is through a wide and shallow wady, regularly wooded with fine oak-trees, so that it was more like the entrance to a nobleman's policy than an open wilderness. The Balut and the common oak were the most frequent. Tabor itself, and the low ridge which connects it with the hills of Nazareth, were both covered with the same; not brushwood, as on the hills of Judah, but trees, and these growing at regular distances, as if planted by the hand of the forester.

We had ascertained that the village Dabourieh, to which our luggage was to be carried, lay west of the hill, close under its base, and we ought to have gone to that

[1] Jer. xlvi. 18. [2] Mic. iv. 3, and Isa. ii. 4.

village for a guide, or at least we should have ascended the hill by the plain path on that side of the hill, as is usually done. But the day was far spent, and we had no time to lose, so we resolved to press up the northern face of the hill from the point where we were. Leaving the road, and penetrating by a narrow footpath through the beautiful grove of oaks, we crossed to the proper base of the hill, and began the real ascent. We soon lost all traces of a path, and were involved in mazes of tangling shrubs and briers, and strong trees. The acclivity, too, was very steep, and occasionally a projecting rock or a smooth precipitous ledge, nearly baffled the efforts of the mules to ascend. At length we dismounted, the closely twined branches of the trees frequently forcing us first to thrust through our own persons, and then to drag on the animals. Anxious to reach the summit before sunset, and now not a little perplexed and wearied, we again sought for the smallest track,—but in vain. We had no alternative, therefore, but to press upwards without delay. Our attendant Botros, whose clothes as well as our own had by this time suffered considerably from the trees and thorns, finding it no common labour both to ascend in face of such obstacles, and also to drag up the mules, kept muttering angry curses on us in his own language. At one time we had almost concluded that we must make up our minds to spend the night where we were on the wooded mountain side, and surrounded by its wild beasts, for we appeared to be still far from the summit. The sun was beginning to sink in the west, and to retrace our way to the foot through the same intricate passage, would have been as difficult as to ascend. However, we asked guidance of Him who keepeth Israel, and pressed on. Suddenly and much sooner than we expected, we came

upon ancient stones, which were evidently the remains of some building. By this sign we knew that we must be now close to the summit, which to our great joy turned out to be the case. The sun had just disappeared, but we had still light enough to see the chief points of the magnificent landscape. We climbed up upon the ruins of the old fortifications on the south-east corner, which appeared to be the highest point of the summit, and looked around. To the north and north-east we saw the plain over which we had travelled, the heights of Huttin, and the deep basin of the mountains enclosing the Sea of Galilee. Other travellers have seen a part of the lake; this we did not observe, but the hills of Bashan, steep and frowning, appeared quite at hand. To the west and south-west lay the largest part of the great plain of Esdraelon, bounded by the long ridge of Carmel, and watered by the full-flowing Kishon, making its way through it toward the Mediterranean. To the south, and immediately in front of us, was the graceful range of Little Hermon, and behind it the summits of Mount Gilboa. Between us and Hermon lay stretched that arm of the plain of Esdraelon which encircles Tabor, beautifully variegated with immense fields of thistles and wild flowers, giving the whole plain the appearance of a carpeted floor. How great must have been its beauty when its wide open surface was adorned with thriving villages planted amidst fields of waving grain, and gardens of blossoming fruit-trees, and closed in by the fertile hills that gird its horizon! At the foot of Hermon, Mr Calman pointed out to us *Endor*, where Saul went to consult the woman who had a familiar spirit on the last night of his unhappy career;[1] and a little way to the west of it the village of *Nain*, still

[1] 1 Sam. xxviii.

marking the spot where Jesus raised the widow's son to life.[1]

Tabor is about a thousand feet above the plain, answering well to the description "an high mountain apart." Its level top, about a mile in circumference, covered with groups of fine trees and brushwood, affords a spot of complete retirement in the very midst of the land. If this was really the scene of the Transfiguration, there is a difficulty arising from the fact, that both a fortress and a village once stood on its top, though otherwise it would not be easy to find a spot in this world more suitable for that heavenly transaction. It is a solemn thing to feel that you are treading the very ground on which holy beings have walked; and here we believed we were on ground called by Peter "*the holy mount*,"[2] hallowed by the visit of Moses and Elias, by the presence of the transfigured Saviour himself, and by the voice of God the Father, when he spake from the excellent glory, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." Barak assembled his 10,000 men on this hill,[3] in company with Deborah; and in the plain at its foot, not a few learned men have supposed that the armies of Antichrist (gathered together to the place called Armageddon,[4]) are to be destroyed by the Lamb when the great day of his wrath is come.

We would gladly have lingered long upon the summit of Tabor, to meditate over the history of the past and the future, for even when we had nothing but the associations connected with it, we felt it "good to be here." The darkness, however, was rapidly descending and shutting out the view, so that our stay was very short.

1 Luke VII. 11.
2 II Pet. I. 18.
3 Judg. IV. 14.
4 Rev. XVI. 16.

The moon rose, and by her light our servant guided us down a steep and rocky footpath on the south side, so that we were able, though with some difficulty, to ride down the whole way. But where we were to find Dabourieh we did not know. On reaching the foot of the hill, six or eight men sprang up from the ground on which they were lying, and advanced towards us, each carrying a large club in his hand. We were somewhat alarmed, but were soon relieved by finding out that they were friendly villagers watching their heaps of corn by night, like Boaz in the history of Ruth.[1] They on their part imagined that we were the plundering Bedouins, against whose depredations they were watching, and were overjoyed to find that we were mere harmless travellers. It was only now that we began to learn how wonderfully our God had preserved and guided us. They could scarcely believe that we had come over the mountain, for they told us that a band of Arabs were lurking among the woods, and had killed several persons the day before. We knew not how much or how little to believe, but it was evident that we had been saved from danger, and had escaped the hands of the Bedouins, simply in consequence of our leaving the direct road and climbing a part of the hill seldom visited. The darkness, too, which prevented our making a complete circuit of the hill, had providentially kept us from approaching the retreat of the plunderers. Two of the villagers agreed to conduct us to the village of Dabourieh, which they faithfully performed for a small reward. There we found our servants anxiously looking out for us. They had put up the tent and set a light within it, that we might see the white curtains from a distance; but both they and the

[1] Ruth III. 2–7.

villagers had begun to conclude that we had fallen into the hands of the Arabs. Perhaps never before had we felt such gratitude for a deliverance as we did that evening, when seated in our tents in peace and comfort, after the anxieties and alarms of the day. Had we gone round by Dabourieh at first, to obtain a guide, we would then have heard of the danger, but now, without knowing of it, we had been permitted to visit the summit of Tabor in peace. We could see plainly that every step of our way had been graciously overruled, and that our very difficulties and vexations which had troubled us at the time, were made the means of our safety. The simple villagers of Dabourieh gathering round expressed great astonishment at our escape. We sang praise in our tents with a full heart, in the words of Psalm CXXIV, "Had not the Lord been on our side," &c.

(July 17.) During the greater part of the night the wolves and jackals kept up a loud and angry howl, which was responded to by the bark of the village dogs. At morning the clouds were hanging beautifully on the top of Tabor and the adjacent hills, and the sky was covered with a veil of fretted clouds, the first of the kind we had seen in Palestine.

It was easy now to understand why Tabor had been so often made a place of rendezvous from the days of Barak and downward,[1] the hill being so commodious as a place of defence, with a copious supply of water on the very summit, even when the enemy spread themselves on the plain below. From our tent-door we saw across the plain the villages of Endor and Nain, at the foot of Little Hermon. Endor lies under the brow of the hill, and Saul would have an easy road from it to the fountain of Jezreel, at the foot of Gilboa, where his

1 Judg. IV. 6.

army were encamped.[1] Nain is farther west, and appears to lie still closer under Hermon. We observed cultivated fields, and verdure round it; and it was here that Mr Calhoun, our American friend, whom we met at Alexandria, found many tombs cut out of the rock, one of which may have been the intended sepulchre of the young man whom Jesus met as they carried him out dead, and restored to the weeping widow. Jesus must have known this spot well, for he would often pass it on his way to the Lake of Galilee. No place in all this land furnish more remarkable illustrations of the sovereignty of God than do these two villages. At Endor, you see a king in the anguish of despair, consulting with a diviner, and warned by the dead that the Lord had departed from him and become his enemy. But on the same plain, a few miles from Endor, a thousand years after, you see at Nain, "God over all" coming in our nature, and wiping away the tears of a poor widow.

Over the western shoulder of Hermon lies Solam, the ancient *Shunem*, and farther south, near Gilboa, Zerin, the ancient *Jezreel;* but these we did not see. In the village of Dabourieh itself, one of the first sights that attracted our notice was a group of Bedouins, near kinsmen, no doubt, of the very robbers who had been ranging the hill and keeping the neighbourhood in alarm. Yet here they were sitting at their ease smoking their long pipes, the passing villagers giving them a suspicious glance that indicated no good will, but yet nobody daring to challenge them. Could there be a simpler or more striking illustration of the prophecy mentioned before, "His hand shall be against every man, and every man's hand against him; yet he shall dwell

[1] 1 Sam. xxix. 1.

in the presence of all his brethren?"[1] One good-natured Bedouin approaching our tent permitted us to sketch him, and smiled when he saw his own likeness. The

little yellow shawl over the head, and the twisted rope of camels' hair that binds it, are the chief peculiarities of their dress. Close by the village of Dabourieh a small stream flows from the north to join the Kishon. They called it by the same name as the village. This name may possibly be derived from Tabor, at the foot of which it lies; others conjecture that Deborah's exploit in this region, when she accompanied Barak to the

[1] Gen. xvi. 12.

hill, may have given name to the town and stream; but still more probably, it is the same as the Levitical city *Daberath*, which belonged to the tribe of Issachar.[1]

We left our encampment about nine o'clock, descending from the height on which Dabourieh stands, and travelling in a north-west direction. We soon entered a defile, finely wooded with oak-trees and brushwood, often looking back to admire the graceful tapering cone of Mount Tabor. On the top of a hill to the right, appeared a village, Ain Muhil. Our road now lay over limestone hills of a much barer character, until, about two hours from Tabor, we began to descend the slope that leads into the Vale of *Nazareth*.

The town lies on the west side of the valley, on the acclivity of one of the many hills that meet here. The valley has sometimes been compared to a cup; and the hills have all a whitish appearance from the limestone of which they are composed. There are numerous tracks, worn deep in the calcareous rocks, leading from the town in different directions, to neighbouring villages on the other side of the hill. The houses are of a very white stone, and appeared to be more substantial and regularly built than those of other towns of Palestine. The buildings of the Convent are massy, and there is a mosque in the town, adorned with cypress trees. There were no ruins visible, except the remains of an old khan near the entrance of the town. Fig-trees and olives abounded in the gardens, hedged in with prickly pear. The women at the well also appeared to be better dressed, and in more comfortable circumstances than in most other places of the land; and, on the whole, we found Nazareth a more thriving place than we had anticipated. We put up at the khan, which is one of the

1 Josh. xix. 12; xxi. 28.

best specimens we met with of the Eastern inn. The Bazaar, however, was poor, having no great show of things for sale. Cusas and cucumbers, cloths and red shoes, formed the staple commodities. A great many bony-featured Bedouins, with the rope of camels' hair round their head, were loitering about the street.

The situation of Nazareth is very retired, and it is said that, on account of this seclusion, the worthless characters of Galilee resorted thither, till at length the town became a proverb for wickedness. In this town, among such a race of men, did the blessed Jesus live thirty years, in calm submission to his Father's will, obeying in obscurity for us.

We visited the Convent, and saw all its pretended wonders. We were shown the chamber of the Annunciation, where the angel Gabriel saluted Mary, "Hail, thou that art highly favoured;" also, the house of Joseph cut out of the rock, and the pillar curiously (the inhabitants say miraculously) suspended from the roof. They wished to take us to another part of the town, to see the stone-table from which Christ dined with his disciples, both before and after his resurrection—a visit which procures seven years' indulgence to the deluded pilgrims of the Romish Church; but we were noway inclined to see more of their follies, and grievously offended our guide by declining to go. One or two of the paintings in the convent are good, especially a large one of the Annunciation, but it has the painful profanation of representing God the Father as an old man. There is also a curious ancient picture of Christ, said to be the very one sent by him to the King of Edessa, on which is inscribed, "*Hæc vera imago Domini*," &c.

From the convent garden the monks pointed out to us the Mount of Precipitation, regarded by them as the

hill from which the angry Nazarenes wished to cast the Saviour headlong, about a mile and a half distant from the town. This is a tradition which disproves itself, being contrary to the express words of the Gospel narrative, "They rose up, and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill *whereon their city was built*, that they might cast him down headlong."[1] We next visited the place which Dr Clarke conjectured to be the true precipice, immediately above the small church of the Maronites. This is really a continuation of the hill upon which the town is built. It is composed of limestone rock, forming several precipices, so that a person cast down from above would without doubt have more than one dangerous fall. We had no hesitation, when standing there, in concluding that the brow of that hill was the very spot where the men of Nazareth rejected the Lord of glory.

The white rocks all round Nazareth give it a peculiar aspect. It appears dry and tame, and this effect is increased by the trees being powdered over with dust during the summer season. The heat was very great, and the glare from the rocks painful to the eyes. There is a good fountain near the entrance of the town, called the Fountain of the Virgin, because it is said that Mary and her Son were in the habit of drawing water there.

We were detained in this town longer than we intended, by the abrupt departure of the muleteer whom we had engaged at Saphet to accompany us to Acre, but who had set off to join a caravan that was collecting near the town, and bound for Damascus. On discovering this, we went to the *Cadi* to lay our complaint before him, and found several people waiting at the door of his house, who, when he made his appearance, kissed

[1] Luke iv. 29.

the hem of his garment,—an act, like the kissing of the image of Baal,[1] indicating respect and reverence. Perhaps also there may be an allusion to the same custom in the words, "Kiss ye the son lest he be angry."[2] The *Cadi* could do nothing for us, and sent us to the *Muteselim;* and he again said it was not a cause to be laid before him, but before the *Sheikh!* By this time, however, the man was out of reach, and we had no thought of remaining till search was made for him. We therefore proceeded on our journey without him.

We left Nazareth by a well-worn track leading over the rocky hills to the north-west, passing on our right a village called Reineh. Beyond this lies Kefr Kenna, generally supposed to be Cana of Galilee, where Jesus made the water wine.[3] In an hour and a half we reached Sephourieh, the ancient *Sepphoris*. The name, which means "a bird," (in Hebrew, צִפּוֹר), seems to be derived from the position of the town; the town being on an eminence, like a bird perched on a hill-top. Its castle is in ruins, but still occupies the summit of the hill. The village is small, but many fragments of pillars and other ruins lie scattered about. Having so lately visited Tiberias, lying low upon the edge of the Lake of Galilee, we could now see the force of the saying of a rabbi, who wished "his portion to be with those who began the Sabbath at Tiberias, and ended it at Sepphoris." The sun lingers of course longer upon the hill of Sephourieh, and makes a longer day than is enjoyed in low-lying Tiberias. Rabbi Juddah, the holy, who completed the Mishna, was born in this town.

[1] 1 Kings xix. 18. Hos. xiii. 2. [2] Psa. ii. 12.

[3] The researches of Robinson go far to prove that the true site of Cana of Galilee is not Kefr Kenna, but Kana el Jelil, a ruined village three hours north of Nazareth. The latter village was within our view after leaving Sephourieh, but we did not take notice of it.

The people of this village were kind and affable. Some of them offered us *leban*, of which we gladly sat down in a court-yard to partake. Beside us were women and children busily employed in arranging and binding the leaves of the tobacco plant in bundles. A large threshing-floor was also near, and we put many questions to the peasants in regard to their farming operations. A flat board, which is drawn over the corn to bruise it, is called *loah*. It is made of two or three boards firmly united, and the bottom is spiked

with stones arranged at regular distances, not unlike the nails in a ploughman's shoe. It is drawn by two horses or oxen, a boy sitting upon it, and driving them round and round. This instrument is universally used, and is probably "the threshing instrument" mentioned by the prophet.[1] The wooden fork for throwing the bruised corn up in the air, is called *midra*, and the flat, hollow wooden shovel next used for a similar purpose, is called *raha*. The latter is evidently *the fan* of the New Testament. When this implement is used, the wheat falls

1 Isa. xxviii. 27.

down in a heap on the threshing-floor, while the chaff is carried away by the wind, and forms another large heap at a little distance. The peasants do not burn it, but give it to their cattle ; and it is so perfectly dry, that, were it set on fire, it would be impossible to quench it. In how striking a manner do these simple customs illustrate the words of David, "The ungodly are not so, but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away ;"[1] and those of John the Baptist concerning Jesus, "Whose fan is in his hand, and he will throughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner: but he will burn up the chaff with fire unquenchable."[2]

Leaving Sephourieh, we proceeded still north-west, and after half an hour of a rough undulating road, entered upon a vast plain, stretching far to the north and east, bounded by gently swelling hills. Here and there we came upon fields of dhura, but by far the greater part was covered with weeds and thistles. The ground was very hard, so that although there seems to be a good deal of travelling upon this road, it was not at all cut up, but smooth and good. No wheels ever pass over it. Here we missed our servant Antonio, and found that, erroneously supposing that he had left a cloak behind at Sephourieh, he had gone back without our knowledge to recover it. Approaching the north-west corner of the vast plain, where the hills come near to one another, and form the entrance to the fine Pass of Abilene, we arrived at a well and a ruined khan, where we halted for a little time to wait for Antonio ; but as he did not appear, we prepared to go on without him. Meanwhile, an old man came up to the well riding on an ass, and immediately warned us not to proceed farther, for there were eight armed

[1] Psa. i. 4. [2] Matt. iii. 12.

Bedouins in the valley, who had stopped and threatened him; and had allowed him to escape only because he was old, and his ass worth nothing. They were lurking for the very purpose of waylaying travellers that might be passing on to Acre. On hearing his account, we were considerably alarmed, and hesitated what to do. One proposed that we should encamp in the old khan, and proceed under cloud of night; and another, that we should cross the plain to a village in sight. While we were deliberating, some other men came up, who were leading camels to Sephourieh. They had met nobody in the valley, and conjectured that what the old man took for Arabs might be the Pasha's soldiers. Our muleteers, who were much afraid, and anxious to turn back, said that these men wanted us to be taken, because we were all Christians. At length, considering that we had no place of safety in which we might encamp, and that the road to Acre might be as dangerous on the morrow as that day, we decided to go forward, committing ourselves once more to Him who keepeth Israel, and who had helped us hitherto. Accordingly, we left the well, and soon entered the pleasant valley of Zebulun, now called Wady Abilene, connecting the plain above described with the plain of Acre. Sometimes the valley was broad and level, like a small plain, well cultivated, and enclosed with steep wooded hills; sometimes it narrowed almost to the straitness of a defile. At one of these narrow passes one of the men picked up a stick which we recognised as belonging to Antonio. This circumstance excited many conjectures. We hoped that he had in some way got safely on before us; although some of the men started the suspicion that he must have fallen into the hands of the Arabs. We journeyed on, and about

sunset met with a company of Bedouins, of a dark and formidable appearance, but not armed. They were riding on asses, and each carried a massy club in his hand. They looked closely at us, but passed quietly on, returning our salutation. Our servants supposed that, when they saw that we were Franks, they had imagined that we must be carrying fire-arms. To us it seemed like the deliverance of Jehoshaphat, when "God moved them to depart from him."[1] We met no other travellers during the rest of our way. The valley is long, and declines very gently toward the west; the hills on either side are often finely wooded, sometimes rocky and picturesque. The road is one of the best in Palestine, and was no doubt much frequented in ancient days.

Issuing from the valley, we saw with the last rays of evening, high upon a hill on our left, the town of Abilene, a fine-looking place. There is little doubt that this is the ancient *Zebulun*, on the border of Asher,[2] the modern name being a corruption of the ancient. Travellers who have visited it, have found there the remains of arches and other buildings. We only saw it at a distance, and in the twilight. Josephus says, that, on account of its populousness, it was called "Ζαβουλων ἀνδρῶν,"[3] (*q. d. well-manned*, or well-peopled Zabulon).

Still farther on is a village called Chamforeh. In half an hour after, we left the road, and crossed the valley to the right, to a small hamlet called Fatria, with two other villages, Damoun and Ruesh, on the right hand lower down the slope. We encamped by full moonlight, with many camels and flocks all sleeping round.

In the tent, we felt again called to peculiar thankfulness, and all the more on account of the painful un-

[1] II Chron. XVIII. 31. [2] Josh. XIX. 27. [3] B. J. II. 22.

certainty of our minds regarding the fate of poor Antonio. There seemed great force in the words of the Psalm, ". Keep me, O Lord, from the hands of the wicked; preserve me from the man of violent deeds."[1]

(July 18.) We struck our tents by sunrise, and pressed on toward Acre, now in sight. From the height, we obtained the finest view of the whole extent of Mount Carmel which we had yet seen. An intervening swell hid the river Kishon, but the fine range of Carmel stretching eight miles into the country, rising higher as it recedes from the sea, the monastery on the northern point, the white walls of Khaifa at its foot, the Bay of Acre between us and it, and the blue Mediterranean beyond, were all gleaming in the morning sun. There are many mounds of earth in the plain of Acre, apparently artificial, cast up probably in crusading times, and used in war. The plain itself is said to be eighteen miles in length and six in breadth, beautiful and well watered. We crossed the dry bed of a stream, which flows into the sea a little way south of Acre. This is the ancient *Belus* or *Sihor-Libnah*, that is, "Sihor of the white promontory." The *Palus Cendovia* in which it rises, is said to be found six miles in the interior. In another part of the channel, nearer the sea, we found the water flowing in it. Before entering Acre, we passed through a large encampment of the Pasha's troops. The tents were all arranged in military order, but the men seemed to be under little discipline.

Entering the gate of Acre, we proceeded through the crowded and well-furnished bazaar. Every where soldiers were parading the narrow streets, and it seemed to be the most lively eastern town we had yet visited. The fortifications of Acre appeared to us by no means

[1] אִישׁ חֲמָסִים Psa. cxl. 4.

very formidable, although there were many strong forts and other buildings. No doubt, its walls and towers must have been much stronger in former days, and its remarkable situation, as the key of this part of the land, has ever made it a post defended and attacked with desperate obstinacy.

We were conducted to the Latin Convent, as the best place for refreshment; and as we had hitherto seen almost nothing of the monks of Palestine, we were not unwilling for once to pay a visit to their secret recesses. Our visit to them was not like that of Paul to the Christians of Ptolemais, when he "saluted the brethren, and abode with them one day."[1] The main object of the visit, on either side, was that of giving and receiving a traveller's fare. No price is exacted, but the visitor is expected to leave behind an adequate remuneration for the provision furnished. The monks, we found to be coarse men, with no appearance of seriousness, or even of learning. The news of the day seemed to form the whole of their conversation. We were led into a large hall, with a plain wooden table, and benches round. Here half a dozen of the fraternity sat down with us, while two of them served. One repeated a Latin grace in a coarse irreverent manner, and then many dishes of solid food, fowls, meat, and vegetables, were brought in on a large board and handed round. The polite invitation to take our place at their table was, "*Favorisca noi*" ("Do us the favour"). After dinner, one of their number left us to embark in a vessel that was to take him to the convent on Mount Carmel; the rest sat with us awhile, and talked over our providential escape from the Bedouins.

Meanwhile, to our great joy, our servant Antonio made his appearance. The story of his adventure was

[1] Acts xxi. 7.

very much what we had suspected. Having gone back to Sephourieh in search of the cloak, and not finding it, he rode quickly after us in order to regain our company. But meeting a woman on the road of whom he inquired the way, he was directed to a route different from that which we had taken. He had entered the valley at the very time when we were waiting for him at the old khan, and had not proceeded far, when six or eight Bedouin Arabs, fully armed and mounted on horseback, rushed out upon him. They demanded who he was—what he was doing there—where he was going—and where his company were. Antonio forged a story in reply, saying, that he was servant to a scribe, who had gone on before with a company of twelve men, and would be out of their reach. The Arabs said that he must come with them; and immediately with their long lances pricked his horse up to the hills. When they had got him out of sight of the road, they tied him hand and foot, and led away his horse, after asking such questions as, "Can it stop suddenly in the midst of a gallop?" They then stripped him of every article of dress, and one brought out a large club stuck with nails, threatening to beat him to death; but he entreated them to spare him, crying out, that he had given them every thing, and that his death would do them no good. At length they left him bound in this state, till the sun went down. While all this was going on, we had passed in the valley below; and the fact of their attention being occupied with our poor servant, was thus in the hand of Providence the means of our preservation. After sunset they came and loosed him, and led him a little way farther up among the hills, that he might not soon be able to find his way to the public road, and give information against them. Then bidding him find his way home, they left him. The poor lad, in a state of

nakedness, sat all night upon a tree to escape the wild beasts. He said that his face and upper part of his body were as if bathed in water, the perspiration pouring down in streams from the effects of fear. From the same cause, his mouth was filled with bile, and his voice almost inaudible. As soon as the light of morning dawned, he came down from the tree, and found out the road to Acre. The first person he met was the Pasha's dromedary post, who gave him a small piece of clothing —and then he reached a village where the people supplied him with more. After this he made out his way to Acre, and sought for us at the convent, where he found us to his unfeigned joy and ours. We could not but perceive the special providence of God in our escape, and again we had reason to sing as at Mount Tabor, "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers; the snare is broken and we are escaped."[1] Even the monks seemed to acknowledge the hand of God in it.

At night, we heard Antonio and the other servants of our company, singing a song of vengeance on the robbers. It was in the style of those songs we had usually heard from Arabs, a single voice leading, and then a chorus responding, with clapping of hands. It was to this effect—

Single voice—"The curse of Allah rest!"
Chorus "Upon the Bedouins."
Clapping hands.
Single voice—"The sword of Allah come!"
Chorus "Upon the Bedouins."
Clapping hands.

In style, this resembled Psalm CXXXVI, though in sentiment it was the reverse of its strain of thankful love.

[1] Psa. CXXIV. 7.

We visited the English Vice-Consul, Mr Finch, an intelligent Jew, who speaks German, Italian, and a little English. He shewed us every attention, and when we told him the whole matter, his remark was, "that surely we were upon God's errand; otherwise God would not so protect us." He conducted us to the Governor, or Aga, a mild, placid old man, with an immense turban, and long beard, seated in state upon a carpet in one corner of his chamber. Taking off our shoes at the door,[1] we sat down on the floor and related our story, Mr Calman and Antonio being the narrators. He caused his secretary to write it down, and promised to send twenty soldiers to the Wady Abilene to find out the robbers. Probably, he thought no more of the matter after we had left him. While we were in the court, a poor man came in to complain that his garden had been plundered by the Arabs. The days are not come when "violence shall no more be heard in thy land."[2]

We were anxious to visit the Jews of Acre. Meeting one in the bazaar, we invited him to partake with us in some melons with which we were refreshing ourselves. He consented, and three others soon joined us. They then led us to their synagogue, a very humble one, with a short inscription on a pane of glass above the door. About a dozen Jews gathered round, one of whom recognised us, having seen us at Tyre. They said that there are sixty of their brethren residing here. We had some interesting conversation with three young men. One of these eagerly read a chapter in the New Testament, though his companion stood by watching us very suspiciously, and apparently uneasy at seeing his friend so employed. An old man then came in to the synagogue, and mounted the reading-desk. He placed

1 This oriental custom is perhaps derived from Exod. III. 5. 2 Isa. LX. 18.

a jar of water beside him, then opened his prayer-book, washed his hands, and put on his *Tallith*. We were informed that he meant to spend six hours in prayer that day, and the jar of water was intended to keep his throat from becoming dry during his exercise of bodily devotion. How remarkably this illustrates the words of Christ, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye, for a pretence, make long prayer; therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation."[1]

The same afternoon we left the walls of Acre behind us, little thinking that soon it would be laid in ruins. We halted for a time at an aqueduct on the north of the town, which is evidently an ancient work, and is still used, having a hundred arches entire. Passing a small village called Ismerieh, we came to Mezra, where a fine stream from the hills runs into the sea, and where is a beautiful garden belonging to Ibraim Pasha. It is enclosed by a row of tall cypresses, while within, the lemon and other fruit-trees of the East were clothed with the richest foliage, and fragrant shrubs and richly coloured flowers diffused their delightful odours. Many small villages are scattered over this beautiful plain. On the right, a little off the road, stands Sheikh Daud, once a Christian village, and then Zeitoun. In the plain where is the spring of water by which the aqueduct is supplied, is El Capri, and on the hill Tersecha, and not far off a monumental pillar, Kulat Jedin. After these we came to El Hamsin. Still farther north, and on the shore, lay Zeeb, three hours from Acre. It is the ancient *Achzib*. It has a high situation near the sea, and is surrounded with palm-trees. A shepherd in the neighbourhood of this place was playing on his pipe at

[1] Matt. xxiii. 14.

the head of his flock—a sweet, soothing sound in the stillness of evening, and the sweeter because so rarely heard in Palestine.

After one hour more we came to Boussa, situated in carse ground, and bordered with trees. Here the fertile plain of Acre ends, and the low range of swelling hills that form its eastern boundary for twelve or thirteen miles run out into the sea, forming a high rocky promontory. Looking back from the height, the view of the plain, enclosed by the hills on the one hand and the sea on the other, was rich and beautiful. The plain along the coast south from Carmel, the plain of Tyre, and the plain of Acre, are all very like each other, although the last seems to be the most fruitful.

The sun went down behind the Mediterranean Sea as we passed a small ruined fort or khan on the highest point of Nakoura. The khan of Nakoura is nearly an hour farther north, and we made haste to reach it before dark. The graceful gazelles were sporting along the shore, and bounding on the rocky heights above us. Sandys mentions that, in his time, leopards and boars used to come down from the brushwood of these hills, but we neither saw nor heard of any. We slept that night in a stubble-field near the khan of Nakoura; and early next morning were on our way, journeying north by the edge of the sea. The shore in this vicinity is often grand and picturesque, the white rocks being worn into curious forms by the incessant dashing of the waves; and in addition to the natural beauty of the scene, the associations of the past invest the very waters with a profound interest. One of our company thus expressed the impressions of the moment:—

> These deep blue waters lave the shore
> Of Israel, as in days of yore!

Though Zion like a field is ploughed,
And Salem covered with a cloud—
Though briers and thorns are tangled o'er,
Where vine and olive twined before—
Though turbaned Moslems tread the gate,
And Judah sits most desolate—
Their nets o'er Tyre the fishers spread,
And Carmel's top is withered—
Yet still these waters clasp the shore
As kindly as they did before!
Such is Thy love to Judah's race,
A deep unchanging tide of grace.
Though scattered now at Thy command,
They pine away in every land,
With trembling heart and failing eyes—
And deep the veil on Israel lies—
Yet still Thy word thou canst not break,
"Beloved for their fathers' sake."

In a short time we came to a well-built and copious fountain, where we obtained a plentiful draught of delicious water. It has a pointed arch and Arabic inscription, and still bears the name of the great conqueror of Tyre, "Iscanderoon." Soon after leaving it, we found ourselves on the remains of an ancient causeway, said to be the work of Alexander the Great. This is the "*Scalæ Tyriorum*," leading over a high rocky promontory of limestone, which here descends precipitously into the sea, the *Album Promontorium* or Cape Blanco, about eight miles from Tyre. The steps on the northern side are cut out of the rock with immense labour, and a solid parapet is left along the margin, over which we looked into the clear deep waters of the Mediterranean. We saw fish swimming about in great numbers at the base of the rocks, and over our heads the owl perched on solitary cliffs as in the days of the Psalmist.[1] From this point we began to search along

[1] Psa. cii. 6.

the shore with deep interest for any remains of ancient Tyre. About half an hour from Cape Blanco, we came upon the ruins of some ancient place, where were several cisterns, but no distinct remains. These were the only traces we could find of any thing like a city along the bay south of Tyre.

Within an hour of Tyre, we turned aside from the shore to the right, to visit the famous pools said to have been made by Solomon for Hiram, King of Tyre. The place is called Ras-el-Ain, or "Head of the Fountain," evidently because it was the source from which Tyre was anciently supplied with water. It is about three miles from the gate of modern Tyre. There are four large and remarkable reservoirs, three of which we examined. They are considerably elevated above the plain by means of solid mason-work, and you ascend by steps to a broad border, on which you may walk round the water. The fountains springing up from beneath keep them constantly full. Two of them are connected with each other; the one measuring 17 yards by 15 at the water edge, the other 13 yards by 10. The third is a regular octagon, measuring $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards on each side. From the first two the water is conveyed by a fine old aqueduct to the rocky hill Marshuk, and from thence anciently to Tyre; but the only use that seems to be now made of the water of the largest one, is to turn a mill for grinding corn. The work is beautifully executed, and the abundance of water makes every thing around look verdant and beautiful, so that we lingered near enjoying the pleasant situation.

While we were refreshing ourselves with bread and *leban*, a man from Tyre joined our party, who told us that, a few days before, a number of Jews from Saphet had come to take refuge in the town till the disturbances

of the country should pass over. So truly are the words of Moses still undergoing their fulfilment, "Thou shalt find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest."[1]

It was after midday when we set out again. We did not enter Tyre, but passed at a distance, nearly in the course of the old aqueduct. We came near the hill of Marshuk, which some have supposed to mark the site of Palæ Tyrus; though this cannot be the case, for Strabo says that it lay thirty stadia to the south of the island, whereas Marshuk is less than a third of that distance to the east of modern Tyre. Crossing the plain, we soon came upon the same track by which we had travelled in a contrary direction a fortnight before. At the bridge of Kasimieh, we were refreshed by a draught of goat's milk which some shepherds gave us. An hour before sunset, we came to that part of the plain overlooked by Sarfend, the ancient *Sarepta*. Two of us rode up the steep hill on which the modern village is built by a path worn deep in the rock. We visited the mosque, said to be erected over the widow's house where Elijah dwelt, and the cave beneath it, where a lamp is kept continually burning, and where miraculous cures are reported to have been performed. The view from the village commands the plain and the sea, and is very fine. A deep ravine on the south is clad with an olive-grove, and the hills around bear marks of having been at one time covered with the vine, for the terraces still remain. We passed through a village on the shore immediately opposite to Sarfend, called Ain-teen ("the well of the fig"), which some believe to be the true site of Sarepta.

The sun being set, we now pressed forward toward

[1] Deut. xxviii. 65.

Sidon. The gazelles were gamboling on the rocky shore. Seven large stones stand on the roadside, of which a curious legend is told. It is said that these are seven Moslems turned into stone for pursuing a Christian, whose companions were guilty, but who himself was innocent. A little farther on is a *cairn*, or heap of stones raised over the tomb of a slave, who was executed on this spot for murdering and plundering passengers. It is customary for travellers to add a stone to the heap as they pass. Arriving at a khan called Ain-el-Burak, the owner, who was on the roof, invited us in,[1] but we thanked him and pressed on. The near approach to Sidon seemed peculiarly beautiful in the soft moonlight. A sweet fragrance was breathing from shrubs and flowers, and our road conducted us through groves of luxuriant trees, while the eye was not pained by the sight of dry dusty fields. We reached the gate of Sidon by ten o'clock, having been fifteen hours on horseback. We were too late for admission into the town, and had to encamp on the outside of the walls. The ground was so rocky and uneven, that it was with difficulty we managed to drive in the pins of our tents, but this did not prevent us from enjoying a refreshing sleep.

We rose early next morning (July 20), and saw the Moslem ladies, all swathed in white, moving out of the town to visit the graves, as much for recreation as from respect to the dead. These are in a pleasant grove of cypresses and other trees which shelter the eastern side of the town. The English Vice-Consul waited on us at our tent, and brought us the news of the death of the Sultan of Constantinople. We were soon mounted, and leaving the walls of Sidon far behind us, we rode along the bay of Naby-Younes again, crossed the Damour,

1 See Prov. ix. 14, 15.

and passed through the mulberry gardens where we had lost our way. On leaving the shore, instead of crossing the bar of sand, our servants guided us by a very pleasant road, through the vast grove of olives that stretches along the foot of Lebanon. In one of the gardens is a khan, which they call a "Sunday-khan," because it is regularly frequented on Sunday afternoons by the Greek priests and their people, who spend the day in amusements and dissipation. We were anxious to reach Beyrout in time to visit the Jewish synagogue, for that was the day set apart for the commemoration of the destruction of the temple, a remarkable occasion among the Jews. But in this we failed. We arrived, however, before the sun went down, and rode in at the gate filled with joy and thankfulness to God for permitting us to visit Galilee, and bringing us back in safety and peace.

(July 21. Sabbath.) In the forenoon, Mr Bonar preached on John VII. 37, to a respectable audience in the spacious apartment of the American Consul. We afterwards attended the Sabbath school in one of the Mission-houses, and had the pleasure of addressing a class of young Syrians who understood English. In the evening, Mr M'Cheyne expounded Acts IX, in a large prayer-meeting, at which the American brethren and their families were present. And thus we drank of "the stream from Lebanon," in a dry and thirsty land.

We now found that the next Austrian steamer would sail for Smyrna in a week; so that we took up our abode again at the inn of Giuseppe, who paid us every attention. We occupied ourselves during this time, chiefly in making up our journals and writing home, and in the cool of the evenings enjoyed a quiet walk

along the rocky beach. One evening we saw the funeral of a poor native. The body was carried out of the town, not in a coffin, but on a bier, like the widow's son at Nain.[1] A few mourners followed, lamenting him with occasional cries. Another evening, we paid a short visit along with one of the merchants of the town to Sir Moses Montefiore and his lady, who were here waiting for a vessel to carry them to Egypt.

In the middle of the week, Mr M'Cheyne was seized with fever. Dr Gerstmann[2] of the Jerusalem Mission, himself a converted Jew, waited upon him with all kindness, and ordered him to be removed to a house upon the height above the town, where the atmosphere was cool. The disease seemed to abate a little on the Saturday, so that the physician recommended us to make preparations for sailing next day. He thought that there would be greater hope of Mr M.'s recovery by our enjoying the cool breezes of the sea, than by remaining three weeks longer in the confined atmosphere of Beyrout.

Accordingly, on the afternoon of Sabbath, July 28, we bade farewell to our many kind friends, and embarked in the Austrian steamer, called Schnell-Segler, "Swift Sailer," which sailed from the harbour at five o'clock. The four Jews from the Dardanelles, with whom we had sailed into Egypt, and whom we now met for the third time, to their surprise and ours, were the only faces we knew on board. There was one young

1 Luke vii. 14.

2 On 23d August 1841, little more than two years after, this worthy young physician died of a similar fever at Constantinople, to which station he had been removed. He was a man of an excellent spirit, one who loved Christ with all his heart, and was very bold in recommending him to others. One day Lady M. said to him with great vehemence, that she would rather lose her head than forsake the faith of her fathers; his answer was, "If you do not turn and believe on Christ, you will never see the kingdom of heaven."

man in the vessel who could speak a little English. It was a solemn and almost melancholy Sabbath evening to us. Mr M. was laid down upon the deck, and we kept our eye upon the majestic brow of Lebanon, (the emblem of the Redeemer's countenance[1]), till it faded from our view in the dim and brief twilight of evening.

But here let us for a moment review all that we have seen and heard in regard to the condition of Israel in their own land. We visited every city and village in Palestine where Jews are to be found, (with the exception of Jaffa, and two small villages upon Mount Naphtali), and we have been led to the conclusion that the Holy Land presents the most important and interesting of all the fields of labour among the Jews.

I. The Jews are in affliction in the land of their fathers, and this makes them more friendly there than in other lands. In other countries, where they are wealthy and comfortable, or deeply engaged in worldly business, we found that they care little to attend to the words of the Christian missionary. But, in Judea, the plague, poverty, the oppression of their rabbies, and the insults of the heathen, have so humbled them, that they cling to any one who offers to shew them kindness, however averse to the doctrine which he teaches.

II. They are strictly Rabbinical Jews, untainted by the infidelity of France or the neology of Germany. They hold the Old Testament to be indeed the Word of God. They have a real expectation of the coming of Messiah; and this expectation is certainly greater now than it was formerly. The missionary has thus firm ground to stand upon, and, with the Hebrew Bible in his hand, may expound to them, with intelligence and

1 Song v. 15.

power, all that is written in the Law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms concerning Jesus.

III. Moreover, Judea must be regarded as the centre of the Jewish world. Every Jew, in whatever country he sojourns, turns his face toward Jerusalem in prayer. It is the heart of the nation, and every impression made there is transmitted to all the scattered members. We afterwards met a poor Jew at Ibraila, a small town upon the Danube, who told us of conversions that had taken place at Jerusalem. In this way, whatever is done for the Jews in Palestine, will make a hundred-fold more impression than if it were done in any other land.

IV. Another important consideration is, that in Palestine the Jews look upon the English as friends. Three months before our arrival in Jerusalem, an English Consul had been stationed there—a true and zealous friend of Israel, whose jurisdiction extended over the country once given to the twelve tribes, and whose instructions from the British Government were, that he should, to the utmost of his power, afford protection to the Jews. The recent changes in Syria have no doubt for a time interfered with these arrangements; but still, is not the hand of an overruling Providence visible in them? And is it not our duty to improve to the utmost the interest we have in the affections of the Jews, by being the friends of their never-dying souls?

V. In addition to all this, there is no country under heaven to which Christians turn with such a lively interest as Immanuel's land. "God's servants take pleasure in her stones and favour the dust thereof." But especially those who love Israel bear it upon their hearts, because its name is inwoven with the coming conversion of Israel. It is upon "*the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem,*" that God has

said he will pour his Spirit.[1] "*On the high mountains of Israel shall their fold be;*"[2] and "they shall feed in Bashan and Gilead, as in the days of old,"[3] and God himself has said, "*I will remember the land.*"[4]

On these grounds, we rest our conviction that the Holy Land presents not only the most attractive, but the most important field for Missionary operations among the Jews.

In the south of the Holy Land, the London Society for the Conversion of the Jews have maintained for several years an effective Mission. Jerusalem is their head-quarters, so that the southern parts may be fairly regarded as pre-occupied. But the north of the land, the region of ancient Galilee, containing nearly half of the Jewish population of Palestine, still presents an open[5] and uncultivated field.

In that beautiful country, the town of Saphet at once commends itself as the most favourable point for the centre of a Jewish Mission. It is one of the four cities regarded as holy by the Jews, and therefore they cling to it in spite of the awful convulsions of nature and the ravages of war. Before the earthquake on 1st January 1837, it is said that there were 7000 Jews residing there. It has again gradually been raised out of its ruins, and there were at the time of our visit about 2000 Jewish inhabitants. A ride of six hours from Saphet brings you to Tiberias, on the margin of the Lake of Galilee, another of the holy cities, and containing 1500 Jews. Saphet is also within a few days' journey of Tyre, Sidon,

[1] Zech. xii. 10. [2] Ezek. xxxiv. 14.

[3] Mic. vii. 14. [4] Lev. xxvi. 42.

[5] Of course, as a Presbyterian Church, claiming equal apostolic authority with the Church of England, the Church of Scotland will not consider the appointment of a Bishop, which has taken place during this year (1842), as in any way debarring her from coming into this field.

Acre, Khaifa, Beyrout, and Damascus; in each of which there are many Jews—so that it forms the centre of a most interesting field.

The climate of Saphet is peculiarly delightful, owing to its lofty situation. In one of the hottest days of July, the thermometer rose no higher in the shade than 76° F. In Tiberias, again, the winter's cold is scarcely felt at all.

If the Church of Scotland were privileged to establish a Mission in Saphet, what an honour it would be to tread, as it were, in the very footsteps of the Saviour, to make the very rocks that re-echoed his "strong crying and tears," and the very hills where he said, "Blessed are the peace-makers," resound with the cries of believing prayer, and with the proclamation of the gospel of peace! And if God were to own and bless our efforts, would not the words of the prophet receive a second fulfilment, "The land of Zabulon and the land of Nephthalim, by the way of the sea beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles; the people which sat in darkness, saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up?"[1]

1 Matt. iv. 15, 16.

CHAPTER II.

SMYRNA AND CONSTANTINOPLE.

"And they that are left of you shall pine away in their iniquity in your enemies' lands; and also in the iniquities of their fathers shall they pine away with them."—LEVIT. XXVI. 39.

(July 29.) At seven in the morning we found ourselves approaching Cyprus. Here we anchored for some hours off Larnica, which is near the ancient *Citium*. There seemed at this point little to interest a traveller in the island itself; a ridge of bare limestone hills formed the prominent feature of the scene, while a dry, parching sun glowed over us like a furnace. The town itself, however, looks well, its mosque and white houses peering through tall and graceful palm-trees. At a former period, Cyprus must have been remarkably productive and well peopled. Mr Thompson, from whom we so lately parted at Beyrout, had travelled through the interior of the island, and in his journey visited not fewer than sixty villages, which had remains of ancient churches now ruined and desolate; and every where he found wide plains left uncultivated, which might yield abundant harvests. It is an island which no Christian can gaze upon without remembering the days of the apostles. For this was the native country of Barnabas,[1]

[1] Acts IV. 36.

who sold his estates and brought the money to Jerusalem for the use of the infant church, and who afterwards, in company with Paul, traversed its whole extent from Salamis to Paphos, preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ. Here, too, Sergius Paulus had his residence, and Elymas the sorcerer; Mnason also, "the old disciple," spent his youth amidst its hills and plains. But, there is no Barnabas nor Mnason in Cyprus now; for no Jew dare plant his foot upon its shores because of the furious bigotry of the Greeks, who have persecuted without remorse every wanderer of that nation that has visited or been cast upon their coast ever since the reign of Trajan. To ourselves Cyprus is associated with some of our severest trials. For it was here that Mr M'Cheyne's illness increased, the fever burning hot within his veins, while there was no medical help on board, nor any remedies that we could apply. A cooling drink or a fresh breeze were the only means of even momentary relief.

Next day we were sailing off the coast of Pamphylia, and at six in the morning of the succeeding day (July 31) were anchored off Rhodes. On the left hand of the harbour is a range of very precipitous hills. The town is on the shore, with green hills rising gently behind, and many gardens on every side. All around the sandy edge in the vicinity of the town the shore is lined with windmills, which seem to be much in use throughout this region. It is said by recent travellers that, at the entrance of the ancient harbour, there are still remains of buttresses, the distance between which is twenty-seven yards, a space sufficiently wide to have afforded room for the famed Colossus. We thought upon Paul sailing past Rhodes as he hasted to Jerusalem,[1] and we wished

[1] Acts xxi. 1.

to land, for there are here about 1000 Jews; but this was impossible on account of Mr M.'s illness. It was here the well-known commentator Aben Ezra died, commanding his bones to be carried to the Holy Land.

After leaving the harbour in the afternoon, we found ourselves sailing close to the shore of Caria, the water apparently deep to the very edge, with steep rocks and hills lining the shore. Often it seemed as if we were sailing close under the base of some of our own Highland mountains, while the waves gently weltered round the base of the rocks. At a turn of the coast Cnidos was pointed out to us. A creek running up a considerable way into the land forms a complete harbour; but a ruined tower was all that we could distinctly discern of the ancient town.

We now saw before us Stanchio, the ancient *Coos*, and felt pleasure in gazing on it, because Paul had once done the same.[1] On reaching the harbour the vessel made a short stay, giving us opportunity to get a sight of its chief town, which is beautifully situated in the midst of gardens. The buildings are all of white stone, and the hills form a green acclivity behind. The physician Hippocrates gave this island its renown in ancient times.

Once more afloat on the Icarian Sea, we passed an English frigate in full sail, welcome to us as being in a manner a relic of home, and in itself a very imposing object on these seas. But a far more interesting sight engaged our attention a little before sunset. An intelligent traveller on board pointed out to us the island of *Patmos*, now called Palmosa. It lies sixteen miles south-west from Samos, and is about eighteen miles in circumference, stretching from north to south. We saw

1 Acts xxi. 1.

the peaks of its two prominent hills, but our course did not lie very near it. Still it was intensely interesting to get even a glance of that remarkable spot, where the beloved disciple saw the visions of God,—the spot, too, where the Saviour was seen, and his voice heard, for the last time till he comes again. It is the only spot in Europe where the Son of Man showed himself in his humanity. John's eye often rested on the mountains and islands among which we were now passing, and on the shores and waves of this great sea; and often, after the vision was past, these natural features of his place of exile would refresh his spirit, recalling to his mind how "he stood on the sand of the sea,"[1] and how he had seen that "every island fled away, and the mountains were not found."[2]

Long after sunset some of us sat on deck under the clear brilliant firmament, "sown with stars," whose bright rays glittered on the blue waters like beams of the moon. We conversed of God's providence—"his way is in the sea, and his path in the deep waters"—and of Patmos, where the fall of that empire through whose dominion we were now passing, was long ago foretold.

(Aug. 1.) Next morning we were on the shores of Ionia. We had passed Icaria, and were sailing by *Samos*, the birthplace of Pythagoras. We thought of Paul touching at Samos a few days before he gave his memorable address to the elders from Ephesus.[3] Soon after *Chios*,[4] now Scio, came in view, and arriving at the port, the vessel anchored for a few hours. The eye rests on many buildings on the shore, dilapidated and empty, monuments of the awful scenes of massacre

[1] Rev. xiii. 1.
[2] Rev. xvi. 20.
[3] Acts xx. 15.
[4] See Acts xx. 15.

that devastated this beautiful island during the revolution. The town is very finely situated, embosomed in orange-trees. There was a considerable bustle in the harbour; and boats filled with Greek sailors soon surrounded our vessel. There were on board some Jews, who, as we left the harbour, pointed to Scio as the burying-place of a famous rabbi, Baal Turim. Among these were our four Jewish friends whom we met first at Syra and then at Sychem, and who were now returning from their pilgrimage to their home on the Dardanelles. On observing that Mr M. was ill, they kindly inquired after him, and continued to shew their sympathy till we parted from them at Smyrna.

At six in the evening we anchored at Smyrna. Many interesting objects meet the eye in sailing up the splendid gulf, and none more beautiful than the town itself, lying close to the shore, set round with tall dark green cypress-trees, with beautiful hills behind. There is one eminence that the eye falls upon near to the entrance of the harbour, dotted over with white flat stones. This is the Jewish burying-ground.

On anchoring, our first care was directed to get medical advice for Mr M'Cheyne. But we found that we were too late that evening to get any medical help in the town, the best physicians always retiring to the country at night. On that account, and as the town itself was oppressively close and sultry, Mr M., though so little able for any journey that we feared every moment he would sink under the fatigue, urged us to proceed at once to Bouja, a village three miles off, where we were assured of finding an English physician. The innkeeper soon furnished us with asses, and agreed to be himself our conductor. The road was pleasant, rows of cypress-trees often meeting our eye in the gloom. The

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air, too, was fresher than in the town, yet even here it was sultry. On arriving at the inn of Bouja, we found the surgeon of an English frigate in the house at the moment, and soon after a Greek physician, named Dr Dracopoli, well skilled in the diseases of the country, was recommended to us. Later in the evening, Mr Lewis (formerly a labourer in the Jewish cause, and now chaplain to the English Consulate in Smyrna,) visited us, and not only most readily aided us in our perplexity, but insisted on all of us removing next day to his own residence. Never did any in our circumstances meet with more unremitting attention and true Christian kindness, than we did during our stay under the roof of Mr and Mrs Lewis. Perhaps Mr M'Cheyne's recovery was, in the good providence of God, to be mainly attributed to their care. The Lord grant to them the blessing that Paul sought for Onesiphorus, who so oft refreshed him; "May they find mercy of the Lord in that day!"[1]

Our first Sabbath (Aug. 4) was spent at Bouja. We worshipped in the English Chapel recently erected there, a beautiful and commodious building, in which Mr Lewis and Mr Jetter (the latter sent out by the Church Missionary Society) officiate alternately. That day, in our peculiar circumstances, Mr Lewis' sermon from Psa. XLVI. 10, came home to the heart, "Be still, and know that I am God." There was singular power also in the words that were written over the pulpit of the chapel, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."[2] We felt them the more, remembering that we were within a short distance of the city where the Church used to assemble to which these words were first addressed, and the spot where Polycarp, so

[1] II Tim. I. 18. [2] Rev. II. 10.

long "the angel of the church of Smyrna," obeyed the exhortation and received his reward. To us this was "a day better than a thousand."

Our next Sabbath was not so still, but it, too, had its peculiar enjoyments. It was spent in Smyrna. Early in the morning the sound of bells ringing loudly in the town caused not a little surprise, till we ascertained that it proceeded from the Romish Churches in the city. For the Roman Catholics, every where zealous, have here erected three large and splendid churches, and already number 5000 members in Smyrna. They have also a flourishing school, to which they give the name of a College "*di Propaganda.*" We worshipped in the forenoon in the English chaplaincy; and Mr Bonar preached upon Acts VIII. 8, "There was great joy in that city." Pleasant it was to pray and then proclaim the Gospel in a place to which the Lord had once spoken by name. In the afternoon, we joined the worship of the American Missionaries in the Dutch Consulate, and then reached Bouja in time to enjoy part of Mr Jetter's evening service. These Sabbaths in a foreign land were seasons of peculiar refreshing. On more than one occasion also we enjoyed a week-day evening service in the village, maintained by our American brethren, and attended by an audience of about fifty individuals. Mr Bonar preached one evening on Isaiah XII.; and these pleasant meetings brought vividly to mind the similar services in our own parishes at home.

Bouja, where we resided, is a beautiful village, much frequented by English residents. The houses are generally built apart from each other, with a garden and shrubbery round them. But even the common streets of this village have wide-spreading trees shooting up between the houses. Here, too, we remarked how fre-

quently the villagers at evening sit in social companies, to enjoy the evening air before the door of their dwellings. This is the custom referred to by Ezekiel, "the children of thy people are talking against thee *by the walls and in the doors of the houses*"[1]—that is, in the midst of their easy, thoughtless, self-pleasing companies. The evening breeze is sweet, and the nightingale's song is not uncommon. A person residing here is taught by experience, during all hours of the day, the meaning of Anacreon's references to the "τεττιξ" or grasshopper, which in a manner peoples the trees and chirps incessantly as he describes;

—" Δενδρεσι καθισας
Βασιλευς ὁπως ἀειδεις."
(" King-like you sit upon your tree and sing.")

Oftentimes during our stay Mr Lewis gave us interesting information in regard to his labours among the Jews at a former period. One evening, telling us of his residence in Italy, he related the case of a young Jewess of Ancona, whose name was Sarina. She was a teacher, and being the only Jewess of any education in the town, even boys were put under her tuition. Besides Italian, she knew Latin and some other languages, and could teach geography and other branches of education. Though occupied with the children from eight in the morning till eight at night, she used, as soon as her work was done, to come to the house of Mr and Mrs Lewis to converse with them. They found her a most amiable and intelligent young woman, willing to listen to the teaching of a Christian instructor. She read Christian books which they lent her; translated them into Italian; and told them frankly the ignorance and wretched state of Jewesses in Ancona. On their departure, the grief

1 Ezek. xxxiii. 30.

of Sarina was extreme; indeed, she would gladly have accompanied them, but she had an aged mother depending on her exertions for support. They heard no more of her till recently, when they received notice of her death. She died about two years ago; and the last book she was found translating was one "on the Truth of Christianity."

Once or twice we met with a young American traveller, who was in the inn when we arrived. His information about the Karaite Jews confirmed what we had elsewhere heard of that sect. He had just come from the Crimea, where he saw them in their chief town, called Joofud Kalah, "the fortress of the infidels." He thinks that there were about 1500 in that town; and in the whole Crimea about 5000. They are the most respectable of all Jews, men of character and intelligence, very cleanly and industrious in their habits, and much favoured by the government. It is said that the *word* of a Karaite is more trustworthy than the *bond* of another Jew. One day while making inquiries regarding the Jews at a merchant of the town, Mr H. Barker, he told us a recent instance of the insults and oppression which Jews not unfrequently meet with at the hands of both Turks and Greeks. He saw a Greek go to a Jew who was walking before him, and strike him so violent a blow, that the poor Jew burst into tears, but made no resistance. Mr B. went up and asked the Greek why he had been guilty of this unprovoked outrage? "*Because he is a hater of Christ*," was the cool reply of the Greek. A few days ago, also, a Jew was bathing in the sea along with a Turk. In plunging into the water, the Turk struck upon an anchor, which caused his death. The Jew was immediately imprisoned on the charge "*that perhaps he was the cause of the*

accident;" and no one could tell what might be the result. How truly did Moses foretell of Israel, "thou shalt be only oppressed and crushed alway."[1]

Our most important information regarding the Jews was obtained from Giovanni Baptist Cohen, a converted Israelite, who is employed by the London Jewish Society to labour among his brethren in Smyrna. Not long after our arrival we called upon him, when he kindly offered to visit the Jews along with us. Accordingly, on Saturday (Aug. 10) we set out at six o'clock in the morning. As we went along we met a considerable number of Jews at that early hour returning from Synagogue worship. These, we were told, had already finished their morning service; for, being more devout, or at least adhering more rigidly to the letter of the Scriptures than their brethren, they have service before sunrise, referring to Psa. LXXII. 5, as their authority, "they shall fear thee *before the sun*"—that is, before the sun rises, as they understand the Hebrew. We met also more females on their way to the synagogue than we had usually observed in other places. All the synagogues were clean and commodious, with porches before the entrance for the sake of coolness. These were often shaded by the spreading vine, and many of the worshippers were reading their prayers under its shelter. There appeared to be sincere devotion among them, for their attention was not diverted from the service by the entrance of strangers.

The Jewish population of Smyrna is about 9000, and that it is on the increase is proved by the fact, that they are at present building an additional synagogue, although they have already ten or twelve. The only missionary here is Mr Cohen, mentioned above, a native

[1] Deut. XXVIII. 33.

of Constantinople, who is a great linguist, and able to speak with some ease, Italian, French, Spanish, Greek, English, Turkish, Armenian, and Hebrew. His wife is a Sciote by birth, one of those who were rescued from the massacre, and educated in England. He has free intercourse with all the Jews, and they return his visits.

While we were with him in the forenoon, three intelligent and respectable Jews called, who spent fully three hours in conversation. He led them to speak of Isaiah LIII. Turning up the works of Jarchi (or Rashi), they were very free in their remarks on that commentator; and one of the three, on going away, said that "he was more than two-thirds persuaded that Christianity was true." Mr Cohen told us after they had gone, that their state of mind was not an uncommon one among the Jews of Smyrna. He knew at least five families in the town, who were inclined to leave Judaism to this extent, that they would admit Jesus as Messiah, but keep up their national rites and customs. Most of these were careless till he visited them; but now they diligently read the Old Testament, and allow him to read to them out of the New. In the evening, a great many Jews called; they sat in the lower room, and at the door, which stood open to the street.[1] One of them, a very liberal-minded Jew, called our attention to a Roman Catholic priest who was passing by, and remarked, "*Our rabbies and these priests are alike impostors.*"

Mr Cohen has been ten years here, and has found great freedom of inquiry among the Jews. At the same time, no sooner is a baptism proposed than the Jews stir up the Government, and the convert is obliged to leave the place. Several, however, have been baptized in the Greek and Romish churches, because the members of these communions have means of protecting them.

1 See Ezek. XXXIII. 30; and Vol. II. p. 104.

The Jews have many schools, but their system of teaching is most deplorable. No enlightened attempt has ever been made for the instruction of the Jewish children under fourteen years of age. Missionaries might establish schools with good hope of success, because these children are cruelly used, as well as ill-instructed, under their present teachers; and the Old Testament being made their school-book, the teacher might explain it, and ground the whole truth thereon. The inducements of a solid education in Hebrew Grammar, and perhaps in some of the modern languages, would lead them to come. The common people among the Jews are simple, not very superstitious, and easily affected by kindness. It would be important to instruct the Jews in the grammar of the Spanish; and a cheap edition of a Spanish dictionary and grammar would be of great use. They have about thirty libraries in the town, all on a private footing, and of no great importance. Several individuals, well qualified to judge, spoke much regarding the want of good tracts suited to the capacities and modes of thinking of those for whom they are intended. Mr Lewis mentioned the case of an English tract translated into Italian so literally that it was unintelligible; and many are unacceptable because not idiomatic. On the other hand, a polished Italian will frequently be induced to read a tract, if only it be written in elegant Italian, for the sake of the language.

From various individuals we heard of Saloniki, the ancient *Thessalonica*. Drs Black and Keith had proposed to visit it; but were not able to accomplish their intention. The Jewish community there are very exclusive, quite a nation by themselves. They have great influence in the city, and their numbers are reckoned at 50,000. Their real condition could be known only by

long residence among them, for they are reserved, and keep aloof from all strangers. On this account, the reports of merchants cannot be very accurate. They are very strict Jews. Many poor people among them spend their time in reading and study, receiving money for their support by charity. They publish many books, almost every Jew there aspiring to be author of some treatise. They study astronomy, and publish the best Jewish Almanacs, both in regard to seasons and changes of weather. It is asserted, that their almanac for 1837 had put down that there would be an earthquake on 1st January of that year, and another on the 21st. Both of these actually occurred, and by the first of them the town of Saphet was destroyed. From this supposed prediction, they acquired great fame among the Jews. It is also a curious fact, and characteristic of the people, that the famous impostor, Sabbathai Sevi, who was born at Smyrna, has still many followers in Saloniki.

On another occasion, Mr Calman spent a whole day in town visiting the Jews, along with Mr Cohen. He was led by him to visit the families who are disposed to admit Christ as Messiah, but would still retain national rites, such as the Passover and the Jewish Sabbath. All these are rich, possessed of large magazines or stores, and under European protection, so that they are not affected by the common inducements of a worldly nature; but they are weary of the bondage of the rabbies. They said that they have read the New Testament, and found in it nothing against keeping Saturday as the Sabbath; and the Saturday they will not consent to renounce, for they believe that they would be traitors to their people, if they threw off this mark of nationality. They proposed to keep their feasts also as memorials that Jehovah, whom they now worship as

Messiah, is the same God who redeemed them of old. They would call themselves "*Believers in Messiah*," but not "*Christians*," because all whom they have ever known under the latter name are given to idolatry and immorality. If a church were formed on these principles, and had the sympathy of influential friends in England, they have no doubt but hundreds would soon join them. Mr Calman thought them well versed in Scripture, but that they did not feel the burden of sin. Their assent to Christianity is intellectual; they would embrace it as a deliverance from a superstition of which they are weary. The same feeling begins to prevail among the Jewish females. An old Jewess, named Medina, whom Mr Cohen was instrumental in arousing to a concern about her soul, has become very zealous in doing good to others, delights in reading the Scriptures, visits other Jewesses, and has succeeded in leading many of them to her views.

(Aug. 5.) We were able to devote a day to visiting the Jewish schools. One of them meets in an extensive building, having an open square in the midst, but close and dirty. It contained ten apartments, with about forty children, and a separate teacher in each. Some of the children were farther advanced than the others, but there seemed to be no regular gradation in the classes. Few of them had books, not one in ten had a Bible. They are fine interesting children, but miserably taught; kept in fear by the lash of their teacher, who tyrannizes over them. As we entered one room, the teacher was in the act of applying the bastinado to a boy. On seeing us, the rest of the scholars cried out in Spanish, "*Franco, Franco, salvanos*," "Help us, Frank, help us." The bastinado is applied by twisting a rope, fixed on a short stick, round the feet of the culprit, who is laid on his face; and then a strong whip,

made of ox-hide, is smartly applied to the soles of his feet. Each schoolmaster had two of these thick whips hanging in his room, along with this miniature bastinado. The whips seemed well used, being worn to fibres at the end. We saw also the stocks, ready for fixing the feet of those who were to be less severely punished. The boy whom we rescued from punishment was guilty of absenting himself from the school—a line of conduct we did not much wonder at, when such was the teacher and his discipline. We bought from one of the teachers a whip and a bastinado, as memorials of Jewish darkness. The rabbi who taught the highest class, where the Talmud is the text-book, put many questions to us about the Jews in Palestine, and said, "he himself was a poor man, but had sent already 200 piasters to them."

In reviewing the information we obtained regarding the Jews here, we feel convinced that Smyrna presents much to invite the attention of a Missionary. Independently of the interest attached to the place as having been the seat of a Jewish community since the Christian era,—independently, too, of its being a place whose associations with the Apocalypse, and with the history of Polycarp, give it a peculiar interest in the eyes of every Christian, it deserves regard on account of the large population of Jews residing in the city and neighbouring villages, and the vast numbers from other countries who visit it from time to time. Jews call at this port from all parts of Asia, as well as from Constantinople and its vicinity. It might yet become the door of access even to the hitherto secluded Jews of Saloniki, some of whom occasionally visit Smyrna.

The literary qualifications needful for a missionary to this city are not very formidable. Acquaintance

with the Spanish and Italian languages, joined to a thorough knowledge of the Hebrew Scriptures, and moderate attainments in Jewish literature, would fit the missionary for his work. The climate is one which was highly esteemed by the ancients, who have celebrated the air of Ionia, and many of our countrymen who reside there for the sake of trade, have found it by no means unhealthy or unpleasant.

The only obstacles in the way of a mission are, the difficulty of supporting converts, and the danger of the Government interfering, in the event of the Jewish community remonstrating against the baptism of any of their brethren. But these obstacles are to be met with everywhere, and are such as a devoted missionary is entitled to disregard, if "the fields are white for harvest." We are convinced that the Presbyterian form of our Church would present no obstacle, and especially that the want of a liturgy would rather be an advantage than otherwise. It is the expressed feeling of many among the Jewish converts, that a liturgy reminds them of their former bondage. The field is nearly unoccupied, and yet it is most inviting. We would look for interesting results from the efforts and prayers of thorough Christian labourers in this place, who would not needlessly offend Jewish prejudices on the one hand, and who, on the other, would be as far from trifling with the awful truths of the Gospel, by letting men suppose themselves Christians on any other ground than thorough conversion. Oh that another Barnabas could be sent to Smyrna, and another Apollos, fervent in spirit, and instructed in the way of the Lord!

Smyrna must ever possess attractions to all who are interested in ancient Asia, or in the churches of the East. Being the chief city of this region because of its

commerce, it forms a very important centre for missionary labour. There are, accordingly, missionaries from several societies established in it. With one of these, Mr Jetter from the Church Missionary Society, we became intimately acquainted during our stay at Bouja, and received much interesting information from him. He told us that the messengers of the gospel have carried on their labours in this part of the world for thirty years; and yet that little success has attended them. Not a single instance of the conversion of a Mahometan has occurred. The eye of man can discern few real followers of the Lamb among native Christians, whether of Greek or Armenian churches, in Smyrna. But to revive the truth among them is the main effort of all the missionaries that have laboured here. The Spirit seems at present withheld, and the opposition of man is great.

We repeatedly sought for information in regard to "*the seven churches of Asia*," though we had no opportunity of visiting any of them but Smyrna. In regard to Smyrna, we have already given some details. It has a population of 120,000, of whom 9000 are Jews, 1000 Europeans, 8000 Armenians, and perhaps 20,000 Greeks. Many of the latter are falling under the sway of Rome. The Armenians and Greeks form the nominal church of Smyrna, the degenerate successors of the tried but richly endowed Christians of the days of John; yet it is the most flourishing of all the cities where the seven churches stood, perhaps because God remembers his faithful witnesses who here poured out their blood for his cause. May it not be for a similar reason that *Pergamos*, where Antipas was his faithful martyr, is still a prosperous town? It is now called Bergamo, and contains 1500 Greeks, and 200

Armenians, amidst 13,000 Mahometans. It is the only town of the seven besides Smyrna that retains any Jewish population; and of these it has a hundred. There are in it remains of an ancient church called St John's, and many extensive ruins of theatres, temples, and walls. It stands in a magnificent plain, with a strong acropolis, occupying a majestic hill above the city. This was the place where "Satan had his seat," commanding the whole of the gay and rich city at his will, more effectually than did the frowning battlements of the acropolis. It was the most warlike of all the cities, being the capital of the kingdom of Attalus, and hence is addressed in a warlike strain by him who had the sharp two-edged sword.[1]

Ephesus, on the other hand, has disappeared from being a city, and its "candlestick is quite removed out of his place." It is not the ruins called Aisaluk which mark the true site, but some remains near that spot, at the foot of the hills Corissus and Prion. This latter hill is said to be the burying-place of Timothy, and the place where the Seven Sleepers enjoyed their long repose. There are traces of a stadium 700 feet long, and of a large theatre, no doubt the same as that into which "the multitude rushed with one accord."[2] But there are no remains of the temple of the great goddess Diana, silver models of which, mentioned under the name of "shrines,"[3] used to be cast and sold to her votaries. Each pillar of this temple was a single shaft of pure Parian marble, and the whole building cost the labour of 220 years, yet all is now buried out of sight under the soil. A few peasants, all of them Mahometans, have their huts there. God has left the city; for "its salt had lost its savour." The fervent

1 Rev. II. 12. 2 Acts XIX. 29. 3 Acts XIX. 24.

love of Onesiphorus,[1] was not imitated in the next generation. Paul's glowing words to "the saints which were at Ephesus," exhibiting Christ's love in order to keep theirs alive, were forgotten.[2] The elders did not imitate his tears and labours;[3] the hearts of the people were no more stirred by the fervour of Apollos;[4] and even the Epistle from Patmos, and the residence among them of the beloved disciple till the day of his death, could not prevent their falling from their "first love." All her faithful ones have long ago been removed to "eat of the tree of life that is in the midst of the Paradise of God."[5]

Thyatira, called now Akhisar, or "white castle," stands in a plain embosomed in groves, and is still, as in former days, a busy scene of manufactures. The dyers of the town are noticed in ancient inscriptions, and our friend Mr Calhoun had very lately verified what has been observed by other travellers, that to this day the best scarlet dye in all Asia is produced here, and sent to Smyrna and other places for sale. Lydia's occupation[6] remains characteristic of the place to this day. Two churches, one belonging to the Greeks, the other to the Armenians, keep up the memory, though they do not retain the living faith of the primitive Christians.

Philadelphia is now called Alah-Sher, "the high city, or city of beauty," because of its splendid situation in the midst of gardens and vineyards, with the heights of Tmolus overhanging it, and in front one of the finest plains in Asia. Its comparatively retired situation might be one of the means used by God in fulfilling the promise, "I will keep thee from the hour of temptation that shall come upon all the world."[7] It has five Greek churches,

1 II Tim. i. 18. 2 Ephes. iii. 18, 19. 3 Acts xx. 31.
4 Acts xviii. 25. 5 Rev. ii. 7. 6 Acts xvi. 14.
7 Rev. iii. 10

and its one solitary ancient pillar has been often noticed, reminding beholders of the promise, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out."[1] Mr Calhoun remarked that the Greek Christians there were peculiarly hospitable, as if "brotherly love" (φιλαδελφια), were the characteristic of the place in reality as well as in name.

Sardis, now Sart, has no Christians even in name. Pliny Fiske, found one Greek at the spot, who was so true a Sardian, "having a name to live while he was dead," that he was using the Lord's day for grinding his corn. All that were worthy have long since gone to walk with Christ in white,[2] and have left no successors. It stood partly on a hill; the river Pactolus flowed through its forum. Among its many ruins, two ancient churches can be traced—perhaps remnants of those edifices within whose walls the throng of formal worshippers who had only "a name to live" used to assemble.

Laodicea, now Eski-hissar, or "old castle," stands upon a hill. Some interpreters discover a literal fulfilment of the words, "I will spue thee out of my mouth,"[3] in the earthquakes which often occur here, and the fire that then bursts up from the ground. But even the utter emptiness of a place once so populous, is an exact fulfilment of the threatening on the place itself; though it is only that eye which penetrates the shades of death, and sees the self-satisfied Laodicean cast out as vile into outer darkness, that can discern how full has been the accomplishment. It has remains of three theatres, and of a circus that could contain 30,000 people—places, perhaps, occasionally visited by the lukewarm Christians there, who saw not the sin of tasting

[1] Rev. iii. 12. [2] Rev. iii. 4. [3] Rev. iii. 16.

the world's gaieties, while they also "drank the cup of the Lord." In Paul's days, they were a people separate from the world, a people for whom he had much wrestling in prayer;[1] but the current of the world was too strong for the generation that succeeded.

Besides these seven churches, we find in Scripture mention made of *Hierapolis*,[2] seen from one of the ruined theatres of Laodicea, now Pambouk Kalasi, *i. e.* "cotton tower," in allusion to the white rocks on which it is built, without a single Christian inhabitant. *Colosse* is now called Konas, where a band of about thirty Greek Christians are found. *Antioch of Pisidia*, now Isbarta, is a town remarked as being peculiarly supplied with gushing fountains, and still possesses several Greek churches. *Tarsus*, the birthplace of Saul, is said to be a poor decayed town. *Iconium* is well-known under the name Konieh, and is a flourishing city; but *Derbe*, the birthplace of Gaius and of Timothy,[3] and *Lystra*, where Paul was stoned, have not yet been described by any traveller.

Immorality has awfully increased among the Mahometans, and indeed among all classes of the community throughout Asiatic Turkey; while, at the same time, the depopulation of the empire has been going on rapidly. This decay is proved by the multitude of burying-grounds throughout the country, that have now no village existing near them. During the year 1838, the plague, small-pox, and other diseases, carried off most of the children in Asia Minor under two years of age. In one part of the plain of Cayster, where 300 yoke of oxen used to be employed, the ground is now tilled by only twelve. A village near Smyrna, including the Aga's house, and 1200 acres of land, was lately

[1] Colos. II. 1; IV. 15, 16. [2] Colos. IV. 3. [3] Acts XX. 4.

offered for sale for 20,000 piasters, a sum equal to £200. In fact, the country is drained of its inhabitants, by the frequent draughts on their young men to serve in the army. The Governors complain that they cannot get people for any service. Every thing indicates that the strength of the empire is gone, and that the time is at hand when "the waters of the great river Euphrates shall be dried up."[1] This state of things has contributed very much to direct the attention of English Christians in Turkey to the study of prophecy, and to make them watch every new sign of "the way of the kings of the east being prepared," and the glorious events that are to follow. Few, however, of our American brethren there have been led to take any deep interest in these views.

With our friends at Bouja we enjoyed many pleasant and profitable walks, breathing the soft "Ionian air." The whole district is interesting. Mount Corax rises in the neighbourhood of the village, and beyond this range appear in the distance the splendid heights of Tmolus, now called Bous-dag. On the north is Mount Sipylus, at whose feet stood the town of Magnesia,[2] where Antiochus met with a signal defeat. South of Bouja, and not far off, rises the range of Dactyle; and from a rising ground may be seen Sedikoy, a village on the direct road to Ephesus. The road from Bouja to Smyrna is exceedingly pleasant, through a fine valley called the Valley of St Ann. Two tiers of ruined arches remain, which anciently formed an aqueduct across it; and many other ruins indicate how great the

1 Rev. xvi. 12.

2 Dr Keith visited this town during the few days that he and Dr Black spent in Asia Minor, and there he met with an interesting young Jew, who seemed in search of the truth.

extent of Smyrna must have been in other days, when it was the crown of Ionia. The valley is adorned with fine old olive-trees, and many red Turkish villas, and there is a beautiful view of the bay and mountains on the other side. Approaching Smyrna, you cross the Caravan bridge, which is thrown over a narrow and shallow stream. This stream is the ancient river *Meles*, on whose banks Homer is said to have been born, and from which he got the name "blind Melesigenes." A cave is shewn where, it is said, he used to seek retirement. Water flows in this channel during all the summer, but its course is very short; its source being in the neighbouring hills, from which it flows through the town into the sea. The most picturesque object about Smyrna is the splendid grove of cypresses which wave over the large Turkish burying-ground, near the town. These handsome trees shoot up majestically to the sky, and cast their dark shade around. Beneath them, as far as the eye can reach through the sombre light of the grove, are innumerable small figures above the graves. These are short pillars about two feet high, (reminding one of the figure of the Roman god Terminus,) on whose top is carved the head of the deceased, with the coloured turban or fez that characterized him in his lifetime. The most frequent colours are red and yellow. Those painted green cover the graves of Moslems who were descendants of the prophet. The inscriptions on the tombs are commonly written in an oblique direction, for the convenience of the passer by, that his eye may more easily run along the lines. Many of them are adorned with gilding, which reminded us of the practice of the Pharisees, "*Ye garnish* the sepulchres of the righteous."[1] Mahometans never bury more

[1] Matt. xxiii. 29.

than one body in a grave, so that the number of gravestones is immense. At such a spot there is awful solemnity in the thought of the resurrection, when those myriads of sleeping dead, who once worshipped the false prophet in their blindness, shall "hear the voice of the Son of God, and come forth."

We used to enter the city by a street which is watered by a branch of the Meles, or an artificial canal supplied from it. In this street the water occupies the place of the causeway; trees grow on each side of it; and the houses are behind the trees. Thus coolness is secured to the inhabitants at all hours of the day. We thought of the street, river, and trees mentioned in Revelation;[1] and of the words of David, "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God."[2] The constant peace and refreshment afforded by God's love and favour are faintly shadowed forth by these images, which an Eastern could fully appreciate. In one street we passed a fountain, erected by some benevolent Mahometan long ago, as the Turkish inscription indicates. The water gushes plentifully into a trough; and for the greater convenience of passengers, there is a large spoon-like cup attached to the well by a chain. No one injures or thinks of removing this. The "bowl is not broken, nor its cord loosed"[3] at the fountain. The houses are built sometimes after the Italian and sometimes after the Eastern fashion. A luxuriant vine is ofttimes trained over the portico, and a spreading fig-tree occupies the middle of the court. The inhabitants need every means of refreshment like this, for the town in summer is very hot. There is, however, a pleasant breeze called *Inbat* (that is εμβατις, "incoming") which generally visits the town in the fore-

1 Rev. xxii. 2. 2 Psa. xlvi. 4. 3 Eccles. xii. 6.

noon, and affords a time of refreshment in the hottest part of the season.

In one of our walks, Mr Riggs gave us some illustrations of Scripture from what he had seen in Greece. There every shepherd uses a large wooden crook, with which he guides and defends the sheep. This is the shepherd's rod mentioned in the Psalm and by the prophet.[1] It is a common mode of expression among the Greeks to say "such a thing happened *three days ago*," when they mean that a day only intervened. They include the two extreme days as if they had been complete,—a mode of speech which illustrates the words of our Lord in Matt. XII. 40, "The Son of Man shall be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." Throughout all Greece the natives seldom take any food before eleven o'clock, at which hour they have ἄριστον, which we translate dinner; then about eight or nine in the evening, they have δεῖπνον or supper, which is the chief meal. This explains the invitation of our Lord to the disciples on the Lake of Galilee, "Jesus saith unto them, *Come and dine*,"[2] that is, come and partake of the morning meal.

On another occasion Mr Riggs gave us his views in regard to the prospects of Missionaries in this part of Turkey. Their chief discouragement is the want of any opportunities of speaking freely to the natives, either Greeks or Armenians, on the things of eternity; which painful state of things is brought about by the watchful jealousy of the priests. In Turkey, the priesthood have far greater influence over the people, than they have in the new kingdom of Greece. The Patriarch is allowed by the Turkish Government to do what he pleases, so that he may use his arbitrary

[1] Psa. XXIII. 4. Mic. VII. 14. [2] John XXI. 12. See original. ἀριστήσατε.

power to procure the death of any persons who oppose his authority. In Greece, however, Mr Riggs found that at Napoli, where he was formerly stationed, and indeed throughout the whole kingdom, the Greeks are far less under the control of their priests, and are often anxious to be taught the truth. Occasionally at Napoli the Bishops came to hear the preaching of the word, and a few of them seemed to have real concern for their own souls. There is nothing of this kind in Turkey. The candlestick has been entirely removed from Smyrna, as far as vital religion among the Greek Christians is concerned. They are thieves, liars, and immoral in a thousand ways. The American Missionaries print a Penny Magazine in the Greek and Armenian languages, which has a considerable circulation; but this is an instrument of little value in the way of saving the souls of the people, as its pages contain only general and scientific information.

On Saturday morning (Aug. 9), in company with Mr Riggs, we enjoyed a pleasant walk up the hill that rises behind the city, where are ruins of the old castle, and where, in the opinion of many, was the original site of Smyrna. We visited the Stadium, where Polycarp was martyred for the truth, A. D. 167. It stands on the face of a hill, the sides of a concave valley forming a natural amphitheatre for the accommodation of spectators. The space may be about 500 feet long on each side, at either end of which rose the seats for the spectators. Near it is a range of broken arches, which formed part of the vaults where the wild beasts were kept. From one of these the people urged the Asiarch to let loose a lion against Polycarp. In the midst of this stadium, the aged man of God was fixed to a stake, and the fire kindled around him; but the flame leaving him unconsumed, he was despatched by

the sword of the Roman *confector*. This very stadium was the spot whence his soul ascended up to heaven, "receiving his portion," according to his own prayer, "in the number of martyrs in the cup of Christ." After serving his Lord, and directing his flock "by his step as well as by his voice" during eighty and six years, he was found "faithful unto death, and received the crown of life."[1] The Epistle to the Church of Smyrna was to us doubly interesting now. A voice seemed still to echo round the spot, "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer!" A grave close by, over which a tall cypress grows, is said to be the grave of Polycarp.

In the narrative of the martyrdom given in the Epistle by the Church of Smyrna, it is recorded that the Jews distinguished themselves by gathering fuel for the pile; and it is a singular fact, coinciding with this notice, that at present the Jewish quarter lies close under the hill where the stadium stands, and the Jews are much employed in gathering and selling *torch-wood*.

We wandered on to the ruins of a theatre. A fine arch, forming the gateway, remains in tolerable preservation. We could distinctly trace the walls, that enclosed a wide circular space; and near the stadium some remains of the ancient wall of the town are still found. Part of the castle also is of great antiquity, and on the hill to the south of it is the Temple of Esculapius.

The prospect from this hill is very splendid. The town below is seen to the greatest advantage. The houses are mostly red-tiled, but the tall dark cypress-grove, and the clusters of the same shooting up in different quarters, with the calm sea beyond, give the town a rich and noble appearance. There is a full view

1 Rev. II. 10.

up to the very top of the gulf, with Bournabat and other villages on the opposite side. In the distance, the island of Lesbos is discernible, and the place where the Hermus enters the sea, at the head of the gulf. On our way back to town we overheard a curious conversation.—Two boys came along, one riding upon an ass, the other running by his side. The one on foot was eagerly pressing his companion to let him mount the animal for a little while, offering as an inducement, "that, if he did so, he would pray for the souls of his deceased mother and sister." The boy on the ass agreed, on condition that he would remember the soul of his little brother also. At the gate some Tattars with public despatches were riding out very merrily. On a wall we saw an ancient Greek inscription which has been often noticed, but is of little importance. A labourer was returning from the country with his pruning-hook in his hand, a long piece of iron curved toward the point. This pruning-hook might once have been a spear, and could easily be converted into one again. The prophets attended to the nature of things when they said, "They shall beat their spears into pruning-hooks;"[1] and again, reversing the command, "Beat your pruning-hooks into spears."[2] We entered one of the Greek churches at the time when the people were assembling for worship; for all the Eastern churches begin their Sabbath at six on the Saturday evening. The worshippers were summoned together, not by the ringing of bells (for this privilege is not enjoyed by any of the Christians here except the Roman Catholics), but by beating time on a plank of wood, somewhat in the same way in which our workmen in towns are summoned to their meals. As the people entered one by one, they kissed the pic-

1 Isa. II. 4. 2 Joel III. 10.

tures on the wall of the church, and crossed themselves with three fingers. Near another church we met many Armenians on their way to worship. The most remarkable part of their costume is the head-dress worn by the men, called the *kalpack*. It is like a four-cornered cushion surmounting their cap, and appears very singular to a stranger.

On reaching our dwelling, we received intelligence of an awful conflagration which had taken place in Constantinople, by which 30,000 or 40,000 persons, it was said, had been made houseless. We were the more interested in this information, as we were making preparations for visiting that great city. During the second week of our stay at Bouja, Mr M'Cheyne's health was much improved; yet it was thought advisable that Mr Bonar and Mr Calman should leave him, in the mean time, under care of our kind friends, and should themselves proceed together to Constantinople by the first steamer, to carry on their inquiries there, till by the blessing of God their brother should be enabled to join them.

It was not without melancholy apprehensions that we parted for a season, and with unfeigned regret we took leave of our truly kind and never-to-be-forgotten friends at Bouja. But, remembering how the Lord had helped us hitherto, we trusted Him again, and went forward.

In the afternoon of August 17, we embarked in an Austrian steamer called the Stamboul. On the deck, we found ourselves in the midst of people of all nations, but the most were Turkish soldiers, and Greek and Armenian merchants. Many Turkish women sat apart with their faces veiled, and a group of poor Israelites were seated between the cabin door and window, a part

of the vessel so frequently occupied by Jews, that we began to call it the Jewish quarter. Pacing up and down the deck were two American officers, belonging to a vessel near at hand; next were three Englishmen, then two Maltese, some Germans, and two or three Frenchmen. The engineers were from our own land, one an Irishman and the other a Scotchman, and both had their wives on board with them. A Hungarian, with a large beard and whiskers, and a broad-brimmed hat, kept himself in perpetual motion. Three Moors also, and four Persians, who wore high sugar-loaf caps, attracted our attention, and still more, two Turkish Dervishes, marked by their conical white hats. There was something indescribably saddening in the thought which often rose in our mind, that of all this company perhaps not one knew the Saviour. There is a "vail spread over all nations." Yet in such a state of things is the light suddenly to shoot from Zion over the whole world, "For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee; and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."[1]

(Aug. 18. Sabbath.) About three in the morning we were off *Lesbos*, now called Mytilin, where Sappho and Alcæus sang. The vessel anchored for a short time in the harbour of the town, Mytilin—perhaps the very harbour where Paul's vessel anchored in its voyage.[2] In about an hour and a half we were opposite Cape Baba, the ancient *Lectum*. It is the extreme point of the Ida range, and one of the hills within our view was that renowned Ida, which looked down upon the Trojan plains. It is impossible to sail along this shore without being irre-

[1] Isa. lx. 2, 3. [2] Acts xx. 14.

sistibly attracted by scenes that have excited the interest of thousands in every land. Many an eye has gazed on these hills and plains, and many a foot explored these ruins. Yet there is to a Christian another and a more delightful feeling called forth, by the thought that Paul walked on foot[1] from Troas to *Assos* along the sands of that sea-shore, meditating on "the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God." Toward the top of this same gulf stood *Adramyttium*,[2] one of whose vessels bore Paul to the coast of Lycia in his voyage to Rome.

About seven A. M. we were opposite the Island of Tenedos, and our early classical recollections came here fresh to mind—

> Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima famâ
> Insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant.[3]
> ("In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle,
> While fortune did on Priam's kingdom smile,
> Renowned for wealth.")

It is six miles from the coast of Troy, and is considerably elevated above the sea, rising at the north-west extremity into an eminence. At the time we passed, many vessels lay at anchor wind-bound, and unable to enter the Dardanelles. We continued sailing along the coast of Troas, the morning being calm and cool, with a bright sunshine, and a deep blue sky. Soon we found ourselves in the midst of the combined English and French fleets, consisting of about twenty ships of the line,—more majestic than those of Greece, which once carried its thousand warriors to Ilium. They lay there watching the movements of Russia on Constantinople. The large island of Lemnos was toward the west on our left, and before us to the north-west Imbros,

[1] Acts xx. 13. [2] Acts xxvii. 2. [3] Virg. Æn. 2. 21.

behind which lies Samothrace.[1] But a still deeper interest was excited in our mind when Eski-Stamboul was pointed out—the site of *Troas*, the place where Paul saw in a vision a man of Macedonia that said, "Come over to Macedonia (across the Ægean Sea) and help us,"[2] and where he preached till midnight and raised Eutychus from the dead. Here also was the residence of Carpus, the friend with whom Paul left his cloak, books, and parchments.[3] We were gazing on it on the Sabbath-day, "the first day of the week,"[4] and the remembrance of Paul's wondrous labours there helped us to enjoy this blessed day, even when so far removed from ordinances. Very near this point are two celebrated promontories, *Rhœteum*, where Ajax was buried; and *Sigeum*, called now Jenesherry, where Achilles was buried. We are told that Alexander the Great stood here upon the tomb of that hero, and longed for another Homer to record his own deeds. On the plain of Troy we saw two of the ancient tumuli, each in the form of a small conical hill; the one probably that of Antilochus, the other that of Patroclus. They meet the eye like "wrecks of a former world." The mouth of the Scamander, and the point of its junction with the Simois, were shewn to us. An obliging young officer kindly pointed out the different localities, and added, that at present English officers might be found fishing every day in these classical streams.

In a few hours we entered the *Hellespont*, now called the Straits of the Dardanelles, and passed between the far-famed Sestos and Abydos. Near this, the strait is said to be seven stadia, or not quite a mile in breadth, so that two mighty continents seem to approach and

[1] Acts xvi. 11. [2] Acts xvi. 8, 9.
[3] II Tim. iv. 13. [4] Acts xx. 7.

gaze upon each other. The modern castles of Romania and Natolia, which have come in place of the ancient towns, are of no great height; their situation, is on low ground near the water-edge; but under skilful management their command of the strait would be complete. Each fortress is furnished with more than 100 pieces of cannon. It was here that Leander immortalized himself by his adventurous exploit. It was here, too, that Xerxes, the king that "stirred up all against the realm of Grecia,"[1] built his bridge of boats, joining Asia to Europe, in order to transport his enormous hosts. When he surveyed them lining the shores of both continents, he wept in the vexation of his proud heart, because in a hundred years not one of all that multitude would remain to swell the pomp of his power. How unlike the tears of Him who wept over perishing Jerusalem!

The average breadth of the Dardanelles is three miles, and it is about sixty miles long. A delightful breeze and a smooth sea made our sail pleasant and easy; and we were able to spend much of the day in retirement and meditation. While we were reading in the cabin, two Turks came down from the deck to pray, spreading out their mat, and then prostrating themselves to the ground repeatedly till their head touched the floor.

Some of the Jews on board were frank and simple. One had a Hebrew Bible which he had got from Mr Cohen at Smyrna, and on our shewing them our Hebrew Bibles, they took them into their hands, examined them, and then held up some of the leaves between them and the sun, to see if there was not a cross stamped on the paper!

[1] Dan. xi. 2.

About evening, we came to Gallipoli (which stands opposite the ancient *Lampsacus*), not in itself interesting, but it gives name to the straits, and is situated not far north of the banks of the stream Ægospotamos, at the mouth of which Lysander gave a fatal blow to the power of Athens. The Sea of Marmora, the ancient *Propontis*, opened upon us; but night came on, and we sailed through it in darkness.

At half-past five in the morning we came in sight of Constantinople, and every moment as we advanced nearer the scene broke upon us with increasing magnificence. The situation is splendid. Having the Straits of the Dardanelles for its gate on the south, and the Bosphorus for its gate on the north, it could rest securely on its seven hills, and look around on all its prosperity undisturbed by the fear of an enemy. The morning sky was cloudy, but this of itself was delightful to us who had scarcely seen a cloud for nearly four months. It was like a pleasant summer morning in Scotland, when the mist is still lying on the hills, and the clouds are lingering on the face of the heavens. The first part of the city which meets the view upon entering the Bosphorus from the south, is called Stamboul. Here the massy dome of St Sophia, and graceful minarets of every kind, crowd upon the sight. Palaces, mosques, and baths, seem to be without number in this renowned capital. And then the rich verdant trees that surround so many of the white marble buildings, and the clear blue sea, which like a deep full river laves the shore and flows up the harbour, combine to give Constantinople a gorgeous beauty, which is perhaps unrivalled by any city in the world. Old Sandys truly says of the view from the sea, "It seemeth to present a city in a wood to the pleased beholders." We anchored

in the well-known harbour called " the Golden Horn," so called from its resemblance to the shape of an ox's horn, and this so filled with merchandise that it is a true " *cornu copiæ*." It is so deep, that in many places the largest vessels (it is said) could touch the houses with their prows, while the stern is still floating in the water. We were conveyed to the shore in a *caique*, a light skiff, in breadth generally three feet, and above twenty long, resembling a canoe, hundreds of which are seen shooting along in all directions with amazing swiftness. We landed at the part of the city called Galata, on the northern side of the harbour, intending to proceed to Pera, and there to take up our quarters in Romboli's inn, to which we had been directed. The inn, however, was already more than full; the recent conflagration and an overflow of travellers having united to fill it, so that no vacancy was left for us. Alone in this great city, we allowed a young man, a Maltese, to guide us to a lodging in Galata, two porters (here called *hamals*) bearing our luggage. It was by no means a desirable locality. The American Missionaries, however, Mr Goodell and Mr Calhoun, on hearing of our arrival, sought us out that same day, and insisted upon our taking up our residence with them in Pera. These American brethren and their families were full of kindness and brotherly love; and under their roof we enjoyed all the comforts of a home. From their fellow-labourers also, Mr Adger and Mr Hamlin, we received unremitting attention.

We went out in the afternoon to visit the English Consul, riding up the steep streets on horseback, as the day was excessively hot. Somewhat to our surprise, the state of the public mind in the city was calm; Ibraim Pasha's recent victory at Nezib had made no

impression. Indeed, the Turks seem to take every thing with apathy. Sometimes an order is issued on occasions of political excitement, forbidding two people to be seen together in the streets talking *about the weather;* in other words, about the state of public affairs. But at this time there was less excitement in Constantinople than in Smyrna, and less known in public of the real state of things.

In the streets, we noticed the Turkish carriages for ladies, called *arabah*, drawn by two horses, and not much raised above the ground. The windows have no glass, but curtains, resembling veils. Within, it is said, the sides are often ornamented with mottoes and curious devices, by which some have illustrated the description given of the chariot in the Song, "the midst thereof being paved with love."[1] Waggons drawn by oxen are as common on the streets here as at Smyrna. We saw melons growing on the house-tops, in the very heart of the town, and many vines trained up the walls of houses. The buildings are in general miserable. Often the lower part of the house is of marble (brought like common stone from the neighbouring islands), while all above is a clumsy shed of wood. We passed one of the Dervish establishments, resembling that of a monastery. It was that of the *Dancing Dervishes;* some of whom were sauntering in the court, wearing the round, high cap, a mark by which they are easily known.

In the evening, we walked among the ruins occasioned by the fire. Several tents, chiefly of Armenian merchants, who had lost their all, were pitched among the smoking ruins. One of these was overheard to say, as a funeral passed by, "Would to God that I too had

[1] Song III. 10.

been carried to my grave." In the bitterness of his soul, he unconsciously imitated the impatient burst of Job.[1]

In our way home, we observed several persons wrapt in their hyke, preparing to sleep under the open sky. Indeed, it is a frequent custom here, and in all the East, to sleep in the open air all night, and this may explain the case of the young man who followed Christ, "having a linen cloth cast about his naked body."[2]

(Aug. 20.) We were visited by Mr Farman, the Jewish Missionary of the London Society, who brought along with him a converted German Jew, named Merkuson. Another Jewish convert, since dead, named Jeruschalmai, was prevented by domestic circumstances from accompanying them. From them we received much valuable information with regard to the Jews. But as yet, no one has been able to obtain accurate statistical information as to the numbers and condition of the Jewish population of Constantinople. They reckon their numbers, including the Jews of Seutari, Ortakoy, and the suburban villages, at 80,000 souls.[3] Most of these are originally Spanish Jews, whose fathers took refuge here when expelled from Spain. They, therefore, speak the Spanish and Turkish languages. There are about 600 German, and 200 Italian Jews. The great mass of the Jewish community here are ignorant and unlearned. Mr Farman, as well as the two Jewish converts, agreed that schools for the children of the German Jews might succeed well. But in order to induce the parents to send their children, it would be needful to offer to teach them French and Italian. The

1 Job III. 20, 21. 2 Mark XIV. 51.

3 Rabbi Bibas of Corfu, whom we afterwards met, reduced the number to 20,000; but without stating any evidence to induce us to credit his assertion. He may have meant the Jews of the city without those of the suburbs.

expense of an Italian master could not be less than £3, 10s. a-month, and a French master the same. It would also be needful to teach the boys and girls in separate apartments. A Hebrew teacher could easily be found. It would not be very difficult to find some liberal-minded Jew, who would teach Hebrew from the Old Testament, and who would not object to a missionary's visits to the schools. Mr Farman even thought that the New Testament might be introduced. If such a school were established, probably fifteen boys and as many girls might be persuaded to attend it at once. These remarks apply only to the German Jews.

In regard to the Spanish Jews, who constitute the mass of the population, they are very bitter in their enmity to Christianity. But if the experiment were tried with the others, it is possible that they also might be induced to follow the example set them by their German brethren.

The reason why the German Jews would be willing to send their children is, that they have brought with them to this country some of the spirit and principles of Germany—they know the value of education, and wish for it. If a German Christian lady were appointed female teacher of the school, it would not be objected to by the Jews. The expenses of a missionary in Constantinople are necessarily great; it is not uncommon to pay £400 as the rent of a moderately-sized dwelling. But the great hinderance in the way of carrying the gospel to Israel here is the total want of protection to converts and inquirers; for the Jews, being recognised by Government as a community, have power to get any one of their brethren banished if they desire it. If a Jew is converted and receives baptism at the hands of a Protestant minister, the Greeks and Armenians im-

mediately withhold all employment from him; so that he is cast upon the missionary himself for support. Mr Farman fixed his residence at Beyukdere, and one object he had in view in living so far from the city, was that he might get protection and employment for inquiring Jews, that village being inhabited chiefly by Franks. Sometimes he has been visited by twenty Jews at one time, all desiring Christian baptism, provided only they could be protected. He told us that he knew of many in that condition at that very moment, and one of these was a Jewess, who had come to him very lately, asking baptism. It is true, their motive is not always good. Perhaps, there are not many of them who care about Christianity itself, or feel burdened with a sense of sin. It is rather a desire to be free from the yoke of Judaism that influences them. Still, such a desire is not be lightly treated, and may, by the blessing of God upon the teaching of the missionary, be made the beginning of a saving change.[1] There is a strict adherence to the Talmud among the Spanish Jews. They universally expect Messiah; and many of them had fixed the year 1840 as the era of his appearing.

Almost all the large synagogues have a school attached to them; and at Ortakoy, there are some large schools unconnected with the synagogues. In that quarter, they have frequently purchased Bibles from the missionary for their schools.

Mr Farman told us that he had laboured here about four years; Mr Schauffler, the American missionary to the Jews, (and the only one, we believe, that America has hitherto sent to the house of Israel,) had been longer; but had hitherto confined his labours chiefly

1 The Bâsle "Freund des Israel," in 1838, states, that there were 200 or 300 Jews in Constantinople ready to become Christians. But the above statement explains what kind of Christians they intended to be.

to translation. To him, the Jew Merkuson owes his knowledge of the truth. Mr Wolff was the first to visit his brethren in this great city. Then Mr Farman and Mr Nicolayson came, and decided upon its claims to be one of the stations of the London Jewish Society.

The Jews here have been superseded as bankers by the Armenians, and so have lost much of their influence with Government. They are poor and unlearned; making money is their great object. They have this remarkable feature that they are very stationary, not moving from place to place. In Ortakoy alone reside 6000 Jews; in Scutari, 3000; in Ismid, the ancient *Nicomedia*, there are 1000; and in Brousa, 6000 or 7000.[1] The whole population of Constantinople is generally reckoned to be 500,000.

The same evening we walked out with Mr Calhoun, and saw on the hill opposite us the aqueduct of Valens, and the place where Mahommed, the conqueror of Constantinople, entered the city. We traced also what had

[1] We were here occasionally led by curiosity to compare our inquiries with the Itinerary of Benjamin of Tudela, himself a Jew, of the 12th century. He visited Constantinople some centuries before the Jews from Spain sought refuge in it: and tells us that there he found 2000 Jews living in Pera, and 400 Karaites; and that the Jews suffered much at the hands of the Greeks, who used to excite the whole world against them. He then sailed southward by Rodosto, the ancient *Bisanthe*, where are still about 1000 Jews. "From this place (says he) Rodosto is distant a sea voyage of two days, where is a Jewish congregation of nearly 400 persons; whose chief men are Rabbi Moses, R. Abia, and R. Jacob. Then, two days distant, is Gallipoli, where are about 200 Jews; and two days farther, Calash, where are 50 Jews. * * * Two days from thence is Mitilin, one of the islands of the sea, in which the Jews have synagogues at ten different places. And three days from this is Chios, where are nearly 400 Jews, whose chief men are Rabbi Elias, Rabbi Thema, and Rabbi Sabbatai. It is here they find trees from which mastyx is gathered. Two days from this is Samos, where are nearly 300 Jews. Throughout these islands are many synagogues of the Jews. Three days off from this is Rhodes, where are about 400 Jews; and four days distant is Cyprus, in which is a synagogue of Jews who follow the customs of their fathers; but also another synagogue of Jews, called Epicureans, or heretics of Cyprus. These latter are everywhere excommunicated by the other Jews, for they profane the evening of the (Jewish) Sabbath, and observe the evening of the first day of the week."

been the course of the ancient city walls, and returned homewards through the now ruined houses of Pera.

Early next morning (Aug. 21) we enjoyed a sail up the Bosphorus in one of the light caiques to pay a short visit to Mr Farman, the converted Jew Merkuson accompanying us. His residence was at the village of Beyukdere, twelve miles, or almost the whole extent of the Bosphorus, from Pera. As we set sail the caiques were shooting across the harbour in all directions, and the scene varied every moment. We kept near the shore, in order as much as possible to avoid the strong current from the Black Sea, and yet we were so retarded by it, that though we set sail at half-past seven, it was half-past eleven before we reached Beyukdere. On our left the winter-palace of the Sultan, though irregularly built, had a striking appearance. We counted forty columns in front of one wing of the building; and another wing had eight Corinthian pillars. The roof has an elegant battlement, and the rows of windows are light and graceful. The steps in front come down to the water-edge, and several Turks were pacing backwards and forwards on them with their usual solemn gait, reminding us of the Poet's description—

> "The bearded Turk that rarely deigns to speak,
> Master of all around, too potent to be meek."

In the interior, we could see a square, enclosing fountains and a well laid out garden. Nearly opposite this, on the other side of the Bosphorus, stands the Golden Palace, so called because ornamented all over with gilded work, where the young Sultan was residing at the time. The line of buildings on the European side is scarcely ever interrupted; there being almost one continuous line of houses for ten or twelve miles. The chimnies of many of them are in the form of a well-shaped pillar,

which gives them an air of superior neatness. They are built close upon the water, and often there seemed not above a hundred yards of level ground between the sea and the steep hills that sloped up behind. On the brow of these hills gardens and cypress-trees were waving, which give freshness and beauty to the scene, while the sea flows up to the very steps of many of the houses. We came to Ortakoy, that is "middle village," a large suburb of the city, poor and ill built, inhabited by Jews, but generally of the lower class. Beyond this is one ledge of sunken rocks, marked by an elegant marble fountain erected above them, and two other similar ledges of rocks, marked by groups of trees planted on them. The English Admiral Sir R. Stopford, passing the Seraglio, was saluted by twenty guns—the sound of which echoed deep among the surrounding hills. The water was all the time clear, and the channel pebbly to the very edge, the current often so strong, as to compel the men to leave the caique, and instead of rowing, to drag the boat with ropes round the point where the current met it. We were met by a steamer from Trebizond coming down from the Black Sea. The sea-fowl were flying round us; and innumerable porpoises were sporting beautifully in the water. A breeze from the Black Sea and some overhanging clouds gave a grateful coolness to the air. White towers occasionally meet the eye perched on the surrounding heights, and small forts, defended with cannon, stand close upon the shore. One remarkable fortress occurs near the head of the strait, said by some to be of Genoese origin, and by others to be the work of Constantine. Its towers are not round but sharp-cornered, and the walls surmounted with a battlement. If it be the work of Constantine, it would be valuable and interesting, for no remains of that illustrious Emperor are to be found in his own city.

Passing Therapia, where Lord Ponsonby the British Ambassador was then residing, we at length reached Beyukdere, pleasantly situated within sight of the opening into the Black Sea. After visiting Mr Farman and hearing more of his labours both among the Jews and the European residents, we returned to the city. The sail back occupied only two hours, the current being with us, and the whole trip cost us only thirty piasters.

In the evening one of the American Missionaries, Mr Hamlin, once assistant to the devoted Dr Payson, but who has now consecrated himself to missionary labour, gave us some account of the Armenians of Constantinople. They are a social community, enjoying much domestic happiness. Their feelings against Protestanism are very bitter, and they hold no open communication with the missionaries. Still there seems to be a secret work of the Spirit begun in the hearts of some of them. One young priest is decidedly pious, and labours silently among his brethren. A rich Banker, who had done all he could for the schools, continues to be enthusiastic in that object, and friendly to the missionaries. There used to be about sixty young men attending the missionary schools; and all these still manifest great kindness to the missionaries.

This night we remarked the howling of the dogs which prowl about the city. All foreigners are struck with their noise and unsightly appearance. They wander about the streets with fierce hungry looks, and occasionally even attack the lonely passenger in the night. They answer precisely to the description given in the Psalm. "At evening let them return and let them make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city, let them wander up and down for meat, and grudge if they be not satisfied."[1]

[1] Psa. LIX. 14, 15.

Next day (Aug. 29), accompanied by Mr Calhoun, we took a caique at Tophana, and crossed the Golden Horn, hoping to get a sight of the interior of the famous Seraglio in the train of the British Admiral Sir R. Stopford, who was that day to be admitted within its walls. In this, however, we were disappointed, as the Admiral had left the place before we reached it. From without, its appearance is extensive and splendid, adorned with many gilded minarets, shooting up amidst tall and verdant trees. It has been the scene of many a deed of horrid cruelty.

The part of the city where it stands is called Stamboul, and is the most ancient. As we walked on we observed in various places, small pieces of paper collected together and thrust into openings of the walls. This is done by Mahometans, who are careful to preserve pieces of paper with any writing on them, because possibly the name of Mahomet or of Allah may be on some of them. We passed the old divan which was burned down some years ago. Its elegant gate is arched in the form of an expanded leaf, and is said by some to have given its name to the Sublime Porte, whose sittings were held here. We then visited the mosque of St Sophia, whose dome is the largest in the world. It is a magnificent building, but the Turks have added many of the present portions of the edifice. The mosque of Achmet stands adjoining it, having six minarets, covered, not with gilding, but with gold itself; which retains its lustre unimpaired. There is first an outer court, a space set round with trees; then, an inner court, or square, adorned with eight-and-twenty pillars, some of marble, others of granite, and the capitals of each finished off in the form of fringes. The pavement of the court is all marble, and in the centre a fountain pours forth its refreshing streams. Through the open windows we got a glance

of the interior also, though a surly Turk from within commanded us to withdraw. The roof is supported by immense pillars, and is compacted of layers of stone; the walls are finely ornamented, and the floor spread with clean mats and carpets. Adjoining the mosque of Achmet is the square called Achmedan or Atmeidan, the ancient *Hippodrome*, in which Belisarius was seen in the height of his renown, celebrating his victories by a Roman triumph. In the midst of it is an obelisk, brought from Egypt by the Emperor Theodosius, according to the inscription on the pedestal, which is in Latin on one side, and in Greek on the other. Beside the inscription is carved a representation of the Emperor's procession, with the people presenting him with gifts, while he himself stands at an altar in the act of offering sacrifice; and on the opposite side is a representation of men dragging the obelisk to its place. Close by is a curious brass pillar, in the form of three serpents entwining each other. This was brought from Delphi, and is believed to be the identical pillar that bore on its top the golden Tripod dedicated to Apollo after the defeat of Xerxes. Adjoining, there is a rough clumsy pillar, supposed to be the remains of a column which Constantine erected here, which was probably once covered with plates of brass, but at present is little else than a heap of unpolished stones. We next came to a mausoleum erected in honour of the father of the late Sultan; and of two other Sultans and their children. The interior is magnificently adorned, rich drapery hung on all the tombs; many lamps were burning, and there were in it some large *candelabra* ready to be lighted on particular occasions. It is a favourite resort of devout Mahometans at the time of prayer.

We then visited the bazaar, which occupies a wide

space. It consists of many streets and rows of shops, all roofed over for shade and coolness. In one street there is a row of tent-makers; in another, shoemakers; in another, sellers of pipes; in another, shops exhibiting every variety of rich cloth; then a row of silks and furs; so that almost every article of common use has a row of shops for itself. At one shop-door we asked for a dish of *yaout*, that is meat boiled with sauce and *leban*, and eaten with toasted bread. We did not find it possible to visit the slave-market.

In the afternoon, we crossed over to Scutari, the ancient *Chrysopolis*, which was the seaport of *Chalcedon*, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. Our chief object was to visit the *howling dervishes*. They were beginning their devotions as we entered. At first they prayed moderately, in a kind of chanting voice. In about half an hour they formed a semicircle round their chief, to whom each went up before taking his place, doing obeisance, while he took off the cap they wore, and replaced it with a lighter one, more fit for the part they were to act. They prayed with every imaginable gesture and movement, the body, head, and hands all being in motion at once. From time to time their chief seemed to excite them to greater vehemence, by crying out with a loud scream, "*Ullah, Illah!*" in a tone that made us shudder. In a short time, the whole company were engaged in the most frantic movements. Some of them, nearly overpowered with their intense efforts, were gasping for breath, and all uttering a sound, "ocha, ocha," like one panting and ready to sink under exhaustion. A *dancing dervish* then entered the room, who sat down and played calmly on a pipe, while the rest kept time to the tune in the violent gestures of their bodies. Then three more appeared, and kept

whirling about in a circle for twenty minutes without ceasing. The whole scene was a frightful exhibition of human impiety and fanaticism, and yet we were told that it is often much more extravagant and revolting. The missionaries at *Brousa* lately saw one of these dervishes work himself up to such a frenzy, that the foam came from his mouth, his face grew pale, and he fell on the ground, like one of the demoniacs mentioned in the New Testament; till one of his company restored him by beating on his breast, and other restorative processes. We observed hanging on the wall the instruments with which they used to torture themselves, like the priests of Baal.[1] There were hooks, and sharp-pointed instruments, and wires that used to be thrust through their cheeks from side to side; balls also, attached to sharp-pointed spikes. These balls were made to strike the ground, and to recoil in such a way, that the spike struck its point into their breast. It required a decree of the late Sultan to put a stop to these self-torturing practices. Many persons came in *to be blessed* by the dervishes. As they entered, they kissed the hands of the chief. Two soldiers were among the number of the dervishes, and several soldiers came in to receive a blessing. One man, who had sore eyes, came forward to the chief, who prayed over him and sent him away. Clothes also and sick children were carried in to receive a blessing. And yet these dervishes are exceedingly immoral in their lives, being guilty of the grossest licentiousness. We witnessed this painful scene for about two hours, and learned to cry with more intense desire, "Have respect unto the covenant, for the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

[1] 1 Kings xviii. 28.

Close to Scutari stood the ancient *Chalcedon*, now called Kadikoy, "the village of the judges," in allusion to the famous Council once held within its walls, the council which condemned the opinions of Eutyches, who held that there was but one nature in Christ. Crossing to Galata, we enjoyed a splendid sail, and the view of a magnificent sunset. The rich beams of the sun were playing on the waters, while innumerable caiques were skimming gaily over them. A Greek vessel was leaving the harbour, a *pilgrim vessel*, setting out for the Holy Land. It was a small brig, and the passengers were miserably crowded together, all eager to pay their vows at the Holy Sepulchre. Such vessels as these, manned by ignorant sailors, are often wrecked by sudden storms.

The same evening we applied to the Russian Chancellor, to get our passport signed for Warsaw. This he refused to do, assigning as his reason that no ecclesiastic is allowed to pass through Russia, unless he has obtained from St Petersburgh the special consent both of the Synod and of the Emperor. We noticed that as he spoke, he was all the while noting down our names and appearance from the passport, no doubt intending to send them before us to prevent us from making any attempt to cross the Russian frontier. Had he known that we were sent on a mission of love to Israel, he would no doubt have been still more determined in his refusal, for Russia holds Israel with a grasp as firm as that of Pharaoh; though the day is at hand when God "will say to the north, Give up."[1] We were thus obliged to give up the hopes of returning by Warsaw, and to make up our mind to shape our course through Cracow. Meanwhile, we occupied our time in fresh inquiries into the state of Israel in the city of Constantinople.

[1] Isa. xliii. 6.

(Aug. 23.) Setting out for the Jewish quarter, we met two strong Circassians, wearing the caftan and the conical Persian cap. We also met a Roman Catholic funeral; that of a young person. The priest walked before in his black dress, reading the prayers, many boys following him joined in the chant; and the bier was covered with flowers. We sailed up the Golden Horn, passing by a wooden bridge and a dockyard, in which we saw no more than two ships building and a few under repair. We landed at the Jewish quarter, called Huski, and soon got a pleasant young Jew named Nisim, who spoke Italian, to be our guide. He knew no Hebrew, and had little of an Israelite in his character. He said he was anxious to be away from his countrymen and to get to England. We asked what he hoped to find in England; and, in reply, he shewed us that the sum of his expectations was, "that he would get freedom to do as he liked, and wear "*nuovo capello*," "a new hat." He took us to a school attended by about eighty boys. Here the bastinado and the whip hung on the walls as at Smyrna; yet the children did not appear to be so much oppressed. Scarcely any had books from which to read; but a few leaves were handed from one to the other. In another school we found thirty children, who were reading extracts from the Old Testament, but they also had few school-books. As we entered, they were reading the passage, "*For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee.*"[1] The syllables and sounds of this they repeated over and over, but did not seem to understand the sense. How little they knew the depths of gracious love to their nation which that verse contains! We visited two other schools of the same kind,

[1] Isa. LIV. 7.

and found that the accommodation in all was wretched; and the teachers illiterate.

We came to a synagogue standing on an eminence, and enclosed within a wall. It was not unlike one of our churches, well built, airy, and clean. The drapery in front of the ark was embroidered in a beautiful manner, and the lamps were handsome lustres of brass. There were sixteen synagogues in this quarter alone, and three in Pera. The Jews seemed very suspicious of us; they scarcely entered into conversation at all, but stood silent, and sullenly noticed what we did and where we went. With some difficulty we now found our way to the synagogue of the Karaite Jews, of whom there are about a hundred families here, all living together in one quarter, being despised and hated by the other Jews. Their synagogue is built in a low situation. You descend a stair, over which a vine is spreading its branches, and there find yourself in the area where the synagogue stands. Perhaps it is a satire on their fondness for the literal meaning of Scripture, but it is said—that the Karaites always have their synagogue low, that so they may literally use the Psalm, "*Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.*"[1] The apartment was neat and clean, the floor covered with mats and carpets. We examined their copies of the Bible, and found one of the London Society's edition among them. They wear "the fringes" or *Tsitsith*, according to the commandment in Numbers,[2] of a different form from those of other Jews. It is with them a sort of sash or girdle, at the two ends of which are fringes of white and blue —not merely white threads like that of the other Jews. We saw also the *mezuzah* at the door of the synagogue, so that they are not altogether free from

[1] Psa. cxxx. 1. [2] Num. xv. 38.

pharisaical traditions. But they have no *Tephillin* or phylacteries; on the contrary, they deride them, and call them "*donkey-bridles.*" They have only one school for their children. Inquiring for the rabbi, we learned he was absent in Stamboul, so that we resolved to return on the morrow to get better acquainted with this interesting people, *the Protestants* of the house of Israel. We made inquiry at many Jews about the place which Joseph Wolff calls "the Valley of Job," and which he said that some Jews thought was "the land of Uz." There is such a spot, but none of the Jews connected it with that Patriarch. It gets its name from a famous Saracen named Yob, who was killed in the valley in the great assault on Constantinople, and whose tomb was erected there. It is said that the spot of his burial was discovered in a miraculous manner, and a mosque has been built over it called after him, the Mosque of Yob, which is much frequented by devout Moslems.

(Aug. 24.) A little after five in the morning, we again sailed up the Golden Horn to Huski, and soon reached the Karaite synagogue. The Jews were already met, in number about eighty persons. Their shoes were all piled up at the door, and they themselves seated upon the ground. A few who came in late seemed to show some reverence to the *mezuzah* on the door-post. All sat while reading their prayers; but when the Law was produced, all stood up in token of reverence, and then sat down again.[1] After reading the usual portion, in which two boys took the chief share, the rabbi, who had invited us to sit by his side, read a passage in Deuteronomy, and gave an oral exposition, of which Mr Calman took notes. The passage was Deut. XXI. 10–23. From v. 10 to 15, the rabbi said, are given directions regard-

1 See Nehem. VIII. 5.

ing the captive woman who was to be married to her Jewish conqueror; her hair was to be shaved, her nails pared, and her raiment changed. "Now, (said he) the heart is to be kept with all diligence, for if we allow our hearts to think upon an object, then the desire to have it springs up." This he applied to the case of the conqueror and the captive woman. "To prevent this snare, she was to be deprived of all her attractions, such as her fine hair, and her showy raiment; and her glowing spirit was to be brought down by making her mourn for her parents thirty days. If, even after this, the conqueror persisted in his purpose, and chose her for his wife, then there was need of directions to him how to act toward her. Accordingly, v. 15–18, Moses speaks of 'the woman hated;' for a marriage such as this, not grounded in the fear of God, might be expected to produce strife and hatred. And, even this is not all. This heathen woman would possibly prove ungodly; and ungodly mothers will train up their children in ungodliness. Hence, v. 18–22, Moses is led to speak of 'the rebellious son.'" After thus ingeniously tracing the connection of the verses, the rabbi spoke at some length of the responsibility lying upon parents. He exhorted them "to take special care in training up their families, and not to admit persons into their houses, of whose piety and integrity they had no evidence. The captive woman was obliged to make a profession of the religion of her conqueror before she could be married to him; but you see (said he) the chain of misfortunes that succeed when the profession is not a true one." He referred, in conclusion, to the wise provision of the Karaite Jews, that none be admitted into their communion, who have not passed through a probation of five years, during which time they are instructed, and their manner of

life watched. If they are found to be sincere and faithful, then, at the end of that time, they are received as brethren, and married into one of their families.

There was no greater appearance of real devotion in the Karaite congregation than in other Jewish synagogues. They often spoke to each other even during prayer; and we observed that some of them fell asleep as they sat on the ground. When service was over, the rabbi, Isaac Cohen, invited us to his house—a clean and airy habitation; and after entering, according to the custom of the country, a servant brought us water and jelly. The rabbi is an elderly man, of some intelligence and learning—able to speak Hebrew fluently. He admitted the ignorance of his people, and highly approved of the proposal that Christians should institute schools among them, saying that he would send his own son to be a scholar. He remarked that their sect had suffered less from Christians than from Jews, and had no enmity at all to the followers of Jesus. He had been told that some Christians believed them to be descendants of the ten tribes, who had no part in the death of Christ. He said that it was 1260 years since they separated from the other Jews. The rabbi of the Karaites must always be a *Cohen*, that is, a priest, or lineal descendant of the family of Aaron. Our host himself was one, as his name indicated. Their sect has no influence with the Sultan, and the Hacham Pasha of the other Jews has frequently attempted to get them banished from Constantinople, and yet they have been able hitherto to maintain their ground, and resist the attempts of their brethren to expel them. He told us that he was himself the author of a Translation of the Pentateuch into Turkish, of which he had only four copies remaining; the rest had been all disposed of to Karaites. Before taking leave,

we purchased from him at a moderate price, the following works, all of them very rare, and connected with the Karaite Jews.

1. A Hebrew Prayer-book, used by the Karaite Jews.
2. A Hebrew Pentateuch, with a translation into the Tartar or Osmanli Turkish language, used by the Karaite Jews. This is the work above mentioned of our friend R. Isaac Cohen.
3. A Commentary on the Books of Moses, by rabbi Joseph Solomon, a Karaite Jew.
4. A Commentary on the Prophets, by rabbi Aaron, a Karaite Jew.
5. A Commentary on all the Commandments of the Old Testament, by rabbi Elijah Bsitzi, a Karaite Jew.

All these are now deposited in the Library of the General Assembly of our Church.

We were highly gratified that we had been permitted to visit this interesting community; and all the information that we received concerning them, confirms the report which we had previously heard, that they are a peculiarly upright and respectable class of Jews. The Karaites of the Crimea are so highly esteemed, that on one occasion, when the Emperor wished them to serve as soldiers, they asked him to inquire if ever during 600 years any public crime had been laid to the charge of a Karaite, and pleaded, that if they were sent to the war, he would lose some of his best subjects. The Emperor admitted the truth of their plea, and desisted from his demand. Many of them carry on trade at Odessa; and it is said that there is a colony of them in Lithuania, by the side of a beautiful lake, where they are agriculturists, and cultivate the cucumber. Our friend Mr Calman also met with Karaites in the village of Heet near Bagdad.[1]

(Aug. 25.) We enjoyed a Sabbath-day not unlike

[1] See Mr Calman's account in his recent work, "Errors of Judaism," p. 706.

one of our quiet Sabbaths at home. Even the Roman Catholic bells sounding through the city did not disturb us, for they reminded us the more of our own privileged land. At ten o'clock forenoon, Mr Bonar preached in the room of the American Missionaries, and again at half-past seven in the evening. The audience was composed of the American missionaries and their families, and several European residents. At four o'clock, we had a Bible class, in which all the missionary families joined. It was interesting to be so engaged in the midst of the heathen, in the city of the first Christian Emperor, and not far from the place where Peter may have preached; for within view, on the other side of the Bosphorus, stood Mount Olympus, marking out the region of Bithynia. In the region of Bithynia were to be found some of those scattered Christians to whom Peter wrote both his Epistles, encouraging them to bear "the fiery trial,"[1] which came upon them under the governor Pliny, in the reign of Trajan.

We were ready to depart on the morrow, having completed our arrangements during the preceding week. We had discovered that, to ascertain accurately the state of the Jewish mind in Constantinople, one must take up his residence there, and gradually penetrate the mass. No missionary has ever done this; so that this great city is yet an unexplored territory. Mr Schauffler from America, and Mr Farman from England, may be said to have laboured on the outskirts. Any efforts hitherto made have been effective, at the most, only on the German Jews residing here; whereas the Spanish Jews form the immense bulk of the vast community of the children of Israel. No aggressive effort has been made on this mass; and yet the spontaneous visits made

[1] 1 Pet. iv. 12.

to the two missionaries who have resided here, are enough to shew that there is some stirring among the dry bones in this open valley. O for an Elijah, "very jealous for the Lord of Hosts," to go forth on the work of salvation to these untold thousands of Israel who are sitting in the region and shadow of death! He would require the same qualifications as a missionary at Smyrna, but not more; for the ancient learning of the Jews of Constantinople is nearly gone. The obstacles, too, are the very same as in Smyrna, with the addition perhaps of greater political power, and more bitter and watchful jealousy on the part of the rabbies. But many of the people are weary of the bondage in which their rabbies keep them. It is of consequence, also, to remember, that any impression made on the Karaites of this city, whose friendliness to Christians seems like the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," would soon reach their brethren of the same community in the Crimea, and other parts of the world. Indeed, we may well ask, Why have not special advances been made to this class of Jews ere now? They are far less bewildered by tradition and prejudice than their brethren; and the veil seems not to be so closely drawn over their heart as over that of their brethren. Oh that God would raise up some devoted missionary to carry to them the good tidings of the Gospel. "*Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!*"

CHAPTER III.

WALLACHIA—MOLDAVIA.

"Who shall bemoan thee? or who shall go aside to ask how thou doest?" JER. XV. 5.

EARLY in the morning of Aug. 26, the steamer from Smyrna arrived in the harbour of Constantinople, and, with heartfelt gratitude and joy, we found Mr M'Cheyne on board, wonderfully recovered, and able to proceed on the voyage. A few hours after, we took farewell of our kind American brethren, who had made their house our home, and sailed for the Danube. The steamer in which we sailed was named "Ferdinando Primo," and though belonging to an Austrian company, was commanded by a kind, intelligent Englishman. The well-known Prince Piccolomusci was on board, on his way home to Germany from Abyssinia, from which country he had brought a ransomed female slave, and several Nubian boys. As we left the harbour, we enjoyed our last view of this wonderful city. The marble towers and dark green cypresses of the Seraglio, the ample dome of St Sophia, the towering mosques, and the crescent[1] on at least ninety minarets that rise over the red-tiled houses of the city, were all glowing beneath the rays of a noonday sun. We were able to sit on the

1 May not this emblem of Turkish power be derived from the *horn*, so common as a figure of strength and dominion in Eastern countries? The *crescent* would thus be like *the two horns* in 1 Kings XXII. 11.

deck, and enjoy the scenery all the way up the Bosphorus; but soon after entering the Black Sea, a head-wind sprung up, and we experienced something of the storms that led the ancients to call it "ἄξενος," "the inhospitable sea." We did not, however, experience any of those thick dark fogs which often envelope its bosom, and are said to have suggested the modern name. We forgot to look for the famous rocky islands about two miles north of the entrance, known to the ancients by the name of *Cyaneæ* or *Symplegades*. It was fabled by the unskilful, and therefore timid navigators, of those days, that these rocks used to dash on each other; and the renowned ship Argo ran no small risk in passing between them. Our vessel, however, knew none of these dangers, although, in search of the lost sheep of the house of Israel, we were traversing the same dangerous seas which Jason and his band explored, when they sought the Golden Fleece. These shores used to be thickly set with altars, and other devout tokens of gratitude for deliverance, which seamen erected in honour of their gods.

Next morning the sea was like a sheet of glass, and we found ourselves rapidly sailing along the western shore. The coast was low, and the country nearly flat, so that the eye wandered over plains partially wooded, without any marked object to arrest it. We passed Cape Eminch Bourun, which is the termination of the range of the Balkan,—the renowned *Hæmus* of ancient days. Between this range and the Danube lay the country called *Mœsia*. At noon, we anchored opposite the town of Varna, which occupies the site of the ancient *Odyssus*. It is 128 miles from the Bosphorus, and stands on the flat shore of a fine bay. The houses are all of wood, low-built and red-tiled, with eight minarets

rising over them; and a white wall, with musket loop-holes, surrounds the town. We landed, and after going through the ceremonies of fumigation for a few minutes, entered the town and wandered through its half-deserted streets. There was pointed out to us the pass in the neighbouring hills where the Russian army was attacked by the Turks. In the streets we met some Jewish children, and a little after three German Jews, one of whom was bitterly complaining of having been left here by the captain of the last steamer, contrary to promise. "The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter!"[1]

At three o'clock we re-embarked and left the bay of Varna. It was a fine calm evening, and the eye could see to a great distance. No land appeared to the east, but a few distant sails lay on the line of the horizon. The western coast now became elevated and picturesque. A range of bold, white cliffs overhung the sea, terminating in Cape Kalacria, the ancient *Tiristria;* and the highest point of the promontory was surmounted by the ruins of an old Genoese castle. The bay is called Kavarna, and this is the coast of that Pontus which the Roman poet Ovid has made famous by his letters. We must have passed soon after near the place of the same poet's exile, *Tomi* in Sarmatia, and by this time were prepared to understand the description of his voyage, given in his Elegies.[2]

Next morning (Aug. 28) the Euxine was still calm like an inland lake. Multitudes of porpoises were playing in the water near the vessel, no doubt the dolphins described by Ovid.[3] About seven o'clock the Five Mountains came in sight. They are situated about

[1] Lam. iv. 2. [2] Trist. i. 10. [3] Trist. iii. x. 43.

thirty miles from the coast and south of the Danube, are of a regular shape, and stand in a line, not unlike a few porpoises following one another. A little farther on we passed the south-west mouth of the Danube, and soon after another of its mouths, marked only by the deep woods upon its banks. The sea now exchanged its clear deep blue for a clay colour, being tinged by the muddy waters of the river; and the depth was only five fathoms. The coast was flat and low, marked by nothing but the tall reeds that skirted it, and the trees beyond. Two large flocks of pelicans were dipping themselves in the water. About midday our vessel entered the Danube by the mouth called Seluna. A Russian village was near, at which several vessels were anchored. The rapidity of the stream and the shallowness of the channel make the navigation at the entrance very dangerous, so that many vessels are wrecked here. Indeed, it is said that the chief dangers attending the navigation of the Black Sea are to be attributed to the rivers that flow into it. There are nearly forty rivers which empty themselves into it, and these are continually altering the channel by the large deposits of mud which they carry down. Here the "dark flowing" Danube appeared to be about the breadth of the Forth immediately above Alloa, but much more rapid. The territory on the right hand was Bessarabia, under the dominion of Russia. A few wretched huts of reeds, plastered over with mud, appeared on the bank, before which some Russian centinels were patrolling to guard the frontier. A vessel lay at anchor near, bearing the Russian flag. As we sailed slowly up the river, the banks continued flat and uninteresting, covered with reeds and bordered by marshes. Before sunset we got a near view of the Five Mountains, which, after all, owe

the notice taken of them chiefly to the level plains which surround them, for they are not very high.

We anchored for half an hour at Tultsha, a Turkish town on the Bulgarian or southern bank, fixing the anchor to a tree. The vessel was now in the branch of the river called the St George's branch, which forms the limit of the Russian dominions, and there expands into a lake. The vapours from the river made the full moon appear very large, and its rays fell with a peculiar glare upon the water. Mosquitoes became every hour more harassing; indeed, one of the most painful trials in sailing up the Danube is occasioned by the myriads of these annoying insects. The veils which we had brought with us for the purpose, failed to answer the end of keeping out these unwelcome visitors, and sleep was driven from our eyes.

During this voyage, we had many interesting conversations with the captain of the vessel and with the Prince. The latter told us that he had been educated when a boy at a Moravian seminary, and that he used to weep at the story of the sufferings of Jesus; but he had afterwards attended one of the Neologian Universities of Germany, where the seeds of infidelity were deeply sown in his heart. And now he had cast off the authority of the Bible, seemed scarcely to believe in a God, and held Pythagorean notions as to the transmigration of souls. We were enabled to bear an honest testimony to this bewildered man, shewing, chiefly from what we had so lately witnessed of fulfilled prophecy, that the Bible was the Word of God, and from that word his ruined condition and the great salvation.

(Aug. 29.) Before daybreak we had reached Galatz, the part of Moldavia near which we intended to perform our quarantine. We were not allowed to land,

but, leaving the steamer, sailed down to the quarantine station, two miles below. Here, in an elevated situation, we found a large enclosure of wood, with many wooden cottages in the centre, one of which was to be our place of confinement for a week. It formed a striking contrast to our quarantine at the foot of Carmel, but the atmosphere was cooler, and we felt that we were on European ground. The only objects visible around were the low dusty hills between us and Galatz, and on the west, the hills of the Little Balkan, and the Five Mountains on the opposite side of the Danube.

As night came on, we were at a loss how to procure necessary articles of food; no *guardiano* had been yet appointed to serve for us, and the keeper of the *locanda* or store, where provisions are supplied to those in quarantine by means of a board on which they are placed, could speak no language but Romaic and Wallachian. Besides, not being aware of the difficulty of procuring articles of comfort in a quarantine station, we had provided nothing for such an emergency, except mats for the night, which we brought from Constantinople. We now found the benefit of being inured to the rude life of those who dwell in tents.

Next morning, however, we were visited by a countryman of our own, Charles Cunningham, Esq., British Vice-Consul at Galatz, who with the utmost kindness procured for us all we needed. We, and all that we had, underwent a thorough fumigation, our clothes being suspended in the smoke for twenty-four hours. We were then removed into a more comfortable apartment, and a guardiano was appointed to take charge of us, a poor Russian named Costandi, very devout in observing the usages of the Greek church.

We had now leisure to look around and think upon

the region which we had entered. We had entered the ancient *Dacia;* the river before us was the *Ister,* and the people who were driving along their clumsy vehicles dressed in linen frock-coats, with broad leathern girdles, uncombed hair hanging over brow and neck, and wearing broad-brimmed black hats, and Roman sandals of skin, are descendants of the barbarians who so often troubled the Empire of Rome. We saw large herds of dun cattle on the wide pasture land, and on the roads, clumsy carts drawn by oxen creaked loudly as they went along.[1] Occasionally, ships coming up the river gave a pleasant variety to the scene. A soldier guarded the quarantine, wearing a European coat and trowsers of clean white fustian, with a black belt and black cap, his musket on his shoulder. Between us and the town lay the rude tents of a company of *Zingans* or Gipsies, engaged in making bricks. Before sunset, some heavy drops of rain fell, the first that had refreshed us since we left the moist shores of England. It was accompanied with loud thunder.

Sabbath came on and brought with it its holy peace. We worshipped together in our apartment, and in the evening spoke with a Jew from Jerusalem who had arrived in the quarantine.

In the evenings, our guardiano Costandi, good natured but slow in every motion, used to light a fire on the floor and smoke the room to free us from the mosquitoes, and then came in to pour water on our hands. Our only walk during the day was within the limits of the quarantine, commanding a view of the river. We often sat watching the varied shades and colours on its surface, or the course of some skiff passing up or down,

1 Ovid, Trist. 3. 10. 59, has noticed these features of this region:—
"Ruris opes parvæ, *pecus et stridentia plaustra.*"

or sometimes the leaping of the fish, and the wild fowl floating on the stream. The air was generally pleasant, and the heat not very great. Sometimes at sunset the people on the opposite heights appeared to be of gigantic stature.

The Vice-Consul visited us a second time to make arrangements for our leaving quarantine, and from him we received much important information regarding the province of Moldavia. It is an interesting country, but far behind in civilization. It is only lately that Galatz has got any thing like an inn. The Government oppress the people by taxes; and every landed proprietor is allowed to exact from the peasants eighty days' labour in the year, besides receiving one-tenth of all they possess. Labour, however, brings a good price; a labourer may earn six piasters a-day, and a piaster here will purchase 2 lbs. of meat. The country is very fertile if it were cultivated; indeed, it is called "The Peru of the Greeks;" but many of its vast plains are lying waste. There are 400,000 oxen killed annually for the production of tallow, and about 250,000 sheep are carried every year to the market of Constantinople. The languages used by the higher classes are chiefly modern Greek and French. The Wallachian is the native dialect, and is used by all the common people. The religion of Moldavia and Wallachia is that of the Greek Church. A few strangers in Galatz, who are Roman Catholics, have lately erected a chapel for their own use.

There are many Jews in Galatz, but most of them in a very degraded condition. The English Consul's duty here is to protect the mercantile interests of British subjects, and these are chiefly Greeks from the Ionian Islands. The Gipsies or *Zingans* (a name, according to some, derived from Zoan, the ancient capital of Egypt,

though others trace it to the famous Tartar conqueror,) are in this province about 18,000 in number, and in Wallachia there are 80,000. They are almost all slaves, bought and sold at pleasure. One was lately sold for 200 piasters; but the general price is 500. Perhaps £3 is the average price, and the female Zingans are sold much cheaper. The sale is generally carried on by private bargain. Their appearance is similar to that of gipsies in other countries, being all dark, with fine black eyes, and long black hair. They have a language peculiar to themselves, and though they seem to have no system of religion, yet are very superstitious in observing lucky and unlucky days. The men are the best mechanics in the country; so that smiths and masons are taken from this class. The women are considered the best cooks, and therefore almost every wealthy family has a Zingan cook. They are all fond of music, both vocal and instrumental, and excel in it. There is a class of them called the Turkish Zingans, who have purchased their freedom from Government, but these are few in number, and all from Turkey. Of these latter, there are twelve families in Galatz. The men are employed as horse-dealers, and the women in making bags, sacks, and such articles. In winter they live in town, almost underground; but in summer, they pitch their tents in the open air, for though still within the bounds of the town, yet they would not live in their winter houses during summer.

The *Boyards* or nobles of the country are not men of education, and spend their time chiefly in idle amusements, such as balls and playing cards. The Greek priests of Moldavia are low in character; so much so, that half a dozen of them may be found openly drinking in a tavern at any hour of the day. Though they

are priests, yet they often carry on business, and they oppose the Bible.

(Sept. 5.) Early in in the morning, we left our quarantine, glad to be once more at liberty. On our way to Galatz, we got a nearer view of the colony of Zingans. Their whole appearance reminded us of the poor villagers on the banks of the Nile. They were clothed in rags, and their little children were carried naked on the shoulder, or at the side, in the very manner of the Egyptians. They were toiling in the sun at the laborious work of making bricks. The sight at once recalled the days when their fathers "made the children of Israel to serve with rigour" in the same way; "The Egyptians made their lives bitter with hard bondage in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field."[1] If these are really the descendants of the people of Pharoah, as their name, features, and customs, seem clearly to prove, they are an example of the retributive justice of God in his dealings with the nations that afflict Israel. It seems every way probable, that these long-despised wanderers are fulfilling the thrice-repeated prophecy, "*I will scatter the Egyptians among the nations, and will disperse them through the countries*," "*and they shall know that I am the Lord.*"[2] May it not be worthy of the consideration of those benevolent persons, who have taken up the cause of the Gipsies in our own land, whether it might not be possible to extend their labours so as to send the light of the Gospel to these benighted exiles in other countries? Their numbers, their ignorance, their degradation, call loudly for the help of a Christian Missionary.

The appearance of the country was quite new to us, and Galatz, embosomed in acacia trees, appeared plea-

[1] Exod. i. 14. [2] Ezek. xxix. 12—16; xxx. 23—26.

sant to our eyes, accustomed to the dismal walls of the quarantine. No tree is so frequent in this region as the acacia tree, and we were told that at Galatz, Odessa, and some other places near, no tree thrives so well. Every where we met patient oxen, and sometimes strings of small horses, four or even eight at once, dragging unwieldy waggons, which go creaking along the highway. The driver guides the oxen by striking them on the head. The constant creaking of the unoiled wheels of the waggons, giving loud notice of their presence, has given rise to a saying, that "no one greases his wheels except rogues and thieves." In winter it is not uncommón to see twenty oxen yoked to a single waggon. These reminded us of the prayer of David, "That our oxen may be strong to labour."[1]

Galatz contains above 10,000 inhabitants. Many of the streets are pāved with wooden planks laid across, something after the manner of American *corduroy*. Many are totally unpaved, and consequently dusty in summer, and miry in winter. The houses are chiefly built of wood, white-washed and covered over with clay. Even the churches are wooden edifices. Brandy-shops abound in every street. In the market, we saw the cusa, so common in Syria, exposed for sale. We were interested in the number of Jews we met, and the numbers we saw busy in their shops. All wear the broad German hat or Russian fur-cap, and Polish gown. All have the mustach, beard, and ringlets, and all appeared to be either mechanics or money-changers with little tables on the street. The people seem very industrious, not as in the East, sitting lazily with the pipe in their mouth. The women share in the general industry. They spin from the distaff even when walking to and

[1] Psa. cxliv. 14.

fro. Their dress is not very peculiar, except the head-dress, which is generally a shawl over the head, fastened under the chin. It is often white, resembling that of the Genoese women. The soldiers oppress the people. A few days ago, a party of soldiers came to a man who had got leave to fish for an hour on the river, entered his boat, took away his permission, and then laid claim to all the fish he had caught.

On the top of one of the steeples, we observed a large stork's nest. These are often seen also upon the chimney-tops of the houses; for the chimneys are built with a covering on the top, and open at the sides. The natives do not allow these to be disturbed, as that would be considered unlucky. These remarkable birds come regularly on the 16th of April; "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time,"[1] so that you may calculate upon their appearance to a day.

The burying-grounds are near the entrance of the town; and not far from the foss that surrounds Galatz, is a mound of earth that marks the spot where, during the late Greek revolution, Ypsilanti and 600 Greeks bravely defended themselves, till they were cut in pieces by 5000 Turks.

In the afternoon we set out to visit the Jews of Galatz. We entered the shop of a respectable money-changer, who, after making our acquaintance, put on his best broad hat, and conducted us to the Rabbi, whom we found in the court of his house. He was a mild intelligent man, with the eye of a student; at first he seemed suspicious of us, because (as we learned afterwards), the Greek church persecutes him, and hearing that we were Christians, he supposed that we were Greeks. We told him our object in coming from Scot-

[1] Jer. viii. 7.

land to visit the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and our desire for their salvation. We were then conducted to the Synagogue, a poor, small edifice, with a still smaller one adjoining. Two or three Jews gathered round us; and one old Jew was busily engaged in devotion—an ignorant man, but of a serious cast of countenance. At the door was a collection-box, with this inscription, "צדקה מתן בסתר יכפה אף"—"*Alms—a gift in secret pacifieth anger.*" This started a conversation in regard to the manner of pleasing God, and turning away his anger. They spoke of their brethren in other places. We asked if the Jews here collected for those in the Holy Land: they said, that they did, at all their marriages. They have no school for their children; but as a substitute, they put several children under the occasional instruction of one of their number. The Jew, who acted as our guide, said that he heard there were now "Epicureans (that is, unbelievers) even at Jerusalem, and that they had built a synagogue there." He referred no doubt to the Christian church now building on Zion, and the few converts already gathered in Jerusalem. They said that they could not but hate Christians, for they were every where oppressed by them. For example, the preceding year, some Jews had caricatured the Greek priests and their religious service in a play—in consequence of which, twelve of their number were cast into prison, and forced to pay 5000 ducats to save their lives. The Ionian Greeks also burn a Jew in effigy every year at Easter, though the Government has at last forbid it. They asked us, "if we belonged to the Epicureans"—and on hearing us quote Hebrew texts, they would scarcely be persuaded that we were Christians. They have no idea of a Christian possessed of feelings of kind-

ness and love towards them. Few of them speak Hebrew, all use German, and they also know the Wallachian language. They said that they had no want of employment, and that every one had a trade. Most of the money-changers are Jews. The rabbi said that there were 500 Jews in Galatz; but the Vice-Consul thought that there must be 2000.

In the evening, Mr Cunningham conveyed us in his *brisca* to Ibraila, the port of Wallachia, three hours distant. The drive was interesting; more because of the novelty of our circumstances, than because of any peculiar beauty in the country. The fields seem often uncultivated; and many parts of the wide level plain were for the most part unenclosed and waste, sometimes covered with reeds, which shew that it is frequently under water. We passed some peaceful cottages that forcibly recalled the scenes of home to mind. At one cottage, a woman was churning butter; at some others, some "Dacian mothers" were sitting at the door, talking together and observing the strangers. Another woman met us, driving home her cow, while she held the distaff in her hand. They seemed industrious and peaceful—but, has "the Son of peace" been here? Immense herds of oxen, all of the same dun colour, were feeding in different places, and large handsome dogs, between the greyhound and sheep dog, often sprung out from a cottage door as we passed. We came about twilight to the river Seret, a tributary of the Danube, which is crossed by a boat drawn across by a rope. This is the boundary between Moldavia and Wallachia, as we soon learned by the trouble which the custom-house officer wished to give us, although we had got a written permission from Galatz. Like all such petty officers in these countries, he wished to extort money, but the Con-

sul's authority at last quelled his interference, and we crossed over to the Wallachian territory. It was dark when we reached Ibraila, where we were comfortably quartered in the apartments of Mr Lloyd, the Wallachian Vice-Consul.

(Sept. 6.) We had made preparations for starting by daybreak on our way to Bucarest. When we awoke we found that the rain fell heavily. This was like meeting an old friend, for we had not seen a rainy morning since leaving Scotland; but the time was not the most suitable for us. The ordinary way of travelling in this country is by a post-cart, which is a vehicle rude in the

extreme, being entirely of wood; the frame slight, and the sides made of coarse wicker-work, the wheels small. The harness is made of ropes or cords, some of which on this occasion had given way, but were retied for further use. The interior is filled with straw, among which the traveller sits or lies as he best can. Three of these carts stood at the door, each having four small Wallachian horses. We were ready to start; but Mr Cunningham prevailed on us to defer our journey, as the sky was dark and lowering, and one of our number was little able to bear the hardships to which we would be exposed. With the most disinterested and considerate kindness, Mr C. sent back to Galatz for his *brashovanca*, a covered travelling carriage without springs, capable of holding four, and this he insisted upon our using until we should reach Jassy.

Throughout the day we visited the town. It is clean and airy, with broad streets, of which a few were causewayed. Many of the houses were of brick, but the most were only one story high. Acacia-trees were planted round them, and here, too, we saw for the last time olive-trees full grown. The ornamented double cross on the Greek churches, attracts the eye by its glittering in the sun, being either gilded or made of polished tin. Alas! they hide the divine glory that shines from the true cross of Christ, and try to make up for what they hide by dazzling the carnal eye with its gilded image.

The stork's nest was common here as in Galatz, and in one courtyard two or three tame storks were walking about, no one venturing to injure them. In the Bazaar, stones were used for weights as in the East. The Danube flows deep and full past the town. The trade in grain is increasing, and the town rapidly rising into importance. It has at present a thriving population of 6000.

The dress of the Wallachian is similar to that of the Moldavian, but as the day was wet, many of the peasants wore a coat made of rough sheep-skin, with the wool inside, and a cap of the same. We met several Russians in the streets, known by their long high hats, peculiar physiognomy, and light blue eye. The peasantry take off their hats when they meet you, and a *boyard* in his carriage saluted us in the same fashion. There are not many violent crimes committed in these pro-

vinces; but scarcely any thing can exceed the deep and wide-spread immorality in private.

Near the entrance of the town, there is an ancient Roman fort, situated on a small rising ground. There, too, is a village of the *Lipuwanni*, or eunuchs, a sect of Christians expelled from Russia. We entered the shop of a Jewish watchmaker, a pleasant gentle young man from Odessa, who had settled here to escape being taken as a recruit into the Russian army, the *ukase* having ordered twelve men to be taken out of every hundred, including both Jews and Christians. He told us that there are thirty Jewish families here, who have an old synagogue, which is very small; but that eight German families from Vienna are building a new one for themselves, because, few as they are, there is disunion among them. They have no Rabbi, and hence every one tries to be above the other, and does what is right in his own eyes. He said that he had in his possession two tracts addressed to Jews, distributed by missionaries at Jerusalem, and brought here by a travelling Jew, for no missionary had ever visited this country." This simple account convinced us of the vast importance of furnishing our missionaries with abundance of clear, spiritual, and pungent tracts addressed to the Jews. Who can tell to what bosom the good seed may be carried, and there be made to spring up? He had also heard that in England, several Jewish students had become Christians; and that Christian tracts addressed to Jews had found their way into Russia. By this time about a dozen Jews had gathered round, who conducted us to the Synagogue. Among them was a mild young man, a Spanish Jew, of a remarkably fine appearance, and very kind to us; but he could not speak any language except Spanish, though he understood a little

German. Along with him was a friend, a German Jew, equally interesting, and very affable. We were standing at the spot where the new synagogue was building, while the Jewish workmen were sitting down to their midday meal at our side. They asked Mr Calman if he wore the *tsitsith*. In reply, he told them that "they wore none, for the real *tsitsith* should have a fringe of blue, and not white strings." They then said, they believed Messiah would come yet; and that many in Smyrna and other parts of Turkey thought he would come next year. On this, Mr Calman told them that the main thing to be known was *the object* of his coming, which was to take away sin; whereas, the Jews have at present no way of pardon. "You keep Sabbath," said he, "that you may be forgiven—you go a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, that you may be forgiven—you think whoever walks four yards on the Holy Land will be forgiven—you eat three meals on Sabbath, pray over graves, keep the day of atonement, all in order to find forgiveness; and yet you are never satisfied that you have found it. Your conscience is never at rest, which it would be, if that were the true way of pardon. Would God leave his people without some atonement for sin, after Jerusalem was destroyed and sacrifices done away? No; he left them *Messiah*. You yourselves offer a cock and a hen on the evening before the day of atonement, which proves your own conviction that you still need a sacrifice. Now, Christians have peace, not terror, during life, and can die without fear, knowing that they are going to a reconciled Father—not like you, who are so uncertain of your state, that even in the hour of death you engage the prayers of rabbies and of your children to be made for you *after you are dead*." The young German Jew heard with great interest, and then said, "That the Jews now had

more faith than Abraham; for they believed God's word, without *having seen* miracles." Mr Calman replied, "That to believe *these things* merely would not save them; the devils also believed, and were devils still." Another Jew standing by said, "We have no sin; for we keep Sabbath, eat no pork, drink no wine which a *Goi* (a Gentile) has touched, never eat without washing our hands; and we wear the *tsitsith*." Mr C. turned to him, "God wishes something more than all this—the heart. Is your *heart* right with God? Do you dare to say that you love him at all times? Even while you are putting on the *tephillin* do not your thoughts wander? Therefore, you are sinners, and where are your sacrifices? You have none even on the day of atonement." The Jew answered, that repeating or reading the passages of the Torah, that describe sacrifices, was as good as offering the sacrifices themselves. Mr C. replied, "God has never said so; and you yourselves are not satisfied that it is so; for if you were, you would not go away to seek pardon still by pilgrimages." He then told him of those Jews at Smyrna who were willing to be Christians, only retaining their Saturday and festivals. This Jew, who seemed so interested, followed us along the streets, and told us of his brethren. He said, that "their ignorance here was lamentable, and their pride excessive. Every one wished to be head. They needed to be taught their own language, for none could speak Hebrew, and few understood it. If a school were instituted, he believed it would be well attended. At present, parents who are able, send their children to be educated at Vienna." He then told us much of Rabbi Bibas from Corfu, whom he called "a grand rabbi," who lately passed through Ibraila on his way to Bucarest, travelling to seek the reformation of

his brethren, and who had preached to the Jews here on Isa. xi. 1–5, the Spirit resting on Messiah. He said that "the seven wisdoms, or sciences, are meant, such as music, astronomy, &c. When a man is well, if he take medicine it will do him harm; but if he be ill, then he must put away bread and take the medicine. Now, the law is bread; but the Jews are sick, they are ignorant and degraded. You must therefore lay aside the study of the law and take the medicine, which is the seven wisdoms or sciences spoken of here." This rabbi had left a deep impression upon the Jews here and elsewhere. The young man spoke with great admiration of him and of his sentiments, and especially of this one, that the Jews must be instructed in science and in arms, that they may wrest the land of Palestine from the Turks under the conduct of Messiah, as the Greeks wrested their country.

The Jews think themselves better treated in Wallachia then in Moldavia, where lately an additional tax was attempted to be imposed on them: and this may account for the great freedom with which they spoke to us. Yet even here they suffer. A Jew going down to the river will often be ridiculed by the porters and waggoners. We were told the number of Jews at Bucarest, and that at Piteati, a village twenty miles from it, were seventy Jewish families.

It was nine in the evening when we left Ibraila for Bucarest, the capital of Wallachia, a distance of 120 miles. Mr Cunningham's kindness was unremitting to the last, and we endeavoured to repay it, in the only way within the reach of ministers of Christ, whose best description it is to be "poor yet making many rich." The *brashovanca* or covered carriage, (so called from Brashova, a town near Cronstadt, in Austria, where it

was invented,) proved of the greatest value to us. As we had hired twelve horses for our three post-carts, the postilions insisted upon all being employed, so that they formed quite a cavalcade. These little horses were attached to the vehicles by ropes, and urged on at full speed by the wild cry of the postilions, and loud cracking of whips. At the end of the first stage, we were roused up from sleep by a voice, in Wallachian, "*Domne da Menzil,*" "Sir, give your Menzil;" that is, —your agreement with the postmaster to carry you through. A paper accompanying it is called the *Poderosne;* that is,—your permission to travel from the Prince. At every stage the same demand is repeated; and every time you must give a small coin to the man at the post-house who examines these documents. The post-houses are no more than solitary cottages, containing one or perhaps two unfurnished rooms; and the horses with which a traveller is to be supplied, are generally in the adjacent fields, only caught on the arrival of a vehicle. Many a time we had to wait long till the straggling ponies were brought in from the fields. And it was any thing but pleasant to sit sleeping in the brashovanca in the cold night-air, conscious that we were making no progress, yet unable, from ignorance of the language, to urge on the drivers. Frequently, too, the postilions would stop of their own accord, in order to run to a house to get their pipe lighted. At the end of the second stage, the number of our horses were reduced to eight, a more manageable number, the fore-

most pair in the team having a bell attached to their necks, to give notice to passers by of the approach of some vehicle over the soft ground.

(Sept. 7.) When morning dawned, we were in the midst of a vast uncultivated plain, in many parts soft and marshy, with a few rude cottages near us. The drivers were waiting at the post-house, until the horses should be brought in from the grass. We resolved to make use of this interval; and having brought with us all the provisions we needed till we should reach Bucarest, we left the carriage and entered one of the cottages. It resembled somewhat the interior of an Irish cabin, consisting of a single apartment, and a sleeping place lower than the ground. The peasant and his wife, good-natured, but most uncivilized-looking people, were seated at the fire. Knowing that we were in the region of ancient Dacia, and that their language was derived in part from that of the Romans, we began by trying of what use our Latin might be. The man said to us that the morning was "*frig, frig,*" that is "cold, cold." They called their fire (which was made of cows-dung) "*foco.*" We pointed to their cow, and called it "*vacca;*" he smiled, and said "*vac,*" and called the cattle, "*boi.*" We asked for milk, "*lac;*" he corrected us, and said "*lapte.*" They brought us a refreshing draught of milk, and having boiled a little water on their fire, we made tea. They stood by in respectful astonishment, yet apparently much amused, and expressed no small joy on our giving them a trifling present for their hospitality. We learned a little more of their language during breakfast. A horse is called *col* —evidently derived from *caballus;* a cottage is *cas;* water is *apu.* A dog began to bark; we said, "*canis latrat;*" the man corrected us, "*cuin latra.*" Bread

is *puin ;* a pitch-fork, *furc ;* a kettle for boiling water, *caldare.* Many other examples of the derivation of their language from the Latin we met with afterwards. On our journey, on one occasion the driver asked if we had *fune,* "a rope," which he said was to tie "*ligar,*" the pole. Coming to a village, we asked a woman for milk, she replied, "*non est,*" "there is none;" and another said, "*aker, ni dulsh est,*" "there is sour, not sweet," bringing out a large bowl of sour-milk. A porter who carried some articles for us said, "*Nosti Romanisti domne,*" "Do you know Romaic, Sir?" and often the people used "*spoune,*" that is "tell me," in conversation with one another.

Leaving the cottage, we entered the carriage, and swept along over what appeared to be an endless extent of level plains, without a single eminence to relieve the flatness, or a tree on which the eye might rest. We saw scarcely any marks of cultivation, but tracts of pasture land, with here and there an immense herd of dun oxen, or sometimes buffaloes; horses also, and sheep, and large flocks of geese. Occasionally, the cottages displayed a little neatness, being made of wicker-work, plastered over with clay, white-washed,—and the roof thatched with reeds. One object that meets the eye in these vast plains is a stone-cross, at various intervals. This may be intended to remind travellers of Him who died for us; but certainly the people shewed it no reverence. Seldom could we discover even the appearance of devotion among them. In the morning, indeed, one of our rough postilions, before mounting his horses, crossed

himself three times, stooped down, and said a few words of prayer; but we rarely saw even this attention to religious duties. Mounds of earth occasionally appeared between us and the horizon, artificial elevations probably used in ancient times as watch-towers and beacons. In some places, the lavatera, the foxglove, the hollyhock, and a few other flowers, were abundant in the fields. The soil appeared in general to be fertile and soft, and seldom did a single stone occur on the road. The postilions drove well, each having four in hand; and often they plucked hair from the horses' mane to improve the lash of their whips. The horses, which were small, lean, and active, seemed to prefer the gallop as much as the riders. When any part of the road was cut up, they immediately took a new course,—so smooth and level is this country.

About eight o'clock in the morning we passed within sight of a small lake, with rocks overhanging it,—a rare sight in these plains. At the fourth post, horses were treading out corn, and in the gardens was a sort of gourd that is hard as a turnip, and much used for food. Wells now began to be common, having a tall upright pole, over the top of which lay a transverse bar, with a weight at one end to act as a lever in drawing up the bucket. We had seen this before in Egypt; and it is commonly used in Poland and Russia. The poor drivers never failed once in a stage to stop to get their pipe lighted, which they continued to use even when riding at full speed.

About midday, we came to a village (the first since leaving Ibraila,) called Slobodzi, having a Greek church, and a convent. No monks reside in the convent, but only a superior and his two deacons, to carry on the church service. Here we crossed a stream by a bridge

of boats; and on the other side, the country rises about thirty feet, after ascending which we came upon a new extent of flat country, on a higher level. This is one of the *steppes* which are the characteristic formation of this region. As before, crosses were frequent on the road-side, and herds of oxen in the pastures. Passing a field of Indian corn, which had no enclosure, our postilions stopped the vehicle, and deliberately supplied themselves with an armful. Quails and bustards occasionally started up from the corn-fields as we rode past.

Towards evening we drove past a large village called Obeleshti, situated on the banks of a small lake. The people seemed all busily employed, and vast herds of oxen were coming round the sides of the water. The setting sun shed a pleasing light over this scene, which was peculiarly refreshing to our eye, after the tameness and monotonous level of the preceding part of the journey. The two villages named above are the only places of the least importance which we passed in our long journey of 120 miles.

It was three o'clock in the morning (Sept. 8) when we reached Bucarest. We should have arrived at nine the preceding evening, but lost several hours at the different post-houses from our ignorance of the language, and inexperience in this mode of travelling. We went first to the Khan Rosso, to which we had been recommended; but after knocking and waiting half an hour, our answer was "*Nui loghi*," "no places—no room." Our drivers next found out the Casino di Martin; but no one would reply to our knocking. While we were lingering cold and weary in the open street of this strange city, we heard the loud hum of many voices, and saw a large upper room lighted up;—it was a Jewish Syna-

gogue, for this being their New Year season, the devout portion of them spend the greater part of the time in continual prayers. The watchmen on the street and our postilions imitated their loud cries in ridicule of their devotions; so true are the words of Moses, "Thou shalt become an astonishment, a by-word, and a proverb, among all the nations whither the Lord shall lead thee."[1] Many Jews were now hastening through the dark streets to the synagogue, and one seeing our dilemma offered to conduct us to a khan. No other help being at hand we thankfully accepted his services, and followed him through several streets till he brought us to a very large caravansera, called Khan Manuk, overhanging the muddy stream Dembrowitza, where we found an empty room, in which we spread our mats, and, thankful for the mercies of the past day, sought repose.

(Sabbath.) A strange scene presented itself to us when we looked out in the morning. The khan was of large dimensions, covering apparently an acre of ground, with high buildings all round. The ground floor was occupied with horses and carriages of all kinds.[2] The second floor was devoted to passing travellers, and the third to those who were to stay above six months. The second floor had a wide promenade all round, and on it were gathered groups from many different countries, especially Russians, Hungarians, and Greeks. A mixture of strange barbarian languages filled our ears. We sighed in vain for the holy quietness of a Scottish Sabbath, and being determined if possible to find a more peaceful residence, we removed in the forenoon to a much smaller and cleaner place, called Khan Simeon,

1 Deut. xxviii. 37.

2 This is the style of all Eastern caravanseras, and may illustrate "the stable of Bethlehem." There was no room for Joseph and Mary in the apartments set apart for travellers, so that they had to betake themselves to the lowest floor; and there the shepherds found the babe. Luke ii. 7—12.

kept by a Greek. Here we enjoyed the rest of the holy day, and worshipped together in peace and comfort. In the evening the British Consul-General, R. G. Colquhoun, Esq., of Fincastle, found out our dwelling, and welcomed us to Bucarest with all the kindness of a fellow-countryman.

Next morning (Sept. 9) we waited on the Consul, from whom, during our stay, we received much information as to the state of the country, and experienced the utmost attention and hospitality. He insisted on our dining at the Consulate every day, which, in as far as our inquiries would permit, we agreed to do. Among his servants were three from Scotland, whose faces were lighted up with joy to see fellow-countrymen in this strange land.

Wallachia is a fine country, and, if fully cultivated, might support twelve millions of inhabitants; whereas at present there are not much above two millions. The immense wastes through which we passed might easily be put under cultivation, and would yield ample returns; but there are no hands to hold the plough. Population is not encouraged; and the vices of the inhabitants keep it down. Nearly three-fourths of the land in this province and in Moldavia are in the possession of the Monasteries. Many estates belong to Monasteries in other countries, such as the Convent of Mount Athos and that of Mount Sinai; in which case the property is let and farmed by the natives of the country at a reasonable rent. The western part of the province, called Little Wallachia, is entirely a mountainous region, and very different from that part through which we travelled. Crayova, which used to be the rendezvous of the Crusading Knights on their way to the Holy Land, is situated there. Whole tracts of the

country are occasionally devastated by the ravages of the locust. Bucarest contains 120,000 inhabitants, The Greek churches alone amount to no fewer than 366. There are also two Roman Catholic churches, one Lutheran and one Calvinistic. There are no mosques, for, by the treaty of Adrianople in 1829, no Mahometan is allowed to possess property or hold a domicile in either province.

In addition to the exportation of grain, which is the chief product of this country, there is a considerable trade in *cantharides*, small beetles found chiefly in the woods of Little Wallachia, and gathered from trees in bags. The bristles of the hog are here very large and strong, and these are exported to Britain to make brushes. Immense quantities of leeches also are gathered here and sent in bags to Paris.

All the *Boyards* or nobles of Wallachia reside in the capital. They seldom visit their estates, and some, it is said, have never seen them, so that their property is left entirely in the hands of agents, who took good care to enrich themselves. The Prince, Alexander Demetrius Gike, is believed to be much under the influence of Russia, and is not equal in talent to the Prince of Moldavia. There is a Chamber here, elected by men of certain rank and property, who assist in carrying on the government. But the *employés* of government are not men of the best character, and the tribunals of justice are lamentably corrupt, so that the only sure way to gain a cause in this country is to go with a bag of money to the Judge. There are, however, some honest Wallachians, whose hearts are set upon the improvement of their country. The Greek priests here are not so sunk in vice as in other countries. All the inferior clergy are allowed to marry; though those of a higher

grade are not, and among them immorality abounds. The peasants of the low country are a servile race, but the real Wallachian peasant is to be found on the Carpathian Mountains. He is a fearless, independent man; who buries his money in the ground, and walks with a free step. It is common to find treasures of money in the fields, which have been hid under-ground in times of invasion.[1] The shoes of the peasantry are made of untanned goat-skin, fastened to the foot by a leather-thong; this is a remnant of the Roman sandal.

One of the most fruitful sources of crime in this country, and one of the most revolting symptoms of its depravity, is the frequency of divorce. This is easily obtained, is accounted no disgrace, and the separated parties are soon married again to others.[2] We were often during our sojourn in this country, reminded of the awful description given by Jeremiah: "From the least of them even unto the greatest of them, every one is given to covetousness; and from the prophet even unto the priest, every one dealeth falsely. Were they ashamed when they had committed abomination? nay, they were not at all ashamed, neither could they blush."[3]

From the top of the Consul's house we obtained a fine view of the city. It is built upon a marshy plain, and a few years ago was all paved with wooden planks thrown over canals of water, which continually sent up

[1] See Matt. xiii. 44.

[2] An incident occurred during our stay at Bucarest, which forcibly illustrates this shameful state of things. The Prince gave a ball on the night of his birthday. A certain Boyard and his lady were passed over and not invited. The lady, unable to contain her chagrin, said to her husband, "Now, you see that by marrying you I have been left uninvited to the Prince's ball. Unless you procure me an invitation, I will immediately sue for *a divorce*." The poor Boyard ran immediately to the chamberlain, and entreated him to send an invitation to his wife;—not that he cared much for her, but because he would be obliged to pay back her dowry. The request was granted, and the divorce prevented for that time.

[3] Jer. vi. 13—15.

the elements of fever and ague. The Russians, however, destroyed these and drained the city. The churches here are not beautiful within, but appear showy from without. The number of spires is very great, and many of them are covered with polished tin, which dazzles the eye in the sunshine. This is a recent mode of adorning; anciently the spires were all of brick, but it was found safer to dispense with these on account of the frequent earthquakes which shake the country. The buildings are beautifully interspersed with luxuriant gardens, containing vines, apricots, and splendid walnuts. Many of the houses being built of wood, fires are frequent and dangerous. We saw a tower on which a man is stationed, watching night and day to give alarm in case of fire breaking out. Not unlike the duty of this man is that of the faithful pastor!

In regard to the Jews, we were told that they are better treated in this province than in Moldavia, for there an attempt was made to overtax them; but not so here. Every Jew must bring a certificate that he can earn a livelihood by some trade before he is allowed to settle. As to the number residing here, we found it impossible to ascertain the truth with accuracy. The highest estimate was made by themselves at 7000, the lowest by the Consul at 2800. Some Jews stated the number at 5000; and the aspect of their synagogues led us to think this to be nearest the truth. There are seven synagogues belonging to the Polish Jews, who are mostly all mechanics—tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, workers in gold-trinkets, &c. Those who belong to the same trade keep by the same synagogue. There is one handsome Spanish synagogue, which is frequented by the wealthy and influential men. The majority of the Jews here are corrupt to such a degree, that about

three years before our visit, when one of their rabbies attempted to reform them by preaching against their vices, they never rested till they got him expelled, even stirring up his own wife and children against him. On our asking, if all the Jews here believed the Scriptures (תנ״ך, tanach) to be the word of God, the reply was, "*Andere glauben, Andere nicht*," "Some believe, some do not."

The first synagogue which we visited was one belonging to the Polish Jews. This being the festival of ראש השנה (Rosh Hashanna), that is, New Year's Day, the place was crowded to excess, no Jew who can possibly attend venturing to absent himself on such a high day. All wore the black Polish gown and fur-cap, and

all had on the *Tallith*, the front of which was ornamented with a band of silver work. The old rabbi wore a white ephod or shirt, having the collar richly embroidered with silver and gold. This is called

חלוכה רבנים (haloukah rabbonim), "The shirt of the rabbies," a dress which they wear in imitation of the writers of the Talmud, who are said to have worn the same, and in which all rabbies are buried. This rabbi commenced, and soon all joined in repeating the 47th Psalm seven times over. The Rabbies think that the verse, "God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet," gives some countenance to the peculiar ceremony of the day, namely, *the blowing of a trumpet.* They also believe that every New Year's day is a kind of day of judgment. "Every year, on the festival of Rosh Hashanna, the sins of every one that cometh into the world are weighed against his merits. Every one who is found righteous is sealed to life. Every one who is found wicked is sealed to death." Accordingly, they imagine that Satan at this season comes before God specially to accuse every soul. In order, therefore, "*to confuse Satan,*" and prevent him from bringing forward his accusations, and also "*to change God's attribute of judgment which was against them into mercy,*" their wise men of blessed memory have ordained that the trumpet should be blown on the first day of the month Elul every year.

The old rabbi made use of a small ram's horn, which he had some difficulty in getting to sound. One rabbi chanted the word of command, תקועה, (takeea), at which the other blew through the horn. Nine times this was repeated, and the last was a long blast; then all present shouted, and imitated the sound with their hand and mouth. They resembled exactly a company of children imitating a military band, and but for the heart-rending fact that these very follies form part of the strong delusion to which God has given up his ancient people, the whole scene would have been irresisti-

bly ludicrous. The prayers that followed were offered with great vehemence, and a rabbi and three young men sang well the Psalm which does not now apply to Israel, "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound."

In another Polish synagogue close by, we saw the same ceremony. We also visited the Spanish synagogue, where the Jews present were handsomely dressed, and the Jewesses, whom we saw at the gate, were enveloped in silk mantles edged with fur. They were engaged in the same ceremony, only they did not seem to be so zealous, and went through it with greater dignity. Alas, Israel, "children are thy princes, and babes rule over thee!"[1] "The Lord hath taken away from Judah the stay and the staff, the judge and the prophet, the prudent and the ancient."

In the afternoon we went to the synagogue again, in expectation of seeing the Jews march down to the riverside, and "cast all their sins into the depths of the sea,"[2] which they do by shaking their garments over the water, as if casting their sins out of their bosom. But we were too early, and were told that they wait till it is dusk, when the people of the town will not observe them.

Mr Calman pointed us to a proof of the degraded character of the Jews here, as we were passing a common eating-house.—On the walls of it many German sentences of a jovial character were written in Hebrew letters. Thus

חיתה פער גלד	"To-day I have money,
ומערגן ען גלד	To-morrow none—
בשנת תקצה	In the (Jewish) year 5098."

The Jews, in gaining their livelihood, are employed by

[1] Isa. iii. 4. [2] Mic. vii. 19.

persons of all religious persuasions, so that they do not depend on their brethren for supply of work. Perhaps nine out of every ten carpenters are Jews; and no questions are asked in employing them, except regarding their capacity as workmen. This is a most important fact, which would remove entirely the difficulty so often felt by Jewish missionaries in the support of inquirers and converts.

The Consul was of opinion that a missionary in Bucarest would require £250 a-year. He must have a house with four rooms, which would cost £25 or £30 of rent. He must maintain several servants, for each will do only his own peculiar work; and the state of the streets is such in winter, that he must keep a carriage and two horses, as every respectable person does. Provisions are cheap; a lamb may be got for two shillings, a sheep for four shillings and sixpence, and an *oke* of meat (that is $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.) for one piaster, that is about twopence. But firewood is very dear. A large family often pay £50 a-year for this article alone. The expense of travelling from England to Bucarest, the Consul estimated at £30. As to the prospects of success, he thought that any direct attempt to convert the Greeks would be immediately fatal to any mission. A Jewish missionary must confine his labours to the Jews, and not interfere with the natives. The light will spread indirectly. The only danger to a mission is, that the priesthood, fearing its indirect influence, might bring in the arm of Russia to put it down; and Russia could easily do this in their own secret way if they had the will.

(Sept. 10.) In the forenoon, we set out to call on Samuel Hillel, a Jewish banker, who was to introduce us to Rabbi Bibas of Corfu. By mistake we were led to the house of a wealthy Spanish Jew, and ushered

into a fine suite of apartments. Several Jewish ladies came in fully dressed for the festival of the season. They received us very politely, and after discovering our mistake, directed us to the banker's house. He was not at home, but we found his son, who said that he had seen us at the synagogue, and his three daughters, richly attired, wearing diamonds on their head, for the daughters of Judah even in their captivity have the same love for gay apparel that they had in the days of Isaiah.[1] In conversation with the son, we soon discovered that he was one of those Jews who care little about Palestine, and do not expect a Messiah, believing that education and civilization alone can exalt the Jews; to which he added,—"a knowledge of arms, that they may defend their land when they get possession of it." We afterwards saw his father, who conducted us to the house where the rabbi of Corfu was lodging. Rabbi Bibas received us politely. He spoke English with great fluency, told us he was a native of Gibraltar, and was proud of being a British subject. He has a congregation of 4000 under his care in Corfu. On our entrance, he excused himself for not rising, a slight indisposition and fatigue of travelling obliging him to lie on the sofa. We said, "The Eastern manner became one of his nation." He replied, "No! no! the Jews are not Easterns." We said, "Abraham came from the distant East." "True; but you are not to reckon a nation by their first parent." Immediately he began to speak of the situation of the Promised Land, asking us to say, Why God chose Israel for his peculiar people, and that portion of the earth as their land? Much conversation arose on these points, and as often as we tried to break off and introduce something more di-

1 Isa. iii. 18–24.

rectly bearing on our object, he stopped us by affecting great logical accuracy, and holding us to the point, if we had any pretensions to the character of logical reasoners. He denied that God ever meant the Jews to be a people separate from other nations, asserting that He intended them to enlighten all the earth, a duty which they must still perform whenever it shall be in their power. If they had means like the English they ought to send out missionaries. When we gave this reason why God chose Israel to be his peculiar people, "that the Lord wished to shew that he was a sovereign God," he disputed this, because His sovereignty was already known to the heathen. He thought we must be content to reckon it among the secret things that belong to God. He then suddenly started another speculative question, "Where Eden was, and how four such streams as Moses described could have existed, since they are now nowhere to be found." On this point he at length rested satisfied with the remark, that it must be true, because declared in the Word of God. After this he signified to us that it was the hour of prayer, and we must excuse him from farther conversation at present. He shewed great craftiness and skill in keeping the conversation from turning upon matters of experimental religion; for that was evidently his aim. On our rising to take leave, and mentioning that love to Israel had brought us to visit him, he declared that he loved Christians exceedingly, and that no Christian loved the Jews more than he did the Christians. He said that he was travelling for the sake of his degraded brethren, to see what might be done for them; and was anxious to meet with Sir Moses Montefiore on his return from the Holy Land. He disliked our reference to Scripture; for example, when he had said that the Jews must have been

a very holy people since God so preserved them, we replied in the words of Ezekiel, "*Not for your sakes* do I this, saith the Lord God, be it known unto you."[1] But he hastily changed to another topic.

(Sept. 11.) In the morning we went to the church of the Metropol, to witness the *Fête* of the Prince of Wallachia, on occasion of his birthday. It is a splendid building, and the walls very showy within, being covered with gilding, and paintings of apostles and saints without number, with a rich silver chandelier suspended from the roof. The splendid pulpit, which had the appearance of being seldom or never occupied, was adorned with gorgeous gilding,—a poor substitute for "the words of eternal life." The Prince himself was not present, being unwell; but all the principal *Boyards* of Wallachia were present, and also Milosh, the exiled Prince of Servia, a man of dull, heavy-looking aspect, dressed in a rich purple uniform, with a costly diamond girdle. His son stood by his side. Consuls of different nations stood round, wearing their respective uniforms; and an immense crowd of well-dressed people, all standing, filled the church. The priests, arrayed in beautiful robes, surrounded the table. The Bishop wore a splendid mitre, with a diamond cross on the top, and his garments were stiff with gold embroidery. He is said to be an amiable man; and we could not but honour him for this, that he has permitted the free circulation of the Holy Scriptures in Wallachia. The service consisted chiefly of prayers for the Prince; followed by the responsive chanting of men and boys, not very melodious. At the end, the Prince and nobles came forward to the Bishop, kissed a cross in his left hand, the Bible on the table, and the Bishop's hand, receiving

[1] Ezek. xxxvi. 32.

from him a small piece of bread. This seemed to be the sacramental bread,—a miserable profanation of the holy ordinance of the Supper.

When the pageant was done, and most had withdrawn, we remained behind to see the rest go through their devotions. In different parts of the church the worshippers were choosing out the picture of their favourite saint, and after many crossings and prostrations on the ground, they kissed the feet and hands of the picture. In one corner an open coffin was exhibited, containing, we were told, the remains of St Demetrius, the patron saint of the Prince. A frank Wallachian who was with us said, somewhat archly, "This was not the old St Demetrius, but a new one." The body was buried in the channel of a river, and the spot was disclosed to a pious young woman, before whom the waters of the river were miraculously divided. The coffin was highly ornamented with silver, and the dead body wrapped in cloth of silver and gold. A shrivelled hand was all that was left exposed; and this was the great object of attraction. The worshippers approached in great numbers, men and women, rich and poor, officers and soldiers. First they kneeled to the ground three times, crossing themselves and kissing the pavement. Then they drew near, and reverently kissed the withered hand and a cross that lay beside it, dropping a piece of money into a little plate which lay at the feet. The priest touched their forehead with a little cross in his hand, and muttered some parting blessing. With three prostrations more the worshipper retired. One poor boy, more intense in his devotions than the rest, made about twenty prostrations on the ground, being often disturbed by the press; and we could not see that after all he ever got a kiss of the

skinny fingers. A rustic, with long uncombed hair, and his wife, brought their little baby in their arms to be blessed beside the holy coffin. The priest laid the crucifix upon its brow.

It was altogether a scene of the grossest idolatry, and it was melancholy to see so many respectable, intelligent-looking people engaged in it. What a stumbling-block are such Christians in the way of the conversion of the Jews! And yet there are about 200 Jews in Bucarest who have been baptized into the Greek Church. But of these we were told that only three had made the change from any real concern about their soul.

We visited again our friend Rabbi Bibas, and resolved this time to take the start of him in the topics of conversation. Mr Calman at once began by shewing the wickedness and folly of several things taught in the Talmud. The rabbi's first answer was, that the Talmud was written by those who composed the Sanhedrim, and that God commanded us to bow to their decision on pain of death.[1] Then he explained away its apparently immoral precepts; but, in defending its errors in history and geography, plunged into gross absurdities, by endeavouring to prove from the Bible that the holy Land was of immense extent, and that Jerusalem once contained many millions of people. In proof of the latter point he referred to a passage, where so many thousands are said to have been "*at* Jerusalem;" but he insisted that בְּ must be rendered "*in* Jerusalem."[2] He wished to shew us that Messiah must be a *mere man;* and directed us to the description of Ezekiel's temple, where "the Prince and his sons" are men-

[1] Deut. xvii. 11, 12.

[2] The precise passage has escaped our memory; but it was some such passage as Judg. i. 8, all Judah fighting in Jerusalem.

tioned.[1] We explained that Messiah was not there spoken of, but the Prince over Israel under him. His only remark to this was, "Oh, then you give us two rulers!" He admitted the state of his people at present to be most wretched. In Poland especially, he said, they were grossly superstitious, for they understood every thing in the Talmud literally. Indeed, he had not gone to speak with the Polish rabbi, believing that it would be useless on account of his ignorance. The first remedy was to remove their ignorance. He would have the Jews gathered and educated in schools, where they should read and learn the Bible till ten years of age; the Mishna from ten to fifteen, and the Talmud from fifteen to twenty. He thought that the collections for the Holy Land ought to be given up, and that the Jews there ought to be obliged to work even were it by the bayonet. Sir Moses Montefiore's plan of purchasing land for them in Palestine he considered useless, as long as there is no security for property there. The people must first be educated and taught the sciences. He believed from Zechariah XIV. 14, which he translated "*Judah also shall fight against Jerusalem*," that many of the Jews are yet to fall into infidelity, and fight against their brethren. We now attempted to speak still more closely to his conscience, but he refused to argue on the Messiahship of Jesus except in writing. We shewed him the end for which we had left our country and were seeking after Israel. He asked, "For what good?" We answered, "To send teachers to Israel." "The moment they begin to teach Christianity, all Jews will turn from them away." "No (we said), some will receive the truth," and we pointed to Mr Calman. The rabbi started and looked quite surprised, for he had not suspected that our friend was an

[1] Ezek. XLVI. 16.

Israelite; then added, "Ah! well there are one or two." We then pressed upon him to compare the blind and wretched state of the dry bones of Israel described in the prophets, with what *he knew* to be the real condition of his people, and solemnly urged him to inquire if the blood of Jesus, which they were rejecting, might not be the very "fountain for sin," by which Israel was to be saved. He seemed surprised by our earnestness, evidently felt our sincerity, and we parted good friends.

Mr Calman called on an interesting and very respectable young Jew, lately baptized into the Greek church, named Alexander Rosiski, a teacher of music. Mr C. asked him how a conscientious Jew could ever become an idolater, as the Greeks were. He said that he never worshipped their pictures, though he attended service in their church. He had felt a want in his soul, and, from what he heard of Jesus, thought that in Him he would find his want supplied. This first led him to the Greek church; but he confessed that his ignorance was still so great, that he could not meet his brethren in argument, and therefore avoided them. When Mr Calman explained Isaiah LIII, expounding to him the work of Christ and "the way of God more perfectly," the young man was overjoyed and delighted; for the instruction thus imparted was more than all he had got among the Greeks. He had a Hebrew New Testament, but understood little of it, and owned that often he had asked himself, Why he had become a Christian? But now he saw the truth in a way that convinced and established him. He longed for an instructor, and rejoiced at the idea of a missionary coming to settle there, and teach his brethren. What an interesting scene does this open up, and how many "hidden ones" God may

have among the scattered thousands of Israel, who, like "prisoners of hope," are waiting for some one to direct them "to the stronghold!"

(Sept. 13.) Having parted with our kind friends at the Consulate on the day before, we bade farewell to Bucarest at nine o'clock A.M., and set out for Foxshany, a distance of eleven posts. The postilions drove like the wind, raising up clouds of dust which annoyed us sadly. Looking back, we observed how the city lies in a singular plain, marshy all round. A well, surmounted by a tall pole and cross beam, is the most frequent object that meets the eye. Fine brushwood and low trees line the road on both sides for many miles. When we had nearly completed our first stage, the axle-tree of the brashovanca broke, and left us helpless in a wilderness. After long delay, a wood-cutter, who happened to be by the road-side, made two young trees fall for us, and we contrived by their means to support the axle, till we drove gently to the next post, where the broken part was taken to a *Zingan*, who repaired it. After a detention of three hours we set off again, swiftly as ever, through woods and shrubs. There was something quite exciting in this mode of travelling. The two postilions, with their Wallachian vest, loose shirt sleeve, large boots, small fur cap, and unshorn locks flowing behind, cracking their strong whips, and making the woods reverberate their cries, were most

picturesque objects. The air also was delicious, and the flat plains seemed to fly past. At mounting, each postilion springs into the saddle crying *Hee*, when all the horses start off simultaneously. Their loud, wolf-like cry is very singular. One begins very low, gently swelling his voice, till it becomes a scream, then it dies away. Before he is done the other commences, and so on. They crack the whip at every turn of the hand in setting off or coming near a post or town.

Near the second post, a flight of quails passed us, and soon after another. We descended a *steppe* into a wide platform, and twice crossed a calm flowing stream on bridges made of wood. Towards evening we began to see hills in the distance, and came on a sweet village

called Buseo, with its church, from which the evening bells were sounding deep and calm. It reminded us of Longforgan in the Carse of Gowrie, and called our flocks vividly to remembrance. During the night we forded a broad but shallow stream, and, as morning broke, reached a village called Rimnik. For a short space the country was beautiful, with wooded hills on the south-west. But soon the road again became level as formerly. As we proceeded, a wheel of our vehicle rolled off, but by means of a rope, the postilions contrived to bind it.

We next crossed a stream, and ascended a *steppe* to the platform where stands Foxshany, which we reached about ten o'clock A.M.

This town is situated pleasantly among trees, and adorned with glittering tin spires, which give it a fine appearance. It has a tolerable khan, dignified with the name of "Hotel de France," kept by a little Spaniard, who is also the French Consular agent, and this khan we were glad to make use of, instead of sitting as hitherto to eat our meals in the carriage, or on the grass. But our patience was not a little tried on finding that no post-horses could be got; Prince Milosh and the Russian Consul had so overwrought them, that they were too wearied to set out again at present. We engaged a Wallachian peasant, who had four horses, to carry us forward next day to Birlat, for a considerable sum. Meanwhile we visited the town, and lighted upon a large school assembled in the open air, under a verandah. At the close, we observed that all prayed and made the sign of the cross.

We visited the Jews, of whom there were about sixty families in the town, all Polish, ruled by a rabbi, who is maintained by his brethren and carries on no trade. We were told that they have four teachers, each attended by a few children, and supported by the high remuneration which is given by parents for their education. One man gave 12 roubles, or £2, 10s. a-month, for two children; and another paid £13, for five months for his family. And yet these children learn very little. The Jew who took us to the postmaster, spoke to us on the object of our visit, and we explained to him the only way of salvation. Most of the Jews here are mechanics; very many are tailors and shoemakers. We found such a measure of sincere devotion

among them, that no one would lend us his horses, or accompany us on the morrow, simply because it was the Jewish Sabbath. They have two synagogues, and one "*Beth-midrash*," or public room for study.

This evening was the commencement of the "Day of Repentance," (יום תשובה, yom teshuvah), a name given to the Sabbath immediately preceding the "Day of Atonement." On the morrow the Rabbi was to preach a sermon urging them to repentance; and this is one of the two occasions during the year whereon they have a regular sermon, the only other sermon being at the Feast of the Passover. In the ten days between the New Year and the Day of Atonement, the Jews abound more in almsgiving and prayers than during all the rest of the year. Accordingly, both their synagogues were full of worshippers, loud and active in their devotions; even the little boys were rocking to and fro, and reading prayers with great earnestness, their gestures resembling those of the Jews of Saphet more nearly than any we had seen. When the service was over, a crowd came round, and asked who we were, and whence we came. We said that "we came from a far country out of love for Israel, to tell them the way of forgiveness." Not knowing what to make of us, they at last demanded "*whether Messiah had come, or was to come?*" We answered, "that both were true, that he had come once to die, and was to come a second time in glory." Many turned away on hearing this, and would listen no more.

Foxshany being the frontier town of Wallachia and Moldavia, we were harassed a good deal in getting our passports rightly signed, having to go first to the Governor of the town, then to the Wallachian police, next to the Moldavian police, and lastly to the British Vice-Consul. A narrow stream running through the town

divides the two provinces. At the Wallachian office a man was in attendance with the *knout* in his hand, a large thick whip, often applied without mercy to those who are in the least degree disrespectful or unruly.

(Sept. 14.) We bade adieu to the obliging little Spaniard, the keeper of the Hotel de France, and started at three o'clock in the morning. On reaching the frontier gate, however, the soldier on guard could himself neither read nor write; and, the examiner of passports being asleep, we were forced to wait till he chose to rise, sighing in vain for the liberty of our native land. It was nearly sunrise before we were fairly clear. We were now riding briskly, in a misty cool morning, on our way to the river Seret, which we soon crossed by a bridge of boats, at a deep and rapid part where lives have frequently been lost. Nearly forty yoke of oxen, dragging heavy-laden waggons to the market, were waiting on the other side, and crossing one by one after paying toll. We then ascended a *steppe* into a fine plain of vast extent. Soon the country became more undulating and better wooded. Several pleasant villages appeared, with scattered white cottages. The name of one of these was Taoutchy. Most of the houses in the villages we came to are built, not continuously, but at small intervals, with trees round each, giving them a picturesque and cleanly appearance. The churches are frequently white-washed and surmounted with glittering spires. The tall poles at the well, and the large haystacks affording provision for their long winter, are characteristic objects; while the large ugly swine, with immense bristles on the ridge of the back, and the handsome shaggy dogs that rush out as you approach, enliven the scene to a passing visitor.

About nine o'clock we stopped and set the horses free

to feed and rest, while we got a supply of milk at a cottage, and sat down upon the grass to breakfast, adjourning afterwards to the wooded banks of a stream that wandered through the wide vale, that we might taste the joy of the Psalmist, "My meditation of him shall be sweet." We then proceeded, and having at midday reached the "*podovino*" (as our drivers called it in Russian), that is "half-way," our horses were again turned loose on the grass, while we climbed a woody eminence commanding a wide view of the country. The scenery during the rest of the day was much like the preceding, only it had more of hill and dale. We reached Birlat about five o'clock in the evening, being five posts from Foxshany. We occupied the upper room of the khan, and spreading our mats on the wooden divan, enjoyed a pleasant Saturday evening, writing home, and preparing for the Sabbath that was drawing on.

Birlat is pleasantly situated, occupying, like all Moldavian towns, a large space of ground, and having a population of 10,000. The principal church has three handsome tin spires, surmounted by four gilded crosses, much ornamented, as the crosses of the Greek church always are. The outside of their churches, especially where there are Russians, have pictures on the walls. In the church-yard, instead of gravestones, they have black wooden crosses; and by the way-side there are stone crosses, the same as we observed before, often two or three together.

(Sept. 15. Sabbath.) We enjoyed a comfortable Sabbath in the upper room of the khan, though it was with difficulty we procured necessary food, as the people at first told us that we could have none without going out to the bazaar to buy it. The atmosphere was pleasant, the thermometer standing at 74° in the shade, as in a summer-day at home.

In the afternoon, we went first to the principal church, and found only the priest and three deacons, without an audience, hurrying through the prayers, and chanting without feeling or even melody. We next went to a smaller church, built entirely of wood. Here the priest had six or eight boys, in ragged clothes, who repeated the responses, while two old men and half a dozen of old women made up the audience. The walls of both churches were covered over with pictures and other ornaments, and when all was done, every one kneeled down with the head to the floor three times, crossed themselves between every prostration, kissed the pictures, and retired.

The morning service commences at eight or nine, and at that time all the churches are crowded; but after that is over, the whole day is spent in amusements, cards, billiards, and drinking, the priests themselves setting the example. May not a Jewish missionary be blessed to shed some light even on these dark abodes of a heartless superstition? The synagogues of Corinth and Thessalonica brought salvation to the Gentiles in their respective towns; and it may again be so in these regions, if the Lord answer our prayers and prosper our missionaries.

We had seen Jews in the streets on Saturday when we arrived; and now we met one, who led us to their synagogue. There are 130 Jewish families from Russia, Austria, and Germany, who live quietly here, and, generally speaking, suffer no persecution. In the synagogue two lads entered very eagerly into conversation with us in German. We began by telling them how different the Christians in England and Scotland were from those in their country. They wondered much, and asked, "If we wore *Tephillin*," *i. e.* phylacteries. We said, "No, for this is not commanded in the word

of God, but only in their traditions." We then spoke a long time on the Scriptures being the word of God, whereas the Talmud was the word of man. We referred to their prayers; shewing that they did not procure pardon, but that Messiah only could do this by becoming surety for us. Both of the young men were very attentive, and greatly surprised that we believed the Scriptures (תנך) as firmly as the Jews do. Meanwhile, a group gathered round Mr Calman. They told him that they all believe in the divine authority of the leader of the Chasidim, in Russia, a Rabbi of wealth, who used to have attendants and a band of music following him whenever he rode out in his carriage. He had a chamber in his house, where it was believed that Messiah will stay when he comes; and at the beginning of each Sabbath went into this chamber, pretending to salute Messiah and wish him "Good Sabbath." He had two fine horses, on one of which Messiah is to ride, and himself upon the other. Not long ago, being accused before the Emperor by the Jews who are not Chasidim, of sending great sums of money to the Holy Land, and teaching that it is no sin to cheat the Government by smuggling, he was imprisoned at Kiow, and, though large sums have been offered for his release, he is still in prison. They also spoke of another Rabbi of the Chasidim, at Navoritz in Poland, who had been warning the Jews against the belief that Messiah would come that year or next year, being afraid that they would turn infidels if Messiah did not come.[1] When they spoke of their present misery, Mr Calman said that they should inquire whether the cause of it was not their rejection of Christ? They said, they still ex-

[1] Mr Calman knew well a pretended forerunner of Messiah at his own place of birth, Bauske in Courland. In youth he was himself led away by him. "False Christs and false prophets" continue to rise in Israel.

pected Messiah; and that he is to come when their nation is either *very corrupt, or very pure*, even as the leper was counted clean either when his whole body was white, or when there was no sign of leprosy at all.[1] Therefore, said they, there is no need of our repenting before he comes. We gave them some tracts and left them.

On leaving Birlat next morning, we prevailed on the keeper of the khan, though with great difficulty, to sell us a picture of Christ on the Cross, surrounded by devils, which hung on the wall as a charm. On the wall of an inn upon the road, we saw a similar picture of the Virgin, having the frame set round with lamps, that bore the marks of being often kindled in her honour. Passing some country waggons, we examined minutely the large clumsy yoke which is fastened on the necks

of oxen. It is a large wooden frame, so heavy and stiff that the animal cannot put down its head to feed, unless the side pins be taken out, and its neck released from the yoke. This opened up to us the meaning of the prophet, "I was to them as they that *take off the yoke on their jaws, and I laid meat unto them.*"[2] Wind-mills and acacia-trees were the common objects that varied the scene on the road. A small lake occurs not far distant from the town, and near it a pillar on which is represented St Peter with the keys. There are several neat wells, with seats round them for the

[1] Lev. xiii. 6, 13. [2] Hos. xi. 4.

accommodation of travellers, in the Eastern fashion, introduced into this region by the Turks. Farther on, we passed an encampment of Zingans, near a stream, on the opposite side of which people were dressing flax.

At midday, we rested two hours in a pleasant khan, called Tata-maresti. While there, a sick Jew coming up in a cart, we spoke to him and gave him a little medicine which relieved him. The poor man was so grateful that he sent back a messenger with the offer of money as a recompence. Meanwhile, another interesting Jew spoke with us. He could not believe that we were Christians because we knew Hebrew. We told him about the Christians in England, and the duty of searching the Scriptures. He said that many Polish rabbies forbid the reading of the Bible; that he had a fine boy whom the rabbies wanted to begin the Talmud, but he has resolved not to permit him; and spoke of a Jew in Jassy, who was called an Epicurus by the Jews, because he studied the Bible so much. He said that there were fifty families of Jews at the village of Nacoush near Jassy, and more at Waslui.

As we proceeded, the character of the country became more varied. Our way lay through a fine open valley with meadow land enclosed by wooded hills. A smooth river flowed through the vale. Late at night we arrived at Waslui, and found one Jewish khan already fully occupied with Jews, on their way to Jassy to keep the day of atonement there. In another we found a wretched lodging, though the poor people gave us their best apartment, and slept in the verandah themselves. We spread our mats on the clay floor and attempted to sleep, but in vain. We cared less for this, however, because it was the night preceding the day of atonement, and we had thus an opportunity of seeing the curious ceremony which then takes place. On the eve

of that solemn day, it is the custom of the Jews to kill a cock for every man, and a hen for every woman. During the repetition of a certain form of prayer, the Jew or Jewess moves the living fowl round their head three times. Then they lay their hands on it, as the hands used to be laid on the sacrifices, and immediately after give it to be slaughtered. We rose before one A. M., and saw the Jewish *Shochet*, or "slayer," going round the Jewish houses, waking each family, and giving them a light from his lantern, in order that they might rise and bring out their "*Cipporah*" or "atonement," namely, the appointed cock and hen. We walked about the streets; everywhere the sound of the imprisoned fowls was to be heard, and a light seen in all the dwellings of Israel. In two houses the fowls were already dead and plucked. In another, we came to a window, and saw distinctly what was going on within. A little boy was reading prayers, and his widowed mother standing over him, with a white hen in her hands. When he came to a certain place in the prayer, the mother lifted up the struggling fowl and waved it round her head, repeating these words, "*This be my substitute, this be my exchange, this be my atonement; this fowl shall go to death, and I to a blessed life*"—or, in Hebrew,

זֶה תְּלִיפָתִי (zeh chaliphathi)

זֶה תְּמוּרָתִי (zeh temorathi)

זֶה כִּפּוּרָתִי (zeh cipporathi)

זה התרנגול (or התרנגולת) ילך למיתה ואני אלך לחיים טובים:

This was done three times over, and then the door of the house opened, and out ran the boy carrying the fowl to the *Shochet*, to be killed by him in the proper manner.

How foolish and yet how affecting is this ceremony!

This is *the only blood* that is shed in Israel now. No more does the blood of bulls and goats flow beside the brazen altar, the continual burnt-offering is no more, even the paschal lamb is no more slain; a cock and hen killed by the knife of the *Shochet* is all the sacrifice that Israel knows. It is for this wretched self-devised sacrifice that they reject the blood of the Son of God. How remarkably does this ceremony shew a lingering knowledge in Israel of the imputation of sin, of the true nature of sacrifice, and of the need of the shedding of blood before sin can be forgiven! And yet so utterly blind are they to the real meaning of the ceremony, that the rabbies maintain that it is *not a sacrifice*, but only obtains forgiveness as being obedience to the traditions of the elders. So that the words of the prophet are strictly true, "The children of Israel shall abide many days without a king, and without a prince, and *without a sacrifice*."[1]

We left Waslui about two o'clock in the morning, while it was yet dark, and at seven rested for some hours at a wretched khan, large and nearly empty, under a shed. There were several extensive marshes near, from which dense exhalations were rising, drawn out by the morning sun. These must render this part of the country very unwholesome. Proceeding northward up a long valley, the summits of the hills being generally covered with trees, the appearance of the country gradually improved, and in the afternoon we came to really a pleasant view. The valley was closed up with hills finely wooded with elms, wild apple-trees, and plums, richly laden with fruit. The woodbine and hop-plant were twining round the trees, and many wild flowers gave a charm to the wilderness. Our road was directly

[1] Hos. iii. 4.

over the ridge of hills, and our postilions continued to urge on their horses with their barbarian cries, till we reached the summit. A deep wooded ravine now lay beneath, and beyond it the vast undulating plain of Jassy. Several miles off the city appeared of great extent, the houses white, spires glittering, and much verdure round. We entered it before sunset, and passed through long streets of artisans, the houses all of one story, and poorer than those of Bucarest. The Jews were all busy shutting up their shops and dressing. Many families were already on their way to the synagogue; for no one would be absent on so solemn an occasion as the beginning of the Day of Atonement. Many of them were fine-looking men, and the Jewesses were beautifully attired, some wearing jewels. Putting up our carriage, we hastened to the synagogue, which we found crowded to excess; even the women's gallery was quite full, and there were many children. The *Absolution Chant*, known by the name of "*Col Nidre*," had been sung before we entered, which we wished much to have heard, the tune being plaintive and beautiful, and one which the Jews believe was brought from Sinai. Three rabbies stand up dressed in white, and in their own name, and the name of God, absolve all in the synagogue from the sins committed in the year past. The number of large candles lighted, and the multitude of worshippers, made the atmosphere quite oppressive in all the synagogues we visited; and the perspiration was running down in streams from the zealous devotees, whose cries and frantic earnestness might be heard afar off. They clapped their hands, clasped them, wrung them, struck the prayer-book, beat upon their breast, and writhed their bodies, again reminding us of the Jews of Saphet and Tiberias. On

this occasion, the Jews keep up prayer all night and all the next day, till the time of evening when "the stars appear."

We left them for the present, and found our way to the house of the British Consul-general, Mr Gardner, who received us with great kindness. We afterwards found a lodging in the Hotel St Petersburgh, a large establishment, kept by a baptized Jew of the Greek church.

Early next day (Sept. 18) we sought out the synagogue again. The Jews come up to the solemnity of the Atonement from the country, as they did to Jerusalem in former days. We visited twelve of their synagogues, and found all crowded with men, women, and children, in the same manner as the previous night. At one of them we saw many mothers with their children at the breast or in cradles, sitting on the outside dressed in their finest clothes. It reminded us of the fast described by Joel, "Assemble the elders, gather the *children, and those that suck the breasts.*"[1] As there was not sufficient room within, many men were sitting under the shade of the walls, looking with their faces toward Jerusalem, and praying along with those inside. The floor of the synagogue was for the most part strewed with straw or hay, to add to the comfort of the worshippers in their long service; for most of them put off their shoes, the day being so holy. All day the synagogue is full of immense lighted candles. Each family provides one, and each member has a thread in the wick of the candle. These represent the soul of each person according to their interpretation of the Proverb, "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord."[2] On so solemn a day as this, no Jew will touch one of these candles, even were it to

[1] Joel ii. 16. [2] Prov. xx. 27.

fall and endanger the safety of the synagogue. It would be accounted servile work, and therefore they employ a Gentile servant, who is called in when any lights require to be trimmed.

In the prayers they go over the greater part of Lev. XVI, in which the sacrifices of the day of atonement are described. The rest of the service consists in reading a Hebrew poem, of which we were assured that most of the worshippers scarcely understood one word, because it is most difficult Hebrew. Yet all were busy reading aloud. Sometimes they came to a chant, when the deep bass voice of the chanter was contrasted with the tenor voices of a few young men, the effect was often very plaintive, and sometimes ludicrous. Again and again the whole congregation broke in with "*Amen*," pronounced

OLD RABBI READING PRAYERS.

"*Omain*." Many of the men seemed already quite wearied with their worship, or rather with their bodily exer-

cise, and many had their eyes red and swollen with weeping; a good number of the married men wore the חלוכה (halukah), or white shirt of the rabbies. Among the women, some were weeping, and others sobbing aloud. A few boys were as seriously engaged as their elders.

There are 200 synagogues in the town, and about thirty of these are large. In one quarter there are twenty, all within the space of a street. Some of the buildings had their roof fancifully painted with figures, representing Paradise and the Creation—wild beasts, trees, and fishes, the golden candlestick also, and table of shewbread. In several parts near the entrance of the town, we noticed the *Eruv*, or string stretched from house to house across a street, to make it *a walled town*, the same as we had observed at Saphet.[1]

We found it impossible to ascertain with accuracy the numbers of the Jews in Jassy. The Consul reckoned the whole population of the city at 50,000, and the Jews at somewhat less than the half, perhaps 20,000. This would coincide with the reckoning of many of the Jews themselves, who gave their numbers at 5500 families. The highest estimate we heard from a very intelligent Jew was 10,000 families, while the lowest was 3500, or about 15,000 souls. They are regarded by the Government as a separate community, and the capitation-tax is not levied from them individually, but from their chief men, who are left to gather the sum from their brethren in the way they think most equal and fair. Each family, at an average, pay a *ducat*, equal to ten shillings. The way in which the rulers of the Jews levy the tax is as follows:—They lay it not on the provisions of the poor, but on articles of luxury. For example, a goose is sold for about a *zwanzig*,[2] but

[1] See Vol. II. p. 43.

[2] For the value of the different coins see Appendix.

they put a tax on it of half a *zwanzig* and eight *paras*. Thus the rich, who wish luxuries, pay a high price for them; while the poor, who are content with the necessaries of life, escape. They do not consider themselves oppressed by the Government, but the common people use them ill. As an instance of this, we were told that a Moldavian would often reply when asked by a Jew to do something for him, "I would as soon do it for a *Zingan*." The name "Zingan," and the epithet "cursed," is often applied to them. All the Jews here speak a corrupt dialect of German. They follow all trades except that of a smith; the most are tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, and watchmakers; a few are idle, and sleep in the streets. There have been about twenty converts to the Greek Church. Three of these are persons of respectability, one the keeper of the hotel, another a carpenter, and the third a student at college —but all were very ignorant. The Jews believe that their true reason for seeking baptism was, that they might get more freedom. It did not make any difference in regard to their employment. If any of the chief Jews were to profess Christianity, many would follow their example. Some of them expressed their belief that Messiah would come in the year 1840, others think it is to be in the seven-thousandth year of the world, and then a time of Sabbaths is to follow. There is a belief, too, among many of them, that the Russians (whom they suppose to be the *Javan* of Zech. IX. 13) are to have the dominion of the world.

There are many Jewish Schools in Jassy, but none of them good. Six of the principal families have refused to send their children to any of these schools to be taught the Talmud, because they think that such studies make them mean and degraded; they either send them

elsewhere, or employ a private tutor. The severe discipline used in Smyrna is not altogether unknown here; for the Jew who acted as our guide told us that his son often came home with his ears bleeding, his hair torn out, and nose twisted, all by the barbarous treatment of his teacher; so that the father has frequently intended complaining to the police, or sending his boy to be taught in Russia.

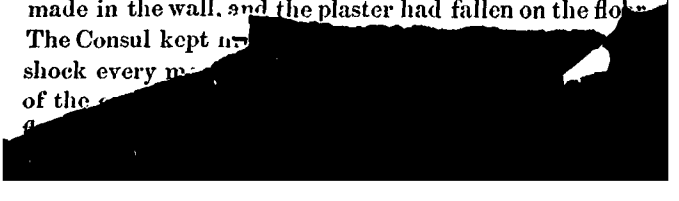
About six in the evening, we went to two of the largest synagogues, to see the ceremonies of the day of atonement concluded. When the sun is setting they pray for the last time, and their crying out is intense, far beyond all their previous supplications; for if they do not obtain pardon of their sins before the stars appear, they have no hope remaining of obtaining forgiveness for that year. When about [illegible] their last prayer, a trumpet is sounded like that of the New Year, but only one blast. Then all is over! and forth they come to the light of the risen moon, pouring like a stream from the synagogue. They stood in groups, all turning their faces toward the moon,—for the Jews believe that the spots in the moon are the *Shecinah*. Each group had a lighted candle, to enable one of their number to read the prayer addressed *to the Shecinah in the moon*. Some held up their hands, others roared aloud, and all showed by their gestures [illegible] was a grotesque stand[illegible]

thers of that singular people forsook the worship of Jehovah, and "served Baal and Ashtaroth," and "made cakes to the queen of heaven."[1] This service being done, they appeared as if relieved from the pressure of an overwhelming load, for they had fasted and prayed for twenty-four hours, and now dispersed themselves in all directions. Many went homewards singing with great glee in the open streets, and shouting aloud to each other, "Peace to thee, and peace to thee!" This is said to be done because their sins are now forgiven. How little they know of pardon! the pardon obtained by God's method of justification, which would sanctify and draw the sinner's heart to Him, instead of making it return to folly—"There is forgiveness with thee *that thou mayst be feared.*" It is not unusual for Jews to meet the same night in their synagogue and be merry together; and we soon after saw several public-houses open, at whose door we could look in; and there were Jews sitting together drinking *rakee*, and singing merrily. In one, a Jew was singing over his cups to the full pitch of his voice. False peace leads to false holiness. Thus ended the day of atonement. Alas! how changed from the solemn day, when the high priest entered into the holiest of all. During the whole ceremony, we observed that the people of the town never interrupted them in

the Consul.

same

necessaries of life are very cheap. Jassy is much improved as a city; the streets were formerly paved with wood, but this is no longer the case. It has no fewer than seventy churches; the climate is much more healthy than that of Bucarest, though there is a Moldavian fever prevalent at a certain season. Divorce is not so common as it used to be; the stream of public feeling is now turning against it. Yet it is too evident that the fear of God is not in this place. Of this the Consul related an affecting proof.—One evening in January 1838, a great ball was given, at which most of the Boyards were to be present. He and a Moldavian gentleman were preparing to set out,—their carriage was at the door,—when a dreadful shock of an earthquake startled the whole town. At his house, the tall mast that bears aloft the British flag rocked to and fro. After some minutes' silence, his friend proposed that they should still set out for the ball. The Consul replied that it would be useless, for no one would be there at such an awful time. However, the other pressed, and he reluctantly consented to go. They drove up to the place, and entered the room. It was brilliantly lighted, and the gay company were met; but all sat silent, pale as death. A large rent had been made in the wall, and the plaster had fallen on the flo[illegible] The Consul kept [illegible] shock every [illegible] of the [illegible]



The Prince of Moldavia resides in Jassy; he is very affable to strangers, and was favourable to the circulation of the Scriptures in his dominions; but the Bishop is a bigoted man, and would not allow it. When the Consul informed the Prince of our arrival, he asked what our object was in travelling through Moldavia, and expressed a wish to see us. We delayed our departure a day longer in order to accomplish this, but the Prince was taken unwell and could not receive us. There is every reason to believe that the Government will not interfere with the labours of a Jewish Missionary in this province.

Late in the evening, an intelligent Jew called on us by appointment, and from him we received some curious facts regarding the Jews here. Three years ago, a Rabbi, the greatest ma[redacted] in Jassy, began to read the Scriptures much, and to preach against the Talmud. The Jews were so angry, that they drove him and his family from the city, so that he was obliged to go to Brody. They gave him 1000 ducats as an atonement, for it is considered a great sin to expel a rabbi. A rich Jew here, named Michael Daniel, a man of eighty years of age, has a teacher in his house to instruct him in the *Cabala*. In Kotsin, twenty miles from Jassy, [redacted]ere is a sect of the Chasidim, called חבד, Habad (that [redacted] חכמ, "wisdom, un[redacted]night after the [redacted] home,

another house in their foolish revelry. The gipsy, having a grudge at the Jews, went to the Moldavians and said, "they were imitating the ceremony of the Church," when, at Easter, they carry about a large figure representing Christ. The people were excited, and rushed on the Jews; one was killed on the spot; twelve were imprisoned, and afterwards sentenced to be hanged; but Michael Daniel having lent the Prince 6000 ducats, and another Jew having lent 2000, they offered to make a present of these sums, along with 2000 ducats out of the Jewish treasury, to get their brethren released. This was agreed to; but the guilty persons were sent out of the country. How strikingly these facts shew the fulfilment of the threatening, "Thou shalt grope at noonday, as the blind gropeth in darkness, and thou shalt not prosper in thy ways; and thou shalt be *only oppressed and spoiled evermore, and no man shall save thee.*"[1]

We devoted the next day (Sept. 19) entirely to visiting the Jews. First we visited a school of thirty children, both boys and girls, with fine Jewish countenances. A poor sick boy lay on a couch in the same room, far gone in consumption. The teacher was busily employed in his work. His method seemed to be to repeat over every syllable, until each scholar could fully pronounce it. The boys and girls got the same tuition, and the prayer-book seemed to be the only school-book. The children were amazed at the entrance of strangers, and ran eagerly round us. We learned from the teacher that the children were taught only *to read*, not *to understand*. Nay, he himself could not explain the words of the passage which they were reading. When asked why he did not explain the words,

[1] Deut. xxviii. 29.

he referred to Psa. CXIX. 18, "Open thou mine eyes to see wondrous things out of thy law;" and drew from it the inference that it was not to be expected that a teacher should be able to explain all that he taught. Several Jews had by this time gathered round, to whom Mr Calman spoke, trying to shew them how ruinous and deplorable their ignorance of the Word of God is. They seemed convinced,—only they said it was universal in Jassy.

We went to see the old Jew of whom we had got information, called an Epicurus. He was a fine-looking man, of about sixty years of age, mild and thoughtful, and his son, an interesting youth, very like his father, was sitting with him. We found them to be complete specimens of the Neologian Jews who have cast off the Talmud, but, at the same time, reject, or almost reject, the Word of God. The old man said that in youth he had been taught that the Scriptures and the Talmud were both divine; and that now, having been enlightened to see the fables and folly of the Talmud, he was naturally led to doubt the authority of the Bible also. He added, "he was sorry that he could not believe the Bible to be the Word of God." He told us that he believed none but himself in all Jassy could speak the Hebrew; that scarcely any of the Jews knew their own language grammatically; and that they did not wish their children to be taught. "They want no change. We are doing all we can to throw in fire-brands among the stubble of the Talmud; but '*Der alte stier will nicht lernen mehr*'—the old ox will not learn. If you do any thing for them you must hide the good." They had employed teachers to teach the young grammatically, but the parents would not send them; the children themselves, however, got so fond of them, that they used to follow

them on the streets, seeking instruction. When we turned up to Isaiah LIII, he said he believed it referred to Jesus; but that it was written by some Christian *after the event.* As a similar case of interpolation, he referred to Numb. XXI. 27, 28, as written after Jer. XLVIII. 45, 46. He got this idea from Jost's History of the Jews; but could not give any proof, nor could he answer the arguments that shew the authenticity of the passage. When we pressed him about sin and the need of pardon, he said, "We do not sin against God, because he is infinitely beyond us; but we sin against our neighbours, and the punishment of sin is solely in our conscience." The young man was much less imbued with Neologian opinions, and said to us, "that he was now more a Christian than a Jew." He acknowledged that we do sin against God, and that nothing but a sense of pardon can give peace. But when we stated that Christians believe themselves forgiven on the ground of the atonement, he said, "I may have as much peace as they, if I believe myself forgiven even on other grounds." He admitted the inspiration of the Pentateuch, but not of the Prophets. The old man told us that both he and his son belonged to a secret society in Tarnapol, a town of Austrian Poland, and that the chief rabbi of the rabbinical Jews there is at the head of it, unknown to his people. They work like Jesuits, conforming externally to Judaism, but diffusing their principles in secret as widely as possible. Their young men are teachers of languages, and have thus opportunity to leaven the minds of the Jewish youth with their sentiments. This young man himself is tutor in six of the wealthy Jewish families in Jassy, whose children are entirely under his influence, hating Judaism, and

keeping the Christian as well as the Jewish Sabbath. Another son of this old Jew lives at Vienna with a brother-in-law, who is baptized and is enjoined to bring up the youth as a Christian. There are a great many in Vienna who have their children baptized, although the fathers like to die Jews. In Galicia many fathers are bringing up their children to Christianity, and it is said that there are more baptisms than births, "so that in a century (said the old man) there will not be a Jew in all Galicia." When he heard that we were ministers and Calvinists, he said he had read a great deal, and knew the Calvinistic system; that it was the most philosophical, and added, "If I were turning Christian I would become a Calvinist." Both these Jews were very kind to us, the old man saying that this was one of the happiest days of his life. What an awful scene does this interview lay open—half the nation of Israel tottering on the brink of infidelity! Those who have light enough to see the folly of the Talmud, have not grace enough to believe the Word of God. The rusty shackles of Judaism are beginning to fall off, but the withered arms of Israel have no life to lay hold on the Saviour promised to their fathers. Thousands in Israel are in a transition state, but it is not such a change as that spoken of in the Prophets, "I will go and return *to my first husband*, for then was it better with me than now."[1] The door is open and the time critical, and it seems plainly the duty of the Christian Church without delay to interpose in their behalf, to allure Israel and speak comfortably unto her, and to say, "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity."[2]

We next called at the house of the chief Rabbi,

[1] Hos. ii. 7. [2] Hos. xiv. 1.

where they were beginning to erect a booth for the Feast of Tabernacles. The rabbi was a fine-looking man, but not learned. He seemed fatigued with the hard services of the preceding day. We explained our object in general terms, deploring the ignorance which we had seen among the Jews, and urging the need of schools, where they might be taught to read the Word of God grammatically. He assented, and professed to desire the improvement of his people, but said that we should apply to influential men, such as the merchants, who must exert themselves if these objects were ever to be effected. While we were with him, a young woman came in with some friends, seeking a divorce from her husband;—for this is as common among the Jews as among the Greeks. In the shop of the principal Jewish bookseller, we found prayer-books, commentaries, and portions of the Talmud, but nothing very interesting.

We were invited in the evening to a Jewish marriage. We went at the hour, but a long delay occurred, for the bridegroom not having brought a string of diamonds for his bride's head-dress—an ornament much valued here—she and her friends refused to let the ceremony proceed till it was purchased. "Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?"[1] is a natural question in Israel at this day. As we were walking to and fro before the door, Mr Calman spoke with a tall Jew upon the evils of the Talmud. He seemed to be much convinced, and said, "Well, I see that we are a people without a religion. But what shall we do? shall we become Christians like the Greeks, who have not the Word of God?"

Returning to the house some hours after, we found

[1] Jer. ii. 32.

that the marriage ceremony had been concluded, and that the company were now seated at the marriage feast. From Mr Calman we received an account of the previous part of the ceremony. Early on the marriage-day the *Bathan* (בתחן), or poet, who performs a very prominent part, comes to the bride's house, and addresses her most solemnly upon her sins, urging her to cry for forgiveness;—for marriage is looked upon as an ordinance by which sins are forgiven, just as the day of atonement, pilgrimages, and the like; and the Jews believe that it will be destined that day whether her luck is to be good or not. She and her attendant maidens are often bathed in tears during this address, which lasts sometimes two hours. The Bathan next goes to the bridegroom, and exhorts him in the same manner. This done, the bridegroom puts on the same white dress which he wears on the day of atonement, and spends some time in prayer and confession of sins, using the same prayers as on that solemn day. He is then led to the synagogue, accompanied by a band of music. The band next goes from him to accompany the bride. The parties are placed near each other, and the marriage canopy on four poles is held over them. The contract is read, and the sum named which the husband promises to give the woman in case of divorce. The fathers and mothers, friends of the bridegroom, and the bridesmaids, take the bride by the hand, and all go round the bridegroom, in obedience to the words "a woman shall compass a man."[1] A cup of wine is produced, and seven blessings pronounced over it. The bridegroom puts the marriage-ring upon the bride's finger, saying, "Behold, thou are consecrated to me with this ring, according to the law of Moses and Israel." Other seven blessings are pronounced over the wine;

[1] Jer. xxxi. 22.

after which they taste it, and the glass is thrown down and broken, to signify that even in their joy they are no better than a broken shred. They are then led together to the bride's house, where we found them sitting at the head of the table in silence. The bride had her face veiled down nearly to the mouth with a handkerchief, which she wears during the whole ceremony. Her dress and that of most of her companions, was pure white.[1]

The table was filled with guests, the men being seated on one side, and the women on the other. Before eating, all wash their hands out of a dish with two handles,[2] so formed that the one hand may not defile the other.

It was singular to see this feast of bearded men, the faces of many of whom might have been studies for a painter. The feast at the marriage of Cana of Galilee was vividly presented to our minds. During the repast the music struck up; several Jews played well on the violin, violincello, cymbals, tambarine, and a harp of a singular shape, which they said was Jewish, not Christian. It was played by beating upon the strings with two wooden instruments, and the effect was pleasing. It is remarkable that, beyond the bounds of their own land, Israel should have so many instruments of music, while in Palestine, as the prophet foretold, "*The joy of the harp ceaseth.*" The *Bathan*, or chanter, frequently interrupted the music, and excited the mirth and good humour of the company by his impromptu German verses on the new married pair and their friends.

We were not invited to sit at table,—for had we Gen-

1 Rev. xix. 7, 8. 2 Mark vii. 3.

tiles touched their food, it would have been unclean,—but dishes were handed to us where we sat. Several times a plate went round the company for collections; the first time it was "for the cook," and this they called "*the golden soup*;" the next time was, "for Jerusalem;" and a third time "for the new married couple" —a present for the entertainment given to the company. The bridegroom should have preached a sermon to the company, but he being unlearned, the chanter did it for him. After supper, there was a dance, but not after the manner of the Gentiles. Some little girls first danced together; the uncle, a tall handsome bearded Jew, then danced alone; last of all, he danced with the bride, leading her round and round by a handkerchief. This forms the concluding part of the ceremony enjoined by the Talmud. Wine flowed plentifully as at Cana; but, being the simple wine of the country, not the slightest riot or extravagance was visible. When shall that marriage-day come of which the prophet speaks, "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee?"[1]

On our way home we heard a party of poor Zingans playing and singing for the amusement of some company in an inn. The convent bells were ringing, for the next day was a Greek festival.

(Sept. 20.) Our last day in Jassy was mostly spent in conversation with the many Jews who came to visit us. None seemed to be under real soul concern, but all had an open ear for our statements of the truth. They told us that most of their brethren here have little higher motive for adhering to Judaism than temporal advantage, such as the expectation of money from some relative when he dies. We discussed many passages

[1] Isa. lxii. 5.

together, and they appeared interested and anxious, though very ignorant. After breakfast, two Jews came in. One, a very intelligent man, named Leb Keri, an *avocat* in the town, connected with the courts of law. His special object in coming was to request a New Testament in Hebrew. When we presented him with a copy, he said, that he had long wished for one, and on getting some Hebrew tracts also, he refused to part with them to any other, "Because," said he, "I have need of them all in discussions with friends on these subjects." He had read Volney's Ruins of Empires. Several other Jews called; and there were eight in the room at once. Their ignorance of Scripture was such, that the commonest Hebrew words often puzzled them. Mr Bonar read over Luke XV. in German with one who sat by him, the same who used to be our guide through the town. On the other side of the table sat another, an elderly man, with his broad-brimmed hat resting on the top of his staff, while another stood behind his chair, listening to all the remarks. Mr Calman was, at the same time, in full discussion with an old Jew, wearing a white-flowing beard, whilst two others sat at another part of the table, perusing portions of the New Testament, and examining the Hebrew tracts. Two more moved about from one group to another, listening, and sometimes putting questions. One of them, on being asked to say who was meant by "the man that is a hiding-place,"[1] said, "that he must consult his commentators." Another spoke of our believing Christ to be the Son of God, and said, "It is impossible." A third fixed on the passage, 1 Cor. VII. 28, as teaching immorality, grounding his argument entirely on the word בעל, which is used in the translation, and which

[1] Isa. XXXII. 2.

the modern Jews always employ in a bad sense. A boy belonging to the hotel, seemed considerably interested in the visits of these Jews, and at last told us that he was himself a baptized Jew. He had lived for some time in a Greek convent, along with five other converts, to get instruction, but both he and his companious were disgusted with the superstition and behaviour of the monks.

This was an interesting day. In the evening, we bade adieu to the Consul, and setting off at nine o'clock, left Jassy far behind.

When we woke up in the morning (Sept. 21), we were passing through a fine wooded valley, adorned with pleasant villages. On the left stood a romantic-looking church; and at a row of houses by the road-side, we heard the voice of Jews at prayer, proceeding from a small synagogue, consisting of about ten persons. Over a vast plain we obtained a distant view of Botouchany, with its many glittering spires. Near the entrance stood a large cross, with a full-length figure of the Saviour wearing the crown of thorns. We arrived about eleven o'clock A. M., and by the advice of the English Vice-Consul, Signore Scotto, who greatly assisted us, we determined to take horses direct from this place to a village three hours distant, called Teshawitz, on the Moldavian border, opposite the Austrian quarantine station. We called at the house of a Jew, whom we found willing to lend us horses though it was their Sabbath. He could not send a Jewish servant with them; nor would he either name the hire, or take it, yet he engaged a Gentile to go with us and to be his proxy. He forgot the words, "*nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates.*" This, however, is the genuine result of the hypocrisy taught by the Talmud. Over the door of

his house we notice a framed ornament, with the single word מִזְרָח (mizrach), "THE EAST," in large characters, pointing out the direction in which Jerusalem lies.

Botouchany is a peculiarly clean town, containing 20,000 inhabitants, and having eleven Greek churches. It extends over a great space, and there are gardens and trees interposed, which give it a cheerful aspect. There are from four to five thousand Jews in it. We saw great numbers in their best attire, and they appeared far more cleanly and comfortable than those of Jassy or Bucarest. Their houses also were clean and white-washed, with a small verandah before the windows. The Consul said that they have sixteen synagogues; but we neglected to make inquiry at the Jews themselves.

We enjoyed a pleasant evening ride, and found that three Jewish horses were equal to eight Gentile ones. Our road lay sometimes through deep shady woods, and sometimes through open meadow land. Many herds of swine were feeding in the fields. It was rather a hilly region; but beneath us was a fine plain, beyond which rose the distant Carpathian Mountains in the West. At one point we drove through a long avenue of densely planted willow-trees, till we came to the margin of a broad stream, which we forded. We then descended through a grove of pleasant trees upon the small village of Teshawitz.

The sun was setting upon the peaceful scene, and it was too late to admit of our crossing the river Soutchava, which here forms the Austrian frontier, and getting into quarantine. We therefore took up our lodging for the night in a small inn not far from the river-side, kept by a Jew, named Baruch Ben-Roze; who had erected a booth before his door of the willows that grow by the river-side, the next evening being the beginning of the

Feast of Tabernacles, (סֻכּוֹת, succoth). He afterwards shewed us his palm branch, called *lulab*, and his fine fruit called *ezrach*, (אֶזְרַח[1]), supposed to be the "fruit of a goodly tree," spoken of in the law.[2] It is a fruit like a lemon, and grows to maturity only once in three years. It is brought from Italy and from the Holy Land, and sometimes more than a hundred dollars are paid to obtain one for the feast. This man had paid four rubles for his, a sum equal to £1 Sterling. The Karaites are not so particular; they use an orange, or any fine fruit. The man had also slips of myrtle[3] wrapped in the leaf of the palm. When we entered his house, the Jewish Sabbath was coming to a close. As soon as it was over, the father of the family began to bless the lights,—all which are extinguished on the Sabbath, as the Jews are not allowed to kindle a fire, or even to mend it on that day; and so, when the Sabbath is done, they light their candle and fire anew, and bless God for it. This Jew blessed also the incense and the drink which was to be used, praying over them all. The reason for blessing the incense is to be found in the ancient custom of using incense at the third meal on the Sabbaths. In blessing the lights, he poured out *some rakee* on the table, and set it on fire; then dipped his finger in it, and waved the flaming liquid over his face. This is done to shew that "the commandment of the Lord is pure, giving light to the eyes."

After we had got some refreshment, the family were full of curiosity to see the strangers, especially on hearing that we had seen Jerusalem. The father, mother, an old aunt, two boys, and a little girl, soon gathered round us. The father (our host) talked freely. He hoped, he said, soon to be at Jerusalem himself. The

[1] Psa. xxxvii. 35. [2] Lev. xxiii. 40. [3] Neh. viii. 15.

mother asked if we had seen the remains of the old Temple wall? We described to her what we had seen; and then took out a plan of Jérusalem, and pointed out to the boy the various interesting places in and about the city which we had visited; and shewed them some of the sketches we had taken. One of them was very ready in shewing his acquaintance with Jewish history; and both became more and more free with us, wondering much at our interest in the Jews. "Do you wear *Tephillin?*" asked one. "How many commandments do you keep?" said another. Our answer was, "The commandments which you as well as we ought to keep are two, 'Thou shalt serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart; and, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'" The boy who had shewed considerable knowledge of Jewish history then asked, "Why we travelled on Sabbath?" for they were still persuaded that we were Jews. We told him we were to keep our own Sabbath next day. But he, still believing that we were brethren, said, "They have not broken our Sabbath; they did not work to-day; a Gentile drove their carriage, and had any thing been broken he would have mended it." The mother then put in a word, asking if we had heard a prediction which some Jew told them was uttered at Jerusalem, that, next year, in the month of March, a great cloud was to burst and pour out a flood that would drown the world? We said that we had not heard it, and that it must be false; for God promised to Noah never to drown the world any more by a flood. "But," said she, "after the cloud has done this, the earth is to be restored again." We opened the Hebrew Bible at the passage in Daniel, where Messiah is described as "coming with *the clouds of heaven;*" and shewed it to the father, who read it, and said, "Perhaps that was the source of the

prediction." The little girl, whose name was Esther, stood near Mr Bonar, behind the rest. Speaking of her name as the name of a Jewish queen, he asked her if she knew much of the Bible? She said that her mother had taught her all she knew, for she had not read the Bible herself. "I know about Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph." He asked her to go on, but she said, "I do not know more." He asked her what she knew about God? "God," said the little girl, "is better than all; better than father or mother, a hundred, hundred times. And if I were ill, my father or mother cannot help me, but God can." We told her that she ought to love Him indeed; for He had so loved us as to send his Son to save us. We asked, "Where is God?" She pointed upwards, "There." "But is he nowhere else?" She pointed round the room, "Yes, here;" and then added, "In my heart too, and everywhere." We asked her if she knew that she was a sinner? She said, "*I have no sin.*" Her mother taught her this, on the ground of her being a daughter of Abraham. We spoke to her of what the Bible declared regarding her sin and danger. No wonder Jewish females are "*at ease,*" and "*careless ones,*"[1] when they are taught to believe that they have no sin! On getting from us a shell from the Lake of Galilee, she expressed great delight, and said that she would wear it round her neck. The father then brought out a collection-box, which he kept in his own house, for the Jews of Palestine; and another for a particular rabbi, a friend, who had gone there. He next shewed us a lump of earth, which he had brought from a rabbi's grave,—a rabbi to whom he used to go to get absolution, and whom he greatly loved. The mother asked us if we could tell any thing about the rabbi in Russia

[1] Isa. xxxii. 11.

whom the Emperor had imprisoned, and wondered why he had been imprisoned. "It cannot be for his own sins, for he had none; it must be for the sins of the people of Israel." How strange the ideas that float in the minds of the people of Israel! Their knowledge consists of fragments of truth, and these all tinctured by superstition. They own the principle of substitution, and yet apply it wrong,—they apply it to a rabbi; forgetting the Psalm where it is said, "*None of them can by any means redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom for him.*"[1] The boy wondered why God punished the devil for doing evil, since (according to the Jewish belief) he made the devil *as he is*. We shewed him that his opinion was erroneous; for God created him a holy angel. But the boy persisted in his own view; and with true rabbinical acumen said, "He supposed that God punished the devil *for being a hypocrite*, for the devil never tempts any one to sin directly, but always says, 'You will get this or that by doing what I propose.'" The father told us that he had been in great doubts about continuing to be an innkeeper, as it often interfered with his observance of the Sabbath; but his rabbi, whom he consulted, told him not to give it up; for if he was in danger of sinning in that way, he made up for the sin by helping poor Jews across the frontier, and assisting them when they did not know the Russian and Wallachian languages. Jesuitical casuistry is as much a feature of Judaism as of Popery! Both systems have one author, and are pervaded by the same spirit of deceit. After we had separated for the night, the Jew overhearing us singing the psalm together at our evening worship, asked Mr Calman what we had been doing. On being told that we were worshipping

[1] Psa. xlix. 7.

God together before retiring to rest, he was greatly surprised.

(Sept. 22.) We spent the Sabbath forenoon in a calm, retired spot by the river Soutchava, which flows in front of the house, among alders and willows, which grow on either bank. Herds of cattle were feeding not far off, and two or three white-washed cottages looked down on us from the opposite side. An Austrian soldier on guard, pacing to and fro upon the northern bank, was the only human being in view.

Towards evening, finding that there was no rest for us in the inn, we resolved to pass the river and enter into the quarantine. Accordingly, we crossed at the ford, entered the Austrian frontier, and, under the guard of a soldier, were in half an hour lodged in the quarantine station called Bossanze. We passed a neat wooden church, with its ornamented crosses, but could see no marks of the day of rest: we spent the evening, however, in quietness and peace, and tried to sing the Lord's song in a strange land. We had now entered another of the kingdoms of this world where Satan has his seat, till the time when it shall become the kingdom of our God and of his Christ.

And now looking back over these two provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, it is impossible not to feel their vast importance and inviting aspect as the scene of a Jewish Mission.

I. The number of resident Jews is very great. In the two capitals there are probably from 25,000 to 30,000, and perhaps as many more in the other towns. So that there is a very extensive field for the labours of a Missionary.

II. But farther, the fields are also "white unto the

harvest." The Jews are in a most interesting state of mind. The greater part of them are very ignorant. We learned that among the many thousands of Jassy, there were only a few who could understand Hebrew grammatically, and in their schools we have seen that even the teachers could not translate the prayers in the Hebrew prayer-book. In this state of things, the Secret Society of Galicia above noticed, whose object is to undermine the authority of the Talmud and the whole fabric of superstitious Judaism, are casting their firebrands among the young Jews of these provinces. Many have had their confidence in the Talmud completely shaken, and are standing in this critical situation, that they are ripe for the teacher of infidelity or for the messenger of the Gospel. Surely, then, it is the duty of the Christian Church to step in and offer them the truth as it is in Jesus in the room of their old superstition, of which so many are weary.

III. There is reason to hope that the Jewish Missionary may carry on his work without hinderance. There is a British Consul-General in each of the capitals, and Vice-Consuls in the most important towns, who would protect and countenance a Missionary from our Church. If a conscientious Missionary felt it to be consistent with duty to refrain from any direct attempt at the conversion of the Greek population, and to spend all his energies in seeking the lost sheep of the house of Israel, it seems probable that his labours would not be interrupted by the Government. In the happy event of the light beginning to spread indirectly from the Jews to the natives, the eager jealousy of the priesthood would doubtless be awakened, and persecution might be expected. But these are dangers attending the success of the gospel in every country, and every age; the cause

of a triumphant gospel has ever been through much tribulation; and it is our part to move forward in the path of duty, leaving future events in the hand of God. Vast and ripe unto harvest as these fields are, at the date of our visit no reaper had ever put in his sickle. The Prince of Moldavia needed to ask what our object was in traversing his dominions, for no Missionary had ever carried there the words of eternal life.[1] And many of the Jews would not believe that we were really Christians, because they had never before seen *a Christian who loved the Jews.*

IV. Another point of great importance is, that it is believed that inquirers and converts could support themselves. Every Jew who arrives in these provinces, is obliged to bring with him a certificate that he is able to earn a livelihood by some trade. We have seen that all the necessaries of life are remarkably cheap, and that the resources of commerce are far from being fully occupied, so that an anxious Jew might easily support himself even when cast off by his brethren in the flesh. Workmen are employed irrespectively of their creed, and many Jews, who have been baptized into the Greek Church, found no difference in their means of living. In this way, one of the greatest difficulties experienced by the Jewish Missionary in other countries is removed.

V. Moreover, these provinces border upon Austrian Poland, that land of bigotry and the shadow of death, across whose boundary no traveller dares to carry, except by stealth, even an English Bible. If the Moldavian Jews received the light of the glorious gospel, they might, by means of their constant intercourse with the

1 A labourer from the London Society has lately been stationed at Bucarest; and the Rev. Daniel Edward, accompanied by Mr Hermann Philip, a converted Jew, has been sent out by our Church, and stationed at Jassy.

people, scatter some beams into that dark region where the feet of the gospel messenger cannot go.

Here, then, are probably 60,000 Jews,—many of them sunk in ignorance, many of them relaxing their grasp of old superstitions, and not yet fallen into infidelity, not a few shewing friendly dispositions to such Christians as have gone to them in the spirit of the gospel of peace, and some eagerly asking to be shewn what the faith of Jesus is. Who can deny that a peculiarly inviting region is here set before the Christian Church —"an open valley full of bones, very many, and very dry,"—into which she may send men of the same spirit as Ezekiel, who may cry, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live?"

CHAPTER IV.

AUSTRIAN POLAND.

"Behold, they say, Our bones are dried, and our hope is lost; we are cut off for our parts."—EZEK. XXXVII. 11.

THE Austrian quarantine at *Bossanze*, in which we were to remain five days, was pleasant and healthy. It stands on high ground, having gardens and white-washed cottages in view, and looks down upon a fine district of country called Bukovine. The town of Soutchava is about an hour distant. A Hungarian in the quarantine spoke Latin with us. His pronunciation differed little from ours, but he seemed to attach a peculiar meaning to several Latin words. Thus, using "*dignatur*" in the sense of "*is named*," he said, "Hæc regio *dignatur* Bukovina." The doctor, too, spoke Latin with us, and was very attentive to our comfort, after we had undergone the process of fumigation. Indeed, all the attendants were remarkably civil and polite. Our books were all examined, but none taken from us.

This was the third time we had undergone quarantine since leaving Jerusalem, and it was by far the most agreeable. We spent the five days in making up our journals, and writing home; and were glad also to get

a little leisure for reading and study. The doctor often came in, and expressed his surprise at our diligence. In the evenings we always enjoyed a walk within the enclosures of our wooden prison. We now also chalked out our future route as far as we could see before us. We proposed to proceed by Czernowitz,[1] Tarnapol, Brody, Lemberg, and so out of Austria to Cracow.

On the morning of Sept. 27 we left our quarantine in one of the *briscas* or covered cars of the country, and soon reached the pleasant town of Soutchava, with eight glittering steeples and a castle in ruins, and a considerable population of Greeks, Roman Catholics, and Armenians. Its situation is fine, on the high rugged bank of a stream that flows past, amidst trees of all varieties. The houses are white-washed, which gives them a clean appearance, and the tiles are all of wood. Half of the town is occupied by Armenians, who deal chiefly in cattle. The Jews here deal much in grain, and many of them are rich and respectable. While waiting for the signing of our passports, we spoke to several of them on the street. They told us that there are 200 families here, and that a school to which they pointed, where German and Latin are taught, was attended by many Jewish children. They expect Messiah and their restoration to their own land. They asked if we were Roman Catholics, and on being told that we were not, and that we came from Britain, they asked if we were Calvinists, which we at once declared we were; and then referring to their Feast of Tabernacles, and the booths that were before their houses, we told them how *God tabernacled among men* in the flesh for us. When we were entering the carriage, one of them came up and eagerly asked, "How far we were to travel that

1 Pronounced Tchernovitz.

day?" The object of the question was to ascertain by our answer whether or not we were really Christians, for, as we so often found, they were not accustomed to be kindly spoken to by any who were not of their own nation. We told them how far we were going, and on ascertaining that we must travel after six that evening, when the Jewish Sabbath commences, one of them shook his head, and said to the rest, that "we were not Jews." We left a Hebrew tract with them—one of the few which we were to have it in our power to leave in the Austrian dominions.

On leaving the town, our road passed between fences of basket-work, curiously defended from the rain by a coping of the same. The road was macadamized, and in excellent condition; the cottages were more comfortable than those of Moldavia, and the aspect of the country was more civilized. Plum and apple trees were plentiful in the gardens. We saw several country churches, somewhat resembling the quiet parish churches of Scotland, and came to a bridge of wood, covered over like a pent-house from end to end, the toll of which, as is the case with most of the tolls of that country, was kept by a Jew. Jews are always to be found like Matthew, "sitting at the receipt of custom."

The road after this for three hours ran in a straight line, through a fine meadow, sometimes rising gently, sometimes nearly a plain, with the thickly-wooded range of the Carpathians on our left bounding the scene. The fields were fragrant, with beautiful autumn crocuses. Two pretty straggling villages situated on a hillside, and a Jewish inn, in front of which were the booths for the feast, were the only objects of the least interest for several miles. We passed another toll kept by a Jew, and were reminded of home by seeing the country-people

cutting down a field of oats with the scythe; a little farther on, they were gathering potatoes, and there were occasionally fields of hops. About two o'clock, we descended upon the neat town of Seret, standing upon the river of the same name, which we had crossed twice in Moldavia. There are barracks here, and we now began to be familiar with the blue uniform of the Austrian soldiers, and the dark green of their officers, with the ornament of the eagle spreading its wings upward. In the inn where we rested, many were coming and going, and we had a painful view of the immoral state of the people. When they heard that we were English, they said, "Ah, they have the same noses and eyes that we have!" Many were intoxicated; and one old man came up to us, and made a long apology, stating that the funeral of a wealthy resident had taken place that day, which had occasioned the revelry, and hoping that we would not carry away an unfavourable report, as if Austrians were generally given to this vice.

On entering the town, we had met many Jews in their best dress and holiday fur-cap, and observed a company of them dancing at a public-house. We now engaged in conversation with two of them, and one young man became very communicative, kindly consenting to be our guide through the town. There are 300 families of Jews residing here, and they have two synagogues, and three places of study or *Beth-midrash*. The largest synagogue, a building of considerable size, was shut; but we entered the other, and there two young men began an interesting conversation. They asked if we were Jews; we said, No, we were Christians. They replied, "Perhaps you are Jews also," and shook hands smiling. The Jews here expected Messiah that year, or else some great event. They told us of a remarkable

rabbi, Haiim, at Chosow, eight miles distant, to whom many thousands of Jews go in pilgrimage at the time of the Feast of Tabernacles. They enjoy more liberty in Bukovine than in Galicia; for in the latter province there is a tax on *lights*, which becomes very severe on the Jews who use so many candles on the Sabbath. On asking if there was much infidelity here, they told us that all were Talmudists, except three Epicuruses—probably members of the Tarnapol Society. In the synagogue where we were standing, were several copies both of the Talmud and Mishna, but only a few fragments of the Hebrew Bible were to be found in the library. The young men scarcely knew a word of the Scriptures, and when Mr Calman shewed them what a different spirit breathed in the Bible from that of the Talmud, they defended the Talmud and the rabbies. One singular defence of their rabbies was taken from Deuteronomy, "And thou shalt love *also* the Lord thy God," &c.[1] For they argued that אֵת (eth) meant "*also*" in this passage; "And why does it say '*also?*' Who else is to be loved with all our heart? It must be *the rabbies.*" Mr C. shewed them that they were thus blasphemously putting the rabbies *before God;* pointed out to them their ignorance of the Hebrew language in regard to אֵת; and pressed them to study their language grammatically;—for it is true, to an incalculable extent, that Talmudism would fall to the ground if the grammatical Hebrew was understood. It would have the same effect on the votaries of the Talmud, that instruction in the sciences has upon the blinded followers of Hindooism. On pressing the young men with the want of sacrifices among the Jews, they urged, that repeating the passages where sacrifices are commanded is as good

1 Deut. vi. 5.

as sacrifice, and quoted Hosea XIV. 2, "Take with you *words*, so shall we render *the calves of our lips*." They did not perceive that the prophet describes Israel as both pouring out the words of confession, and also returning to the blood of the great sacrifice. They listened, however, when we opened Isaiah LIII, and spoke of Him by "whose stripes we are healed," but turned aside its force by saying, "There is a Messiah who suffers for his people in every generation," referring to such cases as that of the Russian rabbi, of whom we had heard, who was suffering imprisonment. When Mr Calman told them that he believed in Jesus (יֵשׁוּעַ), they did not understand who or what this meant. But when he explained, and shewed them that he was "*a Christian*," they started back, and with an air of doubt and fear said, "And do you still love the Jews?" He replied, "Yes, indeed, I love the Jews still with all my heart." And thus we parted.

Crossing the Seret, we continued our journey along a road straight as an arrow. The gentle hills on either hand were well wooded, the plain well cultivated, and the roads excellent, as they are in all the Austrian dominions. A full moon enlightened our way to Czernowitz, which we reached at ten o'clock, and found shelter for the night in a very tolerable inn.

(Sept. 28.) Czernowitz is a pleasant town, with streets wide, well aired, and clean. The houses are generally two or three stories high, and there are barracks and other public buildings. Most of the names over the shops were Polish. The market-place is a wide square, having one side lined with stalls or moveable shops, like sentry-boxes; and, in the middle, a large Cross, with a statue of the Virgin sitting at the foot of it, holding in her arms the dead body of the Saviour,

her head adorned with twelve stars, and two angels at her side. A broad street leads from the market-place down a steep descent, from the top of which is seen the river Pruth winding through the plain below, with a village on the opposite side of the bank, called Satagora, in which many Jews reside. In this street again there is a figure of the Saviour on the Cross, and the Virgin standing beneath it, with a sword piercing her heart, in reference to Luke II. 35. The situation of the town is fine and salubrious, on the top of a considerable elevation, looking down on the neighbouring river, and surrounded with fertile plains on all sides.

There are 3000 Jews here, with eight synagogues, only three of which are large. These three we visited, being all under the roof of one large edifice. The congregation were engaged in worship when we entered, but seemed to have little feeling of devotion, for a group soon gathered round each of us at different parts of of the synagogue. On saying to those round us, "We have been at Jerusalem," they were immediately interested, and asked "Are the Jews there like the Jews here?" We said, "They were, but all could speak Hebrew." They said, "None here can speak Hebrew except the rabbi." "Do you expect ever to return to your own land?" "We hope for that every day." We said, "We Christians are looking for the second coming of Messiah every day." They replied, "What Messiah? is it Messiah ben-Joseph?" This led us to tell of the only Saviour, "who is exalted to give repentance unto Israel and remission of sins." We told them how Christians in our land loved the Jews. Their reply was, "Here they do not love the Jews." This took place in the largest synagogue. In the other two, which belonged to the Chasidim, the worshippers were much more in-

tent upon their prayers, and more loud and vehement in their cries. When we were leaving, one of them came after us to ask, "How much of the temple-wall at Jerusalem was still standing, how high and how broad it was?" The same Jew asked if we had seen Hebron, and if the cave of Machpelah was known?

The Jews here are very ignorant. Their young people are not taught to understand the Hebrew, but only to read it; though many send their children to the public academies where Latin and German are taught. Some have given up their belief in the Talmud; and many are so careless that they come to the synagogue only on the Day of Atonement. The Jew who acted as our guide through the town (for we purposely employed a Jew on all such occasions), said, that he believed the Old Testament Scriptures, but did not believe in a Messiah at all. The truth is, that many of them are so entirely ignorant of Scripture, that they fancy the doctrine of a Messiah to be one of the traditions of their rabbies, and not a promise of Moses and the prophets. The sight of Israel in this region cannot fail to sadden the heart of those that love them. "Behold, they say, Our bones are dried, our hope is lost!"

We left the town in the forenoon, in an excellent vehicle, resembling an English hackney-coach with springs, belonging to the innkeeper, who also furnished a man and horses to carry us to Tarnapol. Passing some prisoners at work in chains, we soon crossed the Pruth by a long wooden bridge, and looking back, got a pleasant view of the town on the height, surrounded with willows and poplars. The banks of the river also were plentifully clothed with willows. The fields were flat, but appeared fertile. Many of them clothed with the plant called *retsky*, which has a stalk

of a fine reddish-brown, tinging the face of the country in a beautiful manner. The toll-bars on the road are all after one pattern, consisting of a long beam stretching from side to side, one end of which is made to rise upwards at the approach of a carriage, by means of a heavy weight at the other extremity. We were, however, painfully reminded, notwithstanding all the outward fertility, that we were now in "a land of graven images." by the many tall crosses and representations of the Virgin by the way-side.

We rested the horses at a village called Gertsman, surrounded with trees, and near a small lake. In a large grassy area which forms the market-place, stood a cross with all its accompaniments, the nails and hammer, the ladder, the spear, and sponge; and near this, under a shed, was an image of a saint holding the infant Jesus in his arms. Surely the people of this land have the same mark as the inhabitants of ancient Babylon, "They are mad upon their idols!"[1] We found only one Jewish family here, and so careless were they that the boy with whom we conversed had no *tsitsith*, and scarcely knew what the name of Messiah meant.

After leaving this village the country was tame and uninteresting, with few trees to refresh the eye. Crosses and images, however, appeared every now and then. We saw also at every village or cluster of houses, indications of the sojourn of some of the scattered sheep of the house of Israel, in the *succoth* or booths erected for the Feast of Tabernacles beside the cottage-door.

About half-past five, we began to descend into a glen, between two hills of considerable elevation, the sides of which were covered with brushwood. As we drew near the mouth of this pass, the spires of Zalesky, shining

[1] Jer. L. 38.

in the evening sun, appeared through the tall poplars and elms in which the town is embosomed. Before reaching it, a bridge of boats carries you across the river Dniester, deep and rapid, separating the province of Bukovine from that of Galicia, which forms part of Austrian Poland. We rested in the town for a few hours, and found it as pleasant as it appeared to be from a distance. The hills through which we had passed form a high barrier on the south, overhanging the town. Their sides covered with shaggy wood, and the impetuous river that sweeps their base, add much to the beauty of the scene. At the entrance of Zalesky, a handsome mansion, surrounded with pleasant gardens, attracts observation. The Jews told us that this is the residence of a rich Galician, Baron Brownowitsh, a Jew baptized into the Roman Catholic Church. His father and brethren have been also baptized, and about twenty Jews, all of the wealthier classes, have followed their example. It is to be feared that worldly advancement formed the leading motives for their change, and even were the motive purer, what is there to comfort the hearts of those who love Israel in conversions from Judaism to Popery? The Baron is still very kind to his Jewish brethren, and has ample opportunity; for the whole of this town, and twenty other villages, are his property.

There are 3000 Jews here. Their largest synagogue, however, is neglected and dirty, and the service was gone over in a hasty and irreverent manner. We noticed here, what we had seen in some other places, several Passover cakes (*the Aphikumen*) hung up in the synagogue, as a charm against fire, theft, or accident. Here, too, the *Eruv*, or string, is stretched from house to house, to make Zalesky a walled town. One of the

windows of the synagogue had been glazed by the society that buries the dead, called חברה קדושה (habrah kedoshah); and their name was on the stained glass. Many of the Jews to whom we spoke were careless and worldly, and one of them told us of seven German families who never attend the synagogue. We left this place before it was quite dark, and pressed on through a flat and dreary country, over which the autumn wind swept cold and sharp. By half-past ten we reached a pleasant village called Jaglinsky, having a good Polish Inn, or, in the language of the country, "*Hartsmi.*" The inmates were all fast asleep, but after much knocking, we found admission, and were hospitably entertained by the *gospadina*, or hostess.

(Sept. 29.) The Sabbath dawned sweetly upon this retired Polish village. It was one of some extent, stretching up the sides of a deep hollow. On one of the heights stood the principal church, and on the opposite bank a fort and barracks. Crosses of all kinds and sizes were planted at every approach to the village, and in the church-yard every grave had one. Early in the morning all the servants of our khan, clothed in their best attire, set off for church; and we followed after them, in order to witness the service. On our way we heard the sound of music proceeding from a cottage, and Mr Calman, thinking that it was a Jewish marriage, entered, when two young women immediately fell at his feet and kissed his boots, thanking him for the honour he had done them in entering their house. It was a Christian marriage. The church was elegantly fitted up, and the walls were painted all over with figures of saints and madonnas. During the service one poor woman came in, and, with many genuflexions, presented three pictures, one of a madonna, the two others of saints.

The audience was scanty, consisting of five or six young people and a few old men and women, all kneeling on the open floor. All, as they entered or retired, first kissed an image of the Saviour that stood in the porch, and then bowed down and kissed the cold floor. The singing and organ were tolerable, but there was no food for the soul.

We then visited the country church, in the suburbs, built entirely of wood. It was crowded to the door, and many who could not get in, had taken their places by the wall, kneeling and crossing themselves as they listened to the service through the seams of the wooden walls. Within the church, the women occupied the end nearest the door, and the men, who formed the greater proportion, stood nearer the altar. All present were plain rustic people, of uncouth appearance and ungainly figures; the men wearing a surtout of sheep-skin, the wool turned inside, the women a cap with a white kerchief tied over it. Lighted candles glared from the altar, and many of the women held tapers in their hands. At one part of the prayer all knelt except ourselves, and then rose. A plate went round for collecting money, and each gave something. Several pictures, miserably executed, hung upon the walls; among which was one of the Saviour, quite hid by the multitude of flowers that had been thrown upon it by the devout worshippers, and another of the Virgin Mary, decorated with strings of beads suspended round it by her grateful votaries. But the most offensive object of all, was an old diminutive figure of the Saviour on the Cross, standing near the door. This was kissed by most of those who came in, after they had dipped their hands in a vessel of holy water that stood by. Some kissed it on the feet, some under the feet, some more devout lay down and

kissed the floor beneath it. The sight of this simple superstition, over which was spread an air of apparent solemnity on the part of the rough peasants, was really affecting. We contrasted the realms of Popery with our own happy Scotland; and if any thing could stir up a Scottish Presbyterian to a sense of the greatness of his privileges, it is a sight like this, where ignorance and superstition are leading souls to hell, in peaceful, unresisting quietness! The priest was a respectable-looking man, much above his parishioners in point of culture. Oh that God would raise up another Martin Boos in this region of gross darkness, to proclaim the glad tidings of righteousness by the obedience of One!

We spent the forenoon together in the study of the Scriptures and social prayer, and about sunset resolved to visit the Jews, who met that evening to celebrate "*the Joy of the Law*," (שִׂמְחַת־תּוֹרָה, simhath torah). It was the commencement of that day which is called in John, "*the last day, that great day of the feast.*"[1] We prayed that we might have an opportunity of proclaiming to them the words of Jesus, "If any man thirst let him come to me and drink," and our desire was granted. On our way through the village we noticed that the peasants took off their hats a long way before they met us,—not, however, with the cheerful air of a free-born Briton, but with a sullen servile look, the result of well-remembered oppression; for the Polish Barons used to keep the peasantry in real slavery, and the want of a middle class in Poland who might link rich and poor together, has perpetuated the system. Passing the cottage where the marriage had been in the morning, we saw a large company on the green before the door, dancing to the sound of the violin and

[1] John vii. 37.

tabret. They have no joys but those of earth, and the Sabbath is their chief day of gaiety and mirth.

The Jews have three synagogues here, the best of which is a high and spacious building. On asking a Jewish boy if the building before us was the synagogue of the *Chasidim*, he replied, "No, it is the synagogue of the *prostakis*," that is, "the common people." He used the word as a term of reproach; for the spirit of the old Pharisees remains in the heart of Israel, and they say still, "Stand by thyself, come not near to me, for I am holier than thou."[1] Entering the large synagogue, we got into conversation with several Jews, while the congregation was assembling. We spoke to them of the way of a sinner's pardon; and on our saying that their *Cipporah*[2] was the only remnant they had of sacrifice, one of them replied, "That they did not offer the cock and hen as a sacrifice, for prayer now stood in the place of all sacrifices." How truly are Israel abiding "without a sacrifice,"[3] when the only appearance of a sacrifice that anywhere meets the eye, in the thousand ceremonies of Judaism, is totally disclaimed as such by themselves? We spoke on Isaiah LIII, and the office of Messiah "to give repentance to Israel and remission of sins." Several were attracted to us when they heard us speak of having seen Jerusalem, and of our love to the house of Israel. When we told them that in Scotland, true Christians keep the Christian Sabbath as strictly as the Jews do theirs, never travelling nor doing any work, but reading the Bible, and worshipping God in public and private, they were astonished, and did not seem to believe it. At length one of them made his way round to the spot where Mr Calman was speaking in the midst of an-

[1] Isa. LXV. 5. [2] See p. 204. [3] Hos. III. 4.

other group, and put the question to him if it were really so? The man then came back and told his brethren that it was true, and all seemed greatly pleased. Some boys read to us a portion of the Law, beginning, "Thou shall love the Lord thy God," which started another conversation; and when we hesitated not to use the words, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one Lord," telling them of our belief in the ONE God, His wondrous nature, and His becoming incarnate, they stood listening with great attention, and one asked, "Were you *born* Christians?" On leaving them, we went to the synagogue of the Chasidim. There we were kindly brought forward to a convenient place for seeing the procession in honour of the law, which was about to take place. Several Jews were very friendly, and anxious to hear about Jerusalem. One began to speak of the oppression of their nation, which is felt here in the taxes laid on meat and lights, for they pay nearly half a *zwanzig* for a candle,—a heavy burden on them who use so many every week.[1] We told them how different was the feeling toward Israel in our country; for true Christians in Scotland and England loved the Jews, and Messiah enjoined us to bear a special love to them. We then read together some of their prayers, which they asked us to translate into German. After this, we had opportunity of telling how Jesus, at the very feast which they were celebrating, stood in the Temple and invited sinners to come to him.

At length, the service began. The room by this time was crowded to excess; and the glare and heat of the large candles became very unpleasant. After

1 These taxes imposed peculiarly on Israel reminded us of Lam. v. 4, 5, "We have drunken our water for money; our wood is sold unto us. Our necks are under persecution; we labour, and have no rest."

a short prayer, the persons were called up who were to engage in the procession, to each of whom was entrusted a roll of the Law, which he carried in his arms. They are called up according to the alphabetical order of their names, he who presides using these words as he names each, תֵּן כָּבוֹד לְתוֹרָה (ten kavod letorah), "Give honour to the Law." The first company being thus called up and arranged, and all the copies of the *Torah* in the ark being placed in their hands, the old

rabbi began the dance. The signal for commencing was given (somewhat profanely) in the words of Exodus, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."[1] Immediately they began to move slowly round the synagogue, all present chanting a prayer. Soon the singing became louder, and the movements of the worshippers more rapid. They clapped their hands, shouted, and finally danced with all their might, dandling the roll of the *Law* in their arms. The old grey-

[1] Exod. xiv. 15.

haired rabbi danced with the most vehement gestures, while all sung, leaped and clapped their hands, till the whole synagogue was one scene of indescribable confusion. When one company had danced till they were weary, others were called up to form a second, until all the members of the synagogue had shared in it. Such is a specimen of "*the procession of the Law*" (תקופת תורה, tekuphath Torah), intended to give honour to the Word of the Living God. But the chief joy is reserved for the morrow. What a caricature is this on David's "dancing before the Lord with all his might!" and what a contrast to David's calm delight in the word of God, "O how love I thy law, it is my meditation all the day." A religious service more silly or childish could scarcely be imagined. We were again reminded of the sure word of prophecy, "I will give children to be their princes, and babes shall rule over them."[1]

When all was over, the rabbi sent to say that he wished to speak with us. We accordingly went into his house, "which joined hard to the synagogue,"[2] and which was immediately filled to overflow with Jews, all intensely anxious to see the Christians who had been at Jerusalem, and were interested in their welfare. When we had answered several questions as to the condition of their brethren in Palestine, Mr Calman seized the valuable opportunity, and beginning with a reference to the principles of the Chasidim, who profess to do every thing out of pure, disinterested love to God, shewed them, with much affection, what Jehovah had done to awaken our love toward himself in the great gift of his beloved Son. We then parted from them in a most friendly manner, and returned to our inn. How affecting is such a visit to Israel! "The priests

[1] Isa. iii. 4. [2] Acts xviii. 7.

said not, Where is the Lord? and *they that handle the law* knew me not."[1] Soon may a better day dawn on Zion, when the promise shall be realized, "I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you *with knowledge and understanding!*"[2]

(Sept. 30.) Leaving our pleasant *hartsmi*, we swept through the vale and village of Jaglinsky. The morning was clear and fine, but much colder than we had yet experienced. We travelled due north through a vast plain country, where all the crops had been gathered in except the *retsky*. The highway was straight as a railroad, so that we could see before us for several miles —a dreary prospect to a traveller on foot. We came down upon the large but dull village of Zadcow, where our attention was attracted by a church-yard planted with black crosses as thickly as a grove, and by a large cross at the entrance ornamented with human skulls and bones. Indeed, it is not uncommon in Poland to see the crosses decorated with human skulls and bones, in order that they may more deeply affect the poor blinded worshippers. Here it was discovered that one of our horses needed a shoe, and as the Polish smith proved to be slow at the use of the hammer, we had opportunity to wander about the place. The *Eruv* and the *booths*, at many cottage-doors, informed us that some of the seed of Abraham had found a refuge here; and we spoke to two or three on the road, who told us that there are 300 Jewish families in this place. All the peasants, and even the women, wore sheepskin, to keep out the keen north wind.

We travelled on through some fine woods of elm, oak, ash, and most of all birch. The villages on the way-

[1] Jer. II. 8. [2] Jer. III. 15.

side are at wide intervals from each other, yet all of the same character, tame and uninteresting. The churches are often picturesque, especially the old wooden ones: the belfry, too, is peculiar, being generally a building distinct from the church, or sometimes an archway over the entrance to the church-yard. Yet these bring no sweet associations of a preached gospel and holy communion seasons.

The next large village was Copochinsky, clean and thriving, with its church, crosses, and images. One image especially attracted our attention, standing in a shed in the market-place,—the uncouth figure of a friar carrying the child Jesus in his arms. After this we passed two very poor villages, the first of which appeared to be altogether Jewish. The country now became bare indeed, though all under cultivation, till we came down upon Trembowla, a pleasant town on the banks of the Seret, having the ruins of an old castle overhanging it, and a square fortress at some distance. It has two very handsome churches and one of the large high Polish synagogues, built of wood, but going rapidly to decay. We met several Jews, who told us that there are 1500 of their brethren here, and that their synagogue is 120 years old. They listened to us when we testified of Messiah's atonement for sin.

North of Trembowla the country began to improve. We entered a fine valley, watered by the same stream which runs through the town. The fields on either side were fruitful, and almost entirely covered with hemp. At the upper end of the vale was a placid lake, out of which the stream issued. The hills were well wooded, and some pleasant cottages overhung the lake.

Ascending the higher ground, we drove through woods

of beech and elm, and then through an avenue of poplars, and came to Gulonitsky, a village having a splendid church with three pointed spires, and an elegant mansion, which we understood to be that of the Popish Bishop. Every thing around wore an aspect of neatness and culture, and even the crosses and images were of better workmanship. A peculiar-looking burying-ground on a slight eminence caught our eye as we entered. It had no black crosses, but white upright stones over the graves. We soon discovered that this was the place where the Jews bury their dead. How many souls of Israel have passed away even from this one country village to the judgment-seat of Christ, hardened in the rejection of his gospel, by the surrounding idolatries of the Church of Rome! Shall they not take up the words of their fathers? "The violence done to me and to my flesh be upon Babylon, shall the inhabitants of Zion say; and, My blood upon the inhabitants of Chaldea, shall Jerusalem say."[1]

About sunset we arrived at Tarnapol, one of the finest towns of Austrian Poland, a hundred miles[2] north from Czernowitz. It is of some extent, and finely situated, overlooking an extensive lake on the north-west, out of which flows the Seret, encircling part of the town. The churches and public buildings are large and handsome, and there are thriving Academies. The Jewish burying-ground is on the right hand of the road at the entrance to the town. Many Jews were upon the streets in their best clothes, and many Jewesses, sometimes six or eight in a company, enjoying themselves upon this night of special festivity.

[1] Jer. LI. 35.

[2] Travelling was so cheap here, that the whole expense of this journey was only L. 2.

Putting up our carriage, we set out to visit the synagogue of the New School. The service was not begun, but vast numbers of well-dressed Jews were already assembled, walking up and down in the porch. The females, too, in their richest attire, were occupying their quarter of the synagogue. As for devotion, there was not even the shadow of it to be seen; the synagogue seemed to be regarded as a place of public amusement and display; and the words of the prophet might that night have been rung in the ears of the daughters of Zion, "Tremble, ye women that are at ease; be troubled, ye careless ones."[1] Three Jewish soldiers, in Austrian uniform, were among the crowd that waited for the opening of the doors; and several Jewish boys shewed their courtesy to strangers by offering to take us to a seat. They could talk Latin, having attended the Academy, and seemed not a little proud of being able to make use of a learned tongue. The synagogue was at length opened. It was a commodious and elegant apartment with galleries for the women, handsomely painted and illuminated with wax-candles, resembling the fine synagogue at Leghorn, though not equal to it in size. The Jews were very polite, but the service was uninteresting; the company and their dresses seemed to be the principal entertainment.

We left them, and proceeded to a synagogue of the Chasidim. Here were assembled a much poorer class of Jews, who read prayers with all the fervour of devotion. In a little after we entered, they began the procession in honour of the law. A standard-bearer went first, then the rabbi, then six others, each carrying a roll of the law. Upon the standard was embroidered the Austrian eagle, with the words, "I bare you on eagles' wings."[2]

[1] Isa. xxxii. 11. [2] Exod. xix. 4.

From this synagogue we sought our way to the great synagogue of the Rabbinical Jews. We wished to see the joyful procession from the rabbi's house to the synagogue,—a scene of uproar and folly. Several Jews were discharging pistols and fire-works in the open street. The doors of the synagogue were not yet opened, and the crowd in the porch were running to and fro in boisterous mirth. Alas! there was none of Jacob's feelings, "How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." At length, the old rabbi and his friends arrived, with lighted candles and torches carried before them, and a banner, amidst the shouts of the multitude. The doors were thrown open, and the crowd rushed in. The brazen lustres poured forth a flood of dazzling light, revealing a very large old synagogue, with a high vaulted roof. It is about 600 years old, and in style bears a resemblance to some of our least ornamented Gothic churches. The gallery of the females occupied one side of the building, entirely closed from view by a lattice-work. After prayer, thirty-six Jews were called up to give honour to the law, and each was intrusted with one of the rolls out of the ark. The lighted standard, and a flag with a lighted candle on the top of the staff, were carried foremost, then the rabbi, a staid respectable-looking man, with thirty-six bearers of the law, followed after. There was no dance nor extravagant shouting, but a company of young Jews sang many lively airs, often imitating the sound of trumpets and other musical instruments of a military band; the spectators clapping hands while the procession moved seven times round the synagogue. And this is all the joy of the Feast of Tabernacles, which Israel knows now! Where now are the days of Ezra and Nehemiah, when "the joy of the

Lord was their strength"—when "they made booths and sat under the booths, and there was *very great gladness?* Also day by day from the first day unto the last day, he read in the book of the law of God; and they kept the feast seven days, and on the eighth day was *a solemn assembly* according to the manner."[1] Surely "the Lord has caused the solemn feasts to be forgotten in Sion!"[2] It is not thus that Israel shall worship on that approaching day, when "they shall draw water with joy out of the wells of salvation, because the Lord Jehovah is their strength and song."[3] Nor shall it be with our feelings that the believing nations shall in that day look on Israel's holy service, when "they go up from year to year to worship the King, the Lord of Hosts, and to keep the Feast of Tabernacles."[4]

(Oct. 1.) Tarnapol has 15,000 inhabitants, and of these there are 1800 families of Jews, probably more than half the population. The Academy is said to be a very good one; we met some of the students walking in the meadows near the lake, carrying their books upon their head. The Jews spent this day in prayer, on account of the anniversary of the death of Moses.

We visited a synagogue of the Chasidim, in a part of the town where we had not been before. Our entrance caused considerable commotion among the worshippers; their faces assumed an aspect of terror, their chanting was all but silenced, and they whispered anxiously to one another. The reason for their alarm was, that they thought we were officers of the Austrian Government come to spy out their doings, and find a pretext for oppressing them. How truly these words have come to pass, "I will send a faintness into their hearts

[1] Neh. VIII. 17, 18.
[2] Lam. II. 6.
[3] Isa. XII. 3.
[4] Zech. XIV. 16.

in the lands of their enemies, and the sound of a shaken leaf shall chase them; and they shall flee as fleeing from a sword, and they shall fall when none pursueth."[1] Mr Calman soon relieved their fears, and in a little time, we saw the dance in honour of the law renewed with greater vehemence than ever. At first they danced two and two, then three or four all joined hand in hand; they leaped also as well as danced, singing at the same time, and occasionally clapping hands, in a manner that reminded us of the Arab dance and song in the East. A few seemed quite in earnest, with a wild fanatical expression in their countenances, while others were light and merry. One mild, elderly Jew spoke to us, and after listening to what we said regarding Messiah's once offering himself for sin, kept by us all the time, followed us when we left, and shook hands, heartily wishing us God speed on our journey.

We paid a second visit to the Jews of the New School. They were finishing "the procession of the Law" as we entered; for they go through all the ceremonies of the other Jews, although in their heart they despise them. There is great mutual contempt between the Jews of the Old and those of the New School. They told us that the rabbi who founded the New School in Tarnapol had died there that very day, and all the Chasidim were rejoicing at the news. This man had been the means of introducing the new system of education for the Jewish youth of this place, by instituting an Academy where the German, Polish, Latin, and Hebrew languages, as well as many branches of science, are regularly taught. He and his party had such influence with the government, that at first they were empowered to compel all Jewish children to attend the

[1] Lev. xxvi 36.

Academy; but this order was afterwards withdrawn, only they were allowed to put a tax of three *kreutzers* on the oké of meat, for every boy who is not sent. In spite of this, the Rabbinical Jews cling as firmly as ever to their old system, and only 200 children have been sent to the Academy, though there are 3000 Jewish children in Tarnapol. It is not, however, altogether from real attachment to their old system that the majority thus oppose any change; it proceeds in many cases rather from a regard to self-interest, and in some from personal dislike to the present rabbi. It is much to be lamented, that even those who are taught in the schools of the New Synagogue do not acquire a grammatical knowledge of Hebrew, which would be of the greatest importance, as it would enable them to read the Word of God with ease and intelligence. The reason of this is, that they are not allowed to attend the Academy until they have attained a certain age; so that most of those who go to the teacher there have already been taught in some degree by a private instructor, but have not had a solid foundation laid.

We found much difficulty in ascertaining the real opinions of the new synagogue here. To some extent they might be called *infidels*, for they do not make the Bible the foundation of their faith. But they differ widely from the infidel Jews of Germany and France in this, that they have great respect for the Bible, and seem to have cast it off rather from a belief that they can arrive at truth without it, than from any positive dislike. They are still interested in whatever regards the Holy Land, though they do not expect to return to it. Many of them, however, believe, like other infidel Jews, that *political emancipation* is the only Messiah they are to look for. It was the rejection of the Talmud

that led them to reject the Bible also; and yet they retain the rabbinical ceremonies, though they do this chiefly because the Chasidim have accused them of forming a new sect, which the Austrian Government rigorously forbids. It is plain from this fact, that there is little of conscientious belief among them. Self-interest and the favour of the world appear to form their principal rule of life. Several Jews of this class called on us at our lodging, and were exceedingly polite. One said, "The Bible had served its day; there was need of something else now." Another, on being asked why they retained the ceremonies and form of Judaism since they rejected the Talmud, gave this Jesuitical reason, "that, by maintaining their profession, they obtained access to the families of other Jews, and thus had opportunity of quietly diffusing their doctrines, and undermining the prejudices of their brethren." At Odessa, some of their sect have gained the approbation of the Russian Emperor for their schools. Only two have been baptized in Tarnapol, and these were females, who were induced by the prospect of being married into good Roman Catholic families. We spent many hours in discussion with these men. At one time we had five in the room. Mr Calman spoke plainly to them of true Christianity; and Mr M'Cheyne explained and applied Zech. XII. 10, to one interesting Jew who spoke Latin. He said that he was one of about twenty who were able to converse in that language.

In the evening we paid a visit to the chief man of the rabbinical Jews, Rabbi Rapaport, the same of whom we had heard in Jassy as being at the head of the secret Society for undermining Judaism,—considered one of the most learned Jews in the world, both in regard to languages and general knowledge. He received us

politely, but at the same time with somewhat of the stiffness of assumed dignity. He put many questions regarding Palestine, and seemed to be familiar with the events of the day in that country. He inquired as to the progress and success of Ibraim Pasha, and also concerning the visit of Sir Moses Montefiore. We then asked his opinions regarding Messiah; to which he replied very cautiously, "that there was no fixed time for his coming, and that the doctrine of a Messiah was not one of the original articles of the Jewish creed. These (he said) related only to God, the resurrection, and the final judgment of men." One of his attendants spoke out his opinion more fully, saying, "It would have been better if Messiah had never been foretold!"

Later in the evening, a well educated young Jew called on us. Hearing that we had been inquiring about the practicability of instituting schools among the Jews, he came to offer himself as a teacher. He thought himself qualified, having taught in the Academy of the Jesuits in the town. He conversed with us in Latin, always addressing us by the title of "*Dominatio vestra.*" When telling us that he had given up all expectation of the restoration of his people to their own land, and of the coming of Messiah, he used this remarkable expression, "*Despero despero,*" that is, "I have no hope of it," the very term used by the prophet Ezekiel, when he foretold what would be the state of Israel before the breath should enter into them, "Behold, they say, Our bones are dried and *our hope is lost.*"[1] This young man professed still to believe the Bible; and we urged upon him the duty of believing things because God had revealed them, and not because reason suggested them. Nearly one-half of the Jewish population of Tarnapol

[1] Ezek. xxxvii. 11.

have joined the new sect; yet the opposition on the part of the Rabbinical Jews, and especially the Chasidim, is very strong. One example of this is curious.—The new sect made a proposal to form a colony under the sanction of the Government. The Chasidim, in order to counteract this, distributed among the people *charms*, consisting of small pieces of papers on which some mystical Hebrew sentences were written, one of which, as a curiosity, we procured.

We visited the Jewish burying-place, a large plot of ground ornamented with trees near the entrance of the town. It is covered with upright gravestones, some of them 200 years old, having inscriptions generally in good preservation, and some elegant monuments over the Rabbies. The device upon the stone where a *cohen* or priest lies buried, is two hands in the position of one pronouncing the blessing, and below are the words, "*On this wise shall ye bless Israel.*"[1] A cluster of grapes, lighted candles, an eagle, and a gazelle, were some of the other devices. Several of the inscriptions were poetical, but none were interesting. A little boy was buried while we were there. They brought him to the grave bound up in a white shroud, and lying on a bier. A Gentile dug the grave,—it being unlawful for an Israelite to do servile labour on a solemn feast-day. A small pillow was filled with earth, and laid in the grave to be a resting-place for his head. The face was left uncovered, and a loose board laid over the body, to prevent the earth from injuring it when thrown in. The covered board is loose, that the dead may have no trouble in getting out at the resurrection, and sometimes, we were told, they put a staff beside the body to help the person to rise at that day! Before the body

1 Num. vi. 23.

was laid in the grave, the attendants went through a miserable superstition; the friends present bending over him and asking the dead to forgive them if they had injured him in any way during his life, and to forgive his father and grandfather, or any other friend who had done so. We were shewn the grave of a Jewess, who died 200 years ago, named Galla, the daughter of a rabbi, who is said to have lately wrought miracles on diseased persons who prayed at her grave. Sometime ago, she appeared in a dream to several people in town, and told them that she had got this power. Many went to the place, and, according to the story of our guide, were cured. A heap of twigs lay piled up several feet near her gravestone, each one put there by the hand of some grateful Jew or Jewess who had reaped the benefit of a visit to her grave. Our guide assured us that his grandmother had been completely cured of a desperate disease, by coming to pray beside this grave. The prophets of Israel foresaw this feature of Jewish apostacy, "Should not a people seek unto their God? for the living (shall they go) *to the dead?* To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, there is no light in them."[1]

In the cool of evening, we enjoyed a pleasant walk on the banks of the neighbouring lake, and met a company of about thirty Jews, singing together in a joyful mood. There is a better day coming, when, after they have sown in tears, "they shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."[2]

(Oct. 2.) Early this morning we observed the young men attending the gymnasium, on their way to the principal church to be present at morning prayers for half an hour. There were perhaps 300, all marching in re-

[1] Isa. viii. 19, 20. [2] Isa. xxxv. 10.

gular order, with their ushers wearing the dress of the Popish priests. Thus the chains of Popery are riveted on the hearts of the rising generation. Before the door of the church stood an immense cross, with a small picture of Christ near the foot. As the young men retired, many of them approached the cross and kissed the picture, making obeisance before it. What must Israel think when they see the best educated of the Polish youth worshipping an image in the open streets, as well as the blinded peasantry bowing down to the huge crosses and uncouth images of saints, that disfigure the wayside and are crowded round every village,—what can they think in such a land as this, but that Jesus taught his followers to bow down to wood and stone, like the worst of the heathen? Surely, in the skirts of Babylon shall be found, not only the blood of prophets and of saints, but the blood of many a Jew. "As Babylon has caused the slain of Israel to fall, so at Babylon shall fall the slain of all the earth."[1]

Several Jews called and took leave of us in a very kind manner. Before setting out about nine o'clock, a great crowd began to assemble round a house opposite to our lodging. It was the house of rabbi Perl, the great reformer and founder of the New School, who was that day to be buried, and about 500 Jews had met at that early hour to do honour to his remains. We left the town in a Jewish *brisca*, a light waggon without springs, not very comfortable, driven by a bearded Jew, who was not over-steady, for he stopped at the first house of entertainment on the road, and when we asked the reason, said very honestly that he wanted *snaps*,—the common name in that country for strong drink. The day was warm and fine, but the

[1] Jer. LI. 49.

country bare and uninteresting. The crops were all off the ground, except the potatoes, which the peasants were gathering. Sometimes the road was sandy and heavy, sometimes a pleasant wood of oak or birch relieved the weary eye. At one part, a beggar boy seeing us approach bowed to the ground, kissed the dust before us, and then, with clasped hands and imploring look, asked an alms.

About one o'clock, we came to Zalosc, situated, like very many of the small towns of Poland, on the margin of a lake. Here we stopped at a Jewish khan, and partook of "*Mit-tag*," or "midday meal," as it is there called. Pike taken out of the lake was set upon the table, along with some of the remnants of the previous day's repast, at the close of the Feast of Tabernacles. A picture of a famous rabbi, Landau, hung upon the wall, a favourite ornament in all the Jewish houses. We were told that there are 100 families of Jews residing here.

Not far from this is another village called Saretsky, on the margin of a considerable lake. A few Jews were in the streets as we passed through. Images abounded on the road-side, and especially round the village. How long shall it be ere the Lord a second time bring to pass the words written, "Therefore, behold, the days come that I will do judgment upon the graven images of Babylon."[1] At sunset, we came in sight of a prominent eminence, crowned with a beautiful church, and near it a large building in a grove, which we conjectured to be a convent. The name of the place is Potkamin, one of the most sightly villages of this part of the country. Many Jews were walking in the large square or market-place, and the *shomesh* or "beadle" was in the

[1] Jer. li. 47.

act of going round the village, knocking loudly at the door of every Jewish house, to give warning that the hour for worship in the synagogue had arrived. We spoke a few minutes with some of them, who said that there are 300 families of Jews. We told an old man, and a friend who was with him, that we had come from the Holy Land; on hearing which, he asked us, "If we had prayed over the graves of the saints at Jerusalem?"[1] Mr Calman replied, that the Word of God forbade us to do so. But the old man quoted Eccles. IV. 2, "I praised the dead that are already dead more than the living that are yet alive," and confirmed his interpretation of the passage by referring to the Gemara, which says that Solomon prayed to the dead. Mr Calman shewed, that in following the Gemara the Jews were trusting to the *word of man*, which would ruin their souls. Upon which one that stood by replied, "How could we know when a spoon or a pot should be used, if we had not the Gemara?" Mr C. answered, that that kind of knowledge was of no consequence, but the knowledge of our true state before God, as taught in his word, was infinitely important for us all. With another intelligent Jew, under a shed before his shop-door, we had time to converse a little. We told him we came from Scotland, had been in Palestine, and loved the Jews. He spoke freely, and on our saying that he had no atonement for sin to offer, replied, "All that is required is prayer, not sacrifice." We spoke of Messiah coming for the very end of making atonement, and that we looked also for his coming again the second time. He said that all the Jews of that village were Chasidim, and that they were all hoping for Messiah's coming. At this place, instead of the common *Eruv* or string at

[1] See again Isa. VIII. 19.

the entrance of the town, there was a gateway of wood across the street.

Soon after leaving Potkamin, the road became rough and irregular, and in many places was made of soft sand. Darkness came on, and we saw little more till we found ourselves approaching Brody, through an avenue of tall pines. It was late when we arrived at the gate of Brody, but it was opened to us on the ground of our being English travellers, and we were soon comfortably lodged in a respectable inn, kept by a German Jew. The distance from Tarnapol is eight German, or forty English, miles.

(Oct. 3.) At an early hour we were disturbed in a most unceremonious way, by a series of officious Jewish hawkers coming to our chamber, eager to dispose of their goods. First of all the door was pushed open, then a fur-cap and long beard thrust in, while a voice demanded, in German, if we needed knives or combs. No sooner was this visitor gone, than another similar head was thrust in, and a voice asked, if we wished to buy soap. This singular kind of annoyance was repeated by eight similar visitors before we were fully dressed, and we were obliged at last in self-defence to lock the chamber-door.

Brody is situated in the midst of a sandy plain, and is five miles distant from the Russian frontier. So completely level is the country all round, that the distant village of Potkamin is the only object beyond the town which arrests the eye. When a traveller approaches Brody there is no city visible, there being only three spires, and all the houses being hid by the trees of the environs. Its nearness to Russia gives it importance, and increases its trade. There are no more than three Christian churches in the town, two of which are Greek, and one

Roman Catholic, while there are 150 synagogues. The streets in general are tolerably clean, and there is a side pavement entirely of wood. The appearance of the population was certainly the most singular we had witnessed. It seemed wholly a Jewish city; and the few Gentiles who appeared here and there were quite lost in the crowd of Jews. Jewish boys and girls were playing in the streets; and Jewish maid-servants carrying messages: Jewish women were the only females to be seen at the doors and windows; and Jewish merchants filled the market-place. The high fur-caps of the men, the rich head-dress of the women, and the small round velvet-caps of the boys,

JEWISH BOY WEARING THE VELVET CAP.

met the eye on every side as we wandered from street to street. Jewish ladies were leaning over balconies, and poor old Jewesses were sitting at stalls selling fruit. In passing through the streets, if we happened to turn the head for a moment toward a shop, some Jew would rush out immediately and assail us with importunate invitations to come and buy.[1] In the bazaar the Jews were selling skins, making shoes, and offering earthen-

[1] See Isa. LV. 1.

ware for sale; and the sign-boards of plumbers, masons, painters, and butchers, all bore Jewish names. In the fish-market, the same kind of wrangling and squabbling heard in our own markets was carried on by Jewesses buying and selling. Jewesses also presided at the flesh and poultry-market, and in a plentifully stored green-market. Near these were shambles for *torn meat*, to be sold only to Gentiles, Jews being forbidden in the law to eat "any flesh that is torn of beasts."[1] The fondness of the daughters of Zion for a fine head-dress, which called forth the indignant warnings of Isaiah, still lingers in the hearts of the Jewesses of Brody. They wear a black velvet coronet, adorned with strings of precious stones or imitation pearls; and though this piece of finery costs several pounds, yet so devotedly attached are they to their "round tires like the moon,"[2] that scarcely can an old woman be found seated at her stall who does not wear one, as if they were queens even in their captivity.

There is indeed a complete air of Judaism over the whole town; and at the Post-office, the notices as to the delivery of letters are printed not only in the German and Polish, but also in the Hebrew language.

The number of Jewish families enrolled at the last census was 5000. An intelligent Austrian, whom we afterwards met at Zloozow,—the superintendent of the district,—reckoned that there were 25,000 Jews and 10,000 Christians in Brody. His estimate of the Jewish population is probably very near the truth, though the proportion he assigned to the Christian or Gentile population was perhaps too high. There are a few professed Protestants resident here, whom the German minister of Lemberg visits only *once a-year*, when he preaches in

[1] Exod. xxii. 31. [2] Isa. iii. 18.

the hall of the inn where we stayed. How precious would the truth appear to some of our congregations in Scotland, were they subjected to such a famine of hearing the word of the Lord!

The Jews of Brody carry on a considerable trade with Leipsic and Odessa. They have great influence in the town, and often act as spies to the Austrian police. About six years ago, Mr Reichardt, now Jewish missionary in London, with another Christian friend, passed this way and distributed tracts; information was immediately given to the police, by whom they were detained two weeks till the authorities at Lemberg had been consulted, and then were ordered to be removed forthwith beyond the border.

There are perhaps forty rich Jews in the city, who may be worth about £10,000 or £20,000, but the greater part are poor. There are many adherents of the New School, although they have only one synagogue. Most of the rising generation are giving up the study of the Talmud; and several have been baptized. There is some learning among them; for in one synagogue we met with several lads who understood and spoke Hebrew. Many of the young men are beginning to attend the Government schools, in which they are taught Latin, and acquire general knowledge. The rabbi of the New School speaks Latin and French.

We visited one of their finest synagogues. It is like an ancient Gothic church: the roof very elevated, and supported by four immense pillars in the massy Gothic style. A profusion of brass lustres was suspended from the roof, especially in front of the ark, all handsome and brightly polished. The place might easily contain two or three thousand worshippers. The voice of prayer, and the loud Amen of the congregation, must sound very solemnly through the vaulted aisles. In

the porch stand vessels of water for washing the hands;[1] and the whole prayer-book is pasted up on boards upon the walls, for the sake of the poor. In a *Beth-midrash* adjoining the synagogue, we found a company of Jews engaged in study, and each of us gathered a group around him. Several were able to speak Hebrew fluently; but there was a reserve about them all, that distinguished them from the Jews of Moldavia and Wallachia. They had secret suspicions that our object in visiting them was connected with the Austrian Government; and our inquiries after some of their books excited their suspicion still more, for some of their books, which speak against the idolatry of the Church of Rome, are prohibited.

We visited the Hospital belonging exclusively to the Jewish community, called by them בית חחיים (beth hahaim), "the house of the sick," situated in one of the suburbs. Over the door is a Latin inscription, "*Ægrorum saluti.*" All the wards were remarkably clean and well arranged, fully equal to those of our own hospitals. There is a commodious kitchen, where the food is prepared after the English fashion, and there are baths and a flower-garden for the use of the patients. The physician, two surgeons, and the nurses belonging to the establishment, are all Jewish. There were fifty-three cases under treatment at the time, each patient having a board over his bed, with his name and disease written on it. It was a sad sight to look upon the pale faces of dying men of Israel. O that "the great trumpet were blown for those that are *ready to perish!*"[2] The expense of this establishment was stated to us at £25 weekly, which is defrayed by the interest of legacies, and by contributions from the town.

We then went to the new burying-ground, opened in

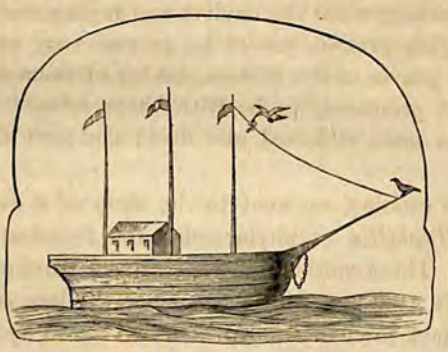
1 See John II. 6. 2 Isa. XXVII. 13.

1831, when the cholera made its ravages in this country, at which time, for a space of three months, there were in Brody 150 deaths every day. This extensive burying-ground is already half-filled up, although the tombs are thickly planted together. The monuments are of a soft chalky stone, and most of them adorned with curious emblems. The stone is generally painted, and the epitaph is of a bright colour, or sometimes in letters of gold. One had a crown painted on it, with the words

כֶּתֶר שֵׁם טוֹב (kether shem tov), "the crown of a good name." Another had a cup and platter; marking the

grave of a Levite, who poured water on the hands of the priests. The outspread hands were frequent, marking the tomb of a Cohen or priest, with the words כֶּתֶר כֹּהֲנִים (keter kohanim), "the crown of the priest-

hood." One stone had two lighted candles painted on it, and another had a golden candlestick. The grave of a lady of wealth, who in her lifetime had gone on a pilgrimage to Palestine, was marked by the figure of a ship



on the sea, and Noah's dove flying towards it. A gate broken off its hinges and in the act of falling, represented the door of the ark in the synagogue rent in mourning for some eminent worshipper, who had been mother of a numerous family. A hand holding an open book, shewed the tomb of an author. A hand, pouring water out of one vessel into another, was painted on the tomb of a woman who used to carry water for the synagogue. One monument had a painting of Abraham's house in the plains of Mamre, surrounded by oak-trees, with his flocks feeding near; it covered the grave of a man named Abraham. A house and a human heart, a lion, a roe, an eagle, a palm-tree, and many such like, were very common emblems. The whole scene brought forcibly to our remembrance the words of the Lord Jesus to the Pharisees, "Ye build the tombs of the prophets, and *garnish the sepulchres of the righteous.*"[1] The same

[1] Matt. xxiii. 29.

spirit remains in Israel to this very day. Standing with us among the tombs, our Jewish guide gave us an affecting account of the death of rabbi Landau, whose picture we had so often seen in Jewish houses. He came from Lemberg when the cholera was raging, and visited this burying-ground, where he prayed very earnestly over the graves of the rabbies, asking of them forgiveness, and promising to be with them soon. He returned to town, sickened, and died; and next day was buried.

In the evening, we went to the shop of a Jew, and bought *Tephillin* or phylacteries, the *broadest* which he had. These consist of little scrolls of parchment, in which are written certain passages of the law, enclosed in two black leather boxes, which are bound by leather thongs on the forehead and left hand, during the time of prayer. It was to these that our Lord alluded when reproving the Pharisees, "All their works they do for to be seen of men; *they make broad their phylacteries.*" We got also the *mezuzah*, a small scroll of parchment, on which a portion of the law is written, with the name of God on the back in transposed letters, which is folded up and nailed obliquely on the door-post of every Jewish house. Both of these superstitions are derived from a misinterpretation of the command in Deuteronomy, "And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be *as frontlets between thine eyes;* and thou shalt *write them upon the posts* of thy house, and on thy gates."[1] The natural heart, in all ages and in all nations, is well pleased to substitute mere external observances in the place of spiritual heart-religion. We afterwards purchased a *Tallith*, a white woollen shawl, striped with blue at the edge, and having white fringes called *Tsitzith* at the four

1 Deut. vi. 8, 9.

corners. The Jews wear this over their head during prayer, while they hold the fringes in their hands, and frequently kiss them in obedience to the commandment, "Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them *fringes in the borders of their garments*."[1] The Saviour also alludes to them, "they enlarge *the borders of their garments*."[2] Upon the part which comes over the forehead, the Jews often wear a band of silver embroidery. A Jewess who had been employed to prepare the *Tallith* for us, refused to sew the embroidered band upon the robe, unless we procured for her a silk ribband to put between them, alleging, that otherwise she would be breaking the law, which forbids them to mingle "woollen and linen" togegether.[3]

(Oct. 4.) Early this forenoon, we were sent for by the Commissary of Police, a sharp bustling Austrian, with the pipe in his mouth, who examined us very roughly. We believe that they had suspicions of our being missionaries, and in order to entrap us, alleged that we were Jews travelling under a false passport. The Commissary held a letter in his hand, which he had received from Jaglinsky, stating that we went into the synagogue there, and joined in the Jewish prayers, even using "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one God." "And further," added he, "why did you buy Tephillin last night?" We were somewhat perplexed as well as amused by this attempt to shew that we were Jews and not Christians, and were now made aware of the system of jealous espionage maintained in this kingdom of Popish darkness. We answered that we were Protestant pastors from Scotland, and that all ministers

[1] Num. xv. 38, 39. Deut. xxii. 12.

[2] Matt. xxiii. 5. This is said to be the *hem of His garment* which the woman touched, Matt. ix. 20.

[3] Lev. xix. 19.

in our country are instructed in Hebrew; that we had read in the synagogue only to shew the Jews that we knew their language; and that we had bought the *Tephillin* as curiosities. This seemed to satisfy him, and we received our passports for Lemberg; "only," he said, "you must go by Zloozow."

In paying a second visit to the two principal synagogues, we met with a young man belonging to one of the best Jewish families, who requested an interview at the inn. His name was Moses Weitheit, of a very pleasing appearance, gentle and serious in his manners, and able to speak Latin freely, and a little Italian. He said he belonged to the New School, and yet believed the Scriptures to be the Word of God. He did not look for the restoration of the Jews to the Holy Land, thought the emancipation of the Jews was to be their Messiah, and that true religion consisted in the natural feeling of love to God. His mind was evidently not at rest; he had never read the New Testament, and, though he understood the law, could not understand the Psalms and Prophets. When we shewed him a small New Testament in German, he earnestly entreated us to leave it with him; and when we told him that were we to do so, the circumstance might come to the ears of the Police, in which event we should be detained and brought into trouble, he immediately declared that he would shew it to no one till we were gone. Hiding it in the bosom of his Polish gown, he said "*Nemo sciet, nemo sciet!*"—"no one shall know." We complied with his request, and could not but breathe a prayer that he might be enabled to draw living water out of this fountain, in a wilderness where blind guides tremble lest one drop from heaven should fall on the thirsty soul. He kept his promise, but we soon found that our caution was

needful, and that the suspicions of the Austrians concerning us were not removed.

Having hired a comfortable vehicle to carry us to Lemberg, we intended to set out before the gates were shut for the night, and accordingly drove up to the custom-house. But here we were detained for three hours, which the custom-house officers and soldiers spent in making complete search into every article we had with us. Not a corner of the carriage escaped their strict, suspicious search; every thing except what was on our persons was examined. Every book, in whatever language, was taken from us, even our Hebrew and English Bibles; and we were left the alternative of allowing them to be sent to Lemberg, to be examined by the Censor there, and waiting for his opinion on their orthodoxy, or of at once allowing ourselves to be deprived of their use until we should be beyond the dominions of Austria. On our preferring the latter alternative, they agreed to seal up our books in a parcel and send them on to Cracow, to await our arrival. When we pleaded to be allowed to retain our English Bible, the only answer we received was, "*It is not allowed in Austria.*" We were still further annoyed by their finding several sealed letters of introduction to Consuls and others lying in our desk: and on account of which they imposed a fine upon us. The greater our annoyance, the greater the satisfaction of the officers appeared to be. They seemed to feel that it was not every day two Protestant ministers were in their grasp. We were not allowed to leave that night, and therefore lodged in a Jewish khan near the gate. Here we experienced several painful proofs of the rapacity of the Jewish people. The keepers of the khan, seeing our anxiety to depart next morning, threw every obstacle

in our way, charging two or three prices for every article we had used, and striving in every way to extort money from us. We could only pray that the prophecy of Zephaniah might be soon fulfilled, "The remnant of Israel shall not do iniquity, *nor speak lies; neither shall a deceitful tongue be found in their mouth.*"[1]

(Oct. 5.) We at last got away, about midday, and enjoyed a pleasant drive through a well-cultivated plain, with gently swelling hills on the left, the young wheat springing fresh and green. About five miles from Brody the country became more varied. The road lay through the estate of a Polish Count; the woods were finely kept, and at that time tinged with the red and brown of autumn. The castle and neighbouring village are called Potchoritz, and there are two churches, the one a rude structure, the other beautiful, situated on the top of a wooded eminence. In front of the latter there is a whole range of pillars, each supporting the figure of a saint; and the large square of the village has in the midst of it a high pillar, with a figure of the Virgin on the top.

At three o'clock, we rested a little in a clean inn belonging to the village of Sassow, where we found a small synagogue of wood, and 200 Jewish families, all of the old school, and hoping for the Messiah. Their burying-ground, filled with plain, white tombstones, was at the entrance of the village. Here, too, was a curious specimen of the old Polish church and belfry, both entirely of wood. At the inn we met a Tyrolese, wearing the tall conical cap of his country. He had lately travelled to Palestine in the service of an Englishman, and was very communicative. The Polish *hartsmi* or inn is a curious long building, having a wide entrance at

[1] Zephan. III. 13.

both ends, so that you drive in at the one end, and in leaving drive out at the other. Within, there are stalls

for twenty or thirty horses on each side of the building, and a few rooms at the one end, affording tolerable accommodation to the weary traveller. The only bed is a heap of straw enclosed in a frame, over which they sometimes spread a sheet, while your own mats and cloaks are your covering.

Leaving this village, the fields were beautifully tinged with a reddish-brown, from the colour of the stalk of the *retsky*, which had been here cut down. About six in the evening we came to Zloozow, a large village, with three handsome churches. Here we found out that it was not without some design that the Commissary at Brody had caused us to get our passports signed here, instead of sending us on direct to Lemberg; for we were met at the entrance of the village by a Government officer, who was waiting to conduct us to the *Kreisamter*, or superintendent of police. This person was an exceedingly pleasant, intelligent man, and could speak English fluently, having been much in the company of English residents in Vienna. He engaged each of us successively in conversation, and then at once rose and said, that we should have our passports without delay. While our horses were getting ready, we wandered through the town. In front of one of the churches stood a

pillar, supporting the image of a saint with the child Jesus in his arms, with this inscription—"*D. o. m. Ex voto statuam hanc Sancto Joanni erexit Francisca Loewel, anno* 1824" (*i. e.* "Francisca Loewel, in the year 1824, erected this statue to St John, in fulfilment of a vow"). A poor Polish woman was crossing herself and repeating a prayer as she passed it.

There are said to be 500 Jewish families here. We met a very serious and interesting Jew returning from evening worship, who told us that all the Jews of this place are Rabbinists, and so superstitious, that they had been ill pleased with him for shaving off a small part of his beard. He said, "he was not one of the New School, yet thought they did good in many ways. As for himself, he hoped that he would be saved if he kept free from whatever his conscience condemned, and was honest in his trade, which very few are." In reply, we spoke of its being the first point in religion to find a sin-offering, which would cleanse the conscience. He seemed serious and interested, but our time was gone, and we soon left him and the quiet village far behind. Late at night we arrived at Zopka, a *hartsmi* in a very solitary situation, kept by a Jewish family, who received us kindly, and tried to make us comfortable.

(Oct. 6.) We enjoyed a calm Sabbath morning, the day warm and pleasant. A range of wooded hills bounded the view on the north, and there were but three cottages within sight. After morning worship we separated for lonely meditation, agreeing to meet at a certain hour. We did not at the time know that Galicia has frequently been the scene of violent robberies and atrocious murders; but the little we had seen, and afterwards saw, of the natives, convinced us of their profound ignorance and barbarous habits.

Mr M'Cheyne having gone about a mile and a half toward the hills, sat down to read in a sequestered spot, when two Polish shepherds came and sat down beside him. After trying in vain to exchange ideas with them by signs, Mr M. rose to leave them, but they shewed a determination to detain him by putting themselves in his way, and endeavouring to force him up into the woods that crowned the hills. A desperate struggle ensued for about a quarter of an hour, till, exhausted by these violent efforts, Mr. M. lay down on the ground. They stood by, and spoke together for a few minutes—then suddenly plunged into the woods. It seems every way probable that they intended to plunder him; and some of the people at the inn wondered that they had not drawn their large knives. What moved them so suddenly to depart we could not conjecture. We felt that the hand of God, that had delivered us out of so many dangers during our previous wanderings, had been eminently stretched out again. The rest of the day we spent together. Our host provided us with his Hebrew Bible, and we had retained an English New Testament in one of our pockets, so that we enjoyed a profitable Sabbath, realizing the promise, "Yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come."[1] Waggons, heavily laden with merchandise, were passing along the road all day without intermission; for a Sabbath of holy rest is a thing unknown in the dominions of the Man of Sin.

Our Jewish host told us of a town called Premyslaw, two German miles distant, so thoroughly devoted to Judaism, that no Jew dare appear on its streets unless dressed entirely in the Jewish manner, in case the Chasidim should tear him to pieces. Only a short time ago

[1] Ezek. xi. 16.

it was a very insignificant town, but prosperity came to it with a certain great rabbi. This rabbi is one of those to whom the people repair from all Bukovine and Galicia in times of sickness and distress, asking him to pray for them. They always go, as Saul did to Samuel,[1] with some present in their hand, which they call (פדיון, pedeeoon) a ransom. The week before our arrival one man brought him a sum equal to £6, seeking to be delivered from some calamity; and during the Feasts, no less than 3000 persons have been known to visit him, each bringing a present. He has in consequence become very rich, and frequently entertains 500 Jews at his table, spending even £30 a-week in supporting his dignity. He assumes the character of a prophet, pretending to have knowledge of future events, and to divine the particular sins of any one by looking stedfastly in his face. How applicable to such a man are the words of Jeremiah—"I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran; I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied."[2] Our host told us also of a visit which the now imprisoned rabbi of Rugen paid to this part of the country about four years ago. He travelled with three carriages of his own, and the Jews flocked to him in such crowds, that more than 700 vehicles were upon the road either accompanying or going to meet him. He slept at this inn on his way from Brody to Lemberg. The crowd of Jews that visited him was such that he could hardly get rest, and many came to look upon his face while he was sleeping. So great was the excitement, that the Austrian Government became alarmed, and ordered him to leave the country in three days. The mother of the innkeeper had often visited this rabbi, seeking peace to her conscience. We shewed

[1] 1 Sam. IX. 9.

[2] Jer. XXIII. 21.

them the Psalm, "None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him;"[1] and the command of God, "Call *upon me* in the day of trouble."[2]

(Oct. 7.) We left the place before daylight. During a ride of four hours to Lemberg, there was no object of interest except a beautiful village called Veniky, surrounded by wooded hills, the trees all variegated with the tints of autumn. There were many Jews on the street, and Polish peasants, whose hard, unmeaning countenances indicated ignorance and neglect. Before

POLISH WOMAN CARRYING WATER.

entering Lemberg we were examined at the custom-house, where many waggons were undergoing a strict scrutiny. One man had a cart of sticks; a soldier passing by chose one of the best, and carried it off as a prize; the man resisted, and entreated him not to take it, but in vain, the soldier only threatened him and beat him off. This little incident shewed us something of the military oppression common in this country. Descending upon the town, we came once more upon paved streets, handsome houses, and other marks of

[1] Psa. xlix. 7. [2] Psa. l. 15.

European civilization. The upper classes were attired very much after the English fashion, except that the ladies wore no bonnet, but carried a diminutive parasol instead. We found a quiet and comfortable lodging in the Hotel de Russie.

Lemberg is a large city, having 130,000 inhabitants; it lies in a fine valley, running nearly north and south, the hills on either side being of considerable elevation. On the east the hill is laid out so as to form a fine drive or promenade. From the summit we obtained a commanding view of the town and environs. The houses are high and well built; the streets and squares are open and airy. There is one very handsome church on the rising ground to the west, and ten other spires rise over the buildings of the town. There are several pleasant walks and boulevards, adorned with fine trees, in the heart of the town. There are barracks, and other large and elegant public buildings, especially one with a fountain at each of the four corners, and over each fountain the statue of a heathen goddess. An immense theatre was in the course of being built; the bricks were conveyed to the builders on the wall by a row of boys and women, standing on the steps of a very tall ladder, who handed up each brick from one to another. Looking to the east, we observed the tents of a large body of soldiers, who were then under review, all pitched in military order. But the country in that direction appeared bleak and uninteresting. While we were standing here, a train of splendid carriages swept past, containing the Archduke of Austria and several officers, fine-looking men, in handsome uniforms, the former wearing a dazzling star on the breast. Returning through the city we passed a church, having a figure of the Virgin, with this truly Popish inscription

over it, "*Prætereundo cave ne taceatur Ave.*"[1] Rows of wooden stalls instead of shops are as common here as at Czernowitz. Three regiments of well-disciplined soldiers passed us on their return from exercise. We were told that there were 30,000 encamped within three miles of the city. One painful sight, which reminded us of Italy, was the vast numbers of criminals who are condemned to public infamy by labouring in chains upon the streets. They are used in building and other kinds of hard labour through the day, and we saw 120 of them returning at night to their prison, dragging heavy fetters after them.

We visited the Jewish market-place, but did not find it so clean and pleasant as that of Brody. Israel here looks poor, oppressed, and degraded, dwelling in the dust. The Russian fur-cap or broad black hat and black Polish robe are beautiful on respectable Jews with clean flowing beards; but when they turn poor, dirty, and ragged, then they look squalid and desolate indeed; and such was the appearance of the greater number of the Jews of Lemberg.

They have two large synagogues, four smaller ones, and a great many in private houses. We visited one of the largest, a building in the same Gothic style as that of Brody, the roof supported by four immense pillars, and the walls gaudily adorned; in the porch we observed the whole Prayer-book pasted up in sheets on a board, for the use of the poor, as at Brody. We asked, If they ever sent money to the Holy Land? One of them whispered, "that such a thing is forbidden by the Government, they are not allowed to send money out of the country." Near sunset, we had the op-

[1] In passing by, Beware,
Lest thou forget this prayer,
"Ave Maria."

portunity of witnessing the funeral of an old Jewess. The dead body was carried on a bier, covered with a black pall; the men in their ordinary clothes followed, and a throng of women and children brought up the rear. One Jew walked immediately behind the bier, rattling a tin collection-box, and crying out in Hebrew, every few paces, "*Alms deliver from death*;" and the same words were embroidered upon the pall. In obedience to this summons, many Jews put in pieces of money as they went along, and the money thus collected goes to the *Hebra* or burying-society. At the gate of the burying-ground, one woman uttered a loud and piercing cry, which she continued as they proceeded. Arriving at a small portico or covered walk in the grave-yard, they set down the bier, and uncovered the face of the dead. All the relations gathered round, and bending over the corpse, till their lips almost touched the lips of the deceased, entreated her to forgive them if they had injured her in any way. After this, they proceeded to the grave, and the body alone was lowered down into it, with the face uncovered. Several of the women now joined in a loud and bitter wail, but their tears and lamentations were only feigned, for at one time they appeared very lugubrious, then, all of a sudden, they stopped and began to scold, or appeared utterly careless. They were specimens of "*the mourning women*" mentioned in the Scriptures.[1] A white linen pillow was next produced, to be laid under the head of the deceased, on which there was a scramble among the women which would be the foremost in filling it with earth. The scene of asking forgiveness from the dead woman was renewed with great vehemence, and many besought her when she came before God, to pray for

[1] See Jer. IX. 17, and Matt. XI. 17.

them and for their children. The *Hazan* or chanter, being hired by the relatives for the purpose, stood by the open grave, and repeated many prayers for the dead. This done, the body was covered in, and the company returned to the portico, where the eldest son, standing in the midst, read, from off a board hung on the wall, another prayer for his dead mother; in which he was assisted by the chanter, for we were assured that he scarcely understood a word of it. Before leaving the burying-ground, each individual washed his hands in water that stood in earthen jars near the gate for this purpose; for the Jews believe that evil spirits hover about the grave-yard, and would have access to them, if they were at all defiled by the dead body. The Jewish hospital, a large commodious building, looks into the burying-ground, where were several of the sick, walking to and fro before the door, and others at the windows, gazing on the sad spectacle of death that had passed.

According to the last census, the number of Jewish families in Lemberg was 3000, or nearly 15,000 souls; but there is good reason to think that there are far more actually resident in the town. That they are an important class here may be ascertained from the fact, that the advertisements at the Post-office are in the Hebrew character, as well as in the Polish and German; many of the signboards also in the streets are painted with Hebrew letters. There are some Jews belonging to the New School, but they have no synagogue. In one old synagogue we found in the porch *rings* fixed into the wall, to which are attached irons for the neck and feet. They were formerly used for fastening up to public view, persons who had broken the regulations of the Talmud in any material point; resembling very much

the *juggs* which are yet to be seen in some of the old parish churches of Scotland. We were a few minutes too late to see the ceremony of a circumcision, for we met the parents carrying away their child. But we saw the chair of Elias, a comfortable chair beside the table where the circumcision is performed. It gets this name from the singular belief that Elijah comes unseen and sits there at every circumcision—probably in his zeal to see the law enforced to the letter. On the back of the chair is inscribed, "*Throne of Elijah—his memory be for good.*" We spoke with an affable Jew, who said, that the meaning of the passage which predicts that, in the days of Messiah, "thy people shall be all righteous," was, there will be no hypocrites, all will be openly good or openly wicked. Talking of the days when the Talmud was in its full glory, he mentioned to us a Jewish proverb.—Two towns in Russia, Kiow and Saradow, were so famous for the study and defence of the Talmud, that it used to be said, "From Saradow shall go forth the Law, and the word of the Lord from Kiow." "*Full well do they reject the commandment of God, that they may keep their own traditions.*"[1]

(Oct. 8.) We left this pleasant town in a tolerable Jewish carriage, an old Jew with a long beard driving us. We might have got places in the "*Eil wagen*" or stage-coach, but we wished to be masters of our own time, and therefore preferred the offer of this Jew, who undertook to carry us the whole way to Cracow, a distance of nearly 200 English miles, for 45 *gulden*, equal to £4, 10s.

The country through which we travelled reminded us of the vast undulating plains of France, fertile but uninteresting, with a long level road stretching before.

[1] Mark vii. 9.

The young crops were springing, and the peasants gathering their potatoes as we passed. In three hours, we came to Grudak, a pleasant village, containing a council-house and two churches, adorned with shady walks and a fine stream of water. Here we saw several Jews in the street, but had no conversation with any. Three hours more brought us to Sandovawiznia, a large village, also upon a pleasant stream, with two churches, and many images of saints under its shady trees. The half of the population appeared to be Jewish. Towards evening, we passed through Moschiska, where the principal street had an old piazza, under which many Jewish children were playing, and we were told that there were 600 resident Jews.

We slept at a Jewish khan, near a small village called Laskovola, where are six Jewish families. Our hostess was a simple Jewess, asking a great many questions, and expressing great surprise. The whole family were kind, and made us promise if ever we came that way again not to forget to visit them.

(Oct. 9.) Next morning we turned to the north, leaving the main road to get a nearer way, and came on a rustic village, Bejepee, close to a nobleman's seat. The white-washed mansion, the lawn, gardens, and handsome trees, reminded us of similar scenes at home. But they are rare indeed in Poland. The wicker fences being kept in good condition, formed a neat enclosure, and also an excellent protection to the young trees. The wooden shed full of images in the square, was absolutely ridiculous. The whole land is polluted with these abominations, sometimes under shady trees, sometimes in glass-cases by the wayside, and it may well be said, "According to the number of thy cities are thy gods."[1]

[1] Jer. xi. 13.

Crossing the Saan, a tributary of the Vistula, by a floating bridge, we came to Jaroslaw, a small town containing 1200 families, with several churches, a few public buildings, and a busy market-place. We saw many respectable Jews upon the street, and many Catholic priests. In the suburb stands a handsome convent, with three spires, and above the principal entrance a painting of the Virgin Mary, spreading her hands over the monks of the order kneeling round her, having this inscription, "*Sub tuum præsidium*," "Under thy protection." How truly may a Jew call such Christianity by the name of foul idolatry.

We now travelled due west, through rows of willows, oaks, and elms, for miles together, till we came to Zeworsk, a village with a covered walk in the market-place, where Jews were loitering. A neat obelisk marked the entrance to some baron's country-seat, and a temporary triumphal arch, adorned with leaves, intimated the expected approach of some of the Royal family. We noticed here a broom erected at several doors, to shew that a soldier was billeted there. The beggars were very loathsome and deformed, and some to prove that they were Christian, not Jewish beggars, led a pig behind them by a string! Even a wretched beggar in Poland is careful not to be mistaken for a Jew.

In the evening, we drove through Lanshut, and, ate at night, crossed a deep stream, and entered the town of Rzezow, about half-way between Lemberg and Cracow.

(Oct. 10.) We left this clean, well-built town very early, and pursued our way through avenues of trees, till we reached the village of Zenzow, where a company

of Austrian soldiers were exercising. We saw many idle Jews, and sign-boards in the Hebrew character.

An hour after, we came to Ropsitza, a decayed village. The market-place had (as usual) a piazza all round the square, and a covered well in the centre. At one end of the church was a singular "house of gods." There were two figures of Christ on the cross; then images of Christ and the three disciples at Gethsemane; and lastly a painting of the whole scene of the Saviour's agony in the garden; all the figures being as large as life. There are sixty Jewish families here, all poor mechanics.

Before noon, we rested at a Jewish khan to partake of *mit-tag*. These khans or inns are every where to be met with, and are certainly peculiar in their kind, though comfort is seldom one of the qualities. First, you drive in at a large gate into a long dark covered stable, among horses and *briscas;* then alighting, you proceed through a large chamber at one end, which includes the guest-room, drinking and smoking rooms, kitchen, bed-room, all in one. The things which strike the eye as peculiarly Jewish, are the *mezuza* on the door-post, the *misrach* hanging on the eastern wall, to shew in what direction Jerusalem lies, and the brazen lustre or Sabbath-lamp suspended from the roof. In one corner is a fire without a grate, and the dinner boiling in earthenware cans, standing beside burning faggots. Brass and earthen kitchen utensils, bright and clean, adorn the wall;—and the washing-tub has its corner. Being a family room, there are two tolerable beds,—serving for sofas by day, a cradle also, and a fine infant in its little carriage. The mother and daughter are preparing the food, and the married daughter, with fine Jewish features, cares for the children. The cow, unreproved, is

drinking out of a tub, and hens are wandering about, finding supply at the feet of the different guests, while one more expert than the rest is catching flies at the window. Such was the khan where we rested. Being also a public room, four Jews with long beards were dining at the end of one long table, while we occupied the end of another, and two others were dining at a chest of drawers. One Jew was sitting idly on the cradle; several others, each with a German pipe in his mouth, wandered in and out; while two Gentiles from Breslau stood trying to make us understand their German.—In spite of all appearances, the dinner was excellent, and the cost only 8d. a-head.

In the afternoon we passed through Pilsno, and soon after met the royal carriages, accompanied by soldiers. A peasant on the road, looking at the Jew who drove our vehicle, called out to him quite gratuitously, and by way of insult, "*Verfluchtet Jude*," "accursed Jew"[1] —shewing how completely God's ancient people are "a proverb and a byword," and how the heathen that are at ease "help forward their affliction."

After sunset we arrived at Tarnow, where was another temporary arch, and passed great crowds on the streets, who had been hailing the arrival of their nobles; the most were well-dressed Jews. Late at night we arrived at a solitary khan, not even so comfortable as the one described above. Two travellers had already taken possession of one part of the floor, and were fast asleep, while a Polish servant was sitting at the bar serving out *snaps* to the postilions and others, who

[1] Deut. xxviii. 37. "*A by-word among all the nations*,"—however different in other respects, they act alike in this. And no doubt this Roman Catholic would have joined with the Greek of whom we heard at Smyrna (p. 105), in alleging as his reason, that the Jews were *enemies of Christ*. "Their adversaries said, We offend not, because they have sinned against the Lord, the habitation of justice; even the Lord, *the hope of their fathers*." Jer. l. 7.

called even during the night. We preferred to sleep in the hay-loft, where we spread our mats for the night. When we were taking refreshment, a Jewish girl, who had brought us bread and butter, on seeing one of us about to take up the knife that lay on the table, rushed forward and removed it, lest we, Gentiles, should pollute the knife which they themselves used. The same damsel, however, in the morning said we must be good men indeed, having visited the Holy Land.

(Oct. 11.) A thick easterly fog overspread the country, so that we saw nothing till we came to Bochnia, where we remarked that the number of beggars was very great. It was common to meet with individuals of them in the country kneeling by the road-side; but in towns they move about in crowds. We had entered a baker's shop to buy some provision, when forthwith fully twenty assembled at the door, and assailed us with their importunities as we came out. Popery brings all sorts of miseries in her train.

We met with a curious instance of superstitious conscientiousness this morning in the Jewish boy, who attended his father, the driver of our vehicle.—We gave him bread and butter at breakfast, but observed that though he looked eagerly at it, he laid it aside till some hours should elapse. The reason was, that he had just eaten *flesh*, and if he had immediately tasted *butter*, it would have been considered a violation of the precept, "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk."[1]

Leaving the main road, our vehicle moved on, and in the afternoon brought us to Vieliczka, a beautiful village, surrounded with gardens and orchards, which fill the bosom of a deep valley. It is chiefly famous for its remarkable salt-mines, much visited by travellers. We

[1] Exod. xxiii. 19.

felt a wish to examine its curiosities, and enjoy its scenery; but our one object impelled us forward.

On reaching the neighbouring height, Cracow came full in view, about four miles distant, with the deep-flowing Vistula (or Weichsel) winding through the plain. We soon reached Podgorze (which means, "*near the boundary*"), the suburb of Cracow on the Austrian side of the river. Our passports having been examined, we crossed the river on a bridge supported by floats, and, entering the ancient capital of Poland, found a good lodging in the Rosa, an inn kept by Joseph Cnoxes. No sooner had we arrived than we were subjected, like all other travellers, to minute investigation; indicating a state of society not over-certain of its own stability. The following printed questions were put to us by the police.

1. Your name and surname?
2. Your rank, and office, and employment?
3. Your native country, and place of birth?
4. Your age?
5. Your religion?
6. Your condition in life, unmarried, married, widowed?
7. From what place you have last come?
8. How long you propose to remain here?
9. Did you come alone, or had you companions?
10. Had you a passport?
11. Where do you intend to go after leaving this?

It was easy to answer all these questions, but not easy to forget the suspicious tyrannizing spirit exhibited by the examiners. No country has freedom like our own, because no land on earth has had the truth of God so fully preached, and so widely embraced.

The same evening we were guided to the house of the Lutheran minister, Mr Otremba, a benevolent man,

who received us very kindly, although we afterwards learned that he is neither orthodox in his views, nor friendly to the Jewish Mission. From him we learned that Dr Gerlach, the missionary of the London Jewish Society, had been removed from this station to Warsaw, and had died there some months ago, but that an English missionary was now labouring among the Jews here.

Cracow was a very considerable city in former days, when it was the capital of Poland, and it still retains many features of majesty. It has not the handsome look of Lemberg, but it has more of the air of antiquity. The houses are lofty and often massy, the churches old and picturesque. The front of one is adorned with statues of the saints as large as life; and another has the scene of the crucifixion, in which the figures are larger than life. The ancient castle and cathedral, built upon the same hill, rise over the city, and these, along with its University and other public buildings, testify its ancient greatness. There is a delightful promenade, of great extent, shaded with tall poplars, quite round the town, adding greatly to its beauty. Cracow is the grand cemetery of the ancient Kings of Poland; but when we saw the hills of Moravia appearing in the distant west, the recollection of the many men of God who had been born there, whose names are inwoven with the triumphs of the gospel in some of the darkest regions of the world, spread a holier interest over the scene than could be done by all its associations with Polish kings.

(Oct. 12.) With some difficulty we found out the residence of the Jewish missionary, the Rev. Thomas Hiscock, a clergyman of the Church of England, whom we soon found to be "a brother and companion in tri-

bulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ." It was truly an agreeable surprise to us, when we found ourselves seated as if at home with this valuable missionary, his wife, who seemed to be indeed a handmaid of the Lord, and their two children. They had lived for some years almost in perfect solitude, in the midst of this great city, hated by the Papists because they were Protestants, and by the Protestants because they had no sympathy with their worldly spirit and Neologian theology, so that our coming made their heart overflow with joy and kindness. Mr H. laboured first in Westphalia for one year, wandering up and down with a knapsack on his back, visiting the Jews,—and not without tokens of the Divine blessing. Since that time, he has been stationed here, where the hardships which he has been called to endure have been very great. His enemies have at different times excited tumults among the Jews before his window, that the blame might fall upon him in the eye of the Government. He injured his health by a long period of excessive exertion when teaching German, Hebrew, and Latin, to young Jews, in order to get an opportunity of preaching to them "all the words of this life." Intent upon his Master's work, he seldom loses an occasion afforded by a Jew calling upon him in the way of trade, of speaking to his soul; and he addresses the poorest and meanest whom he meets in the street,—a thing which no Gentile here would do on any account. Often, too, he goes into their shops to purchase small articles, simply in order to gain a hearing.

(Oct. 13. Sabbath.) In the morning we attended the Lutheran church, and, after the Liturgy had been read, Mr Otremba preached upon, "Cast thy burden on the Lord,"—a general discourse, without one doctrinal

statement. Here our best feelings were shocked, by seeing at one end of the church a bronze figure of the Saviour on the Cross, larger than life, the veins and bones carved in such a way, that they appeared to be starting through the racked body. It was brought from Breslau, and placed here by the President of the Senate, a Roman Catholic priest, for the purpose of excluding the Jews from Dr Gerlach's evening lecture, by prejudicing their minds against the Protestants in general. The present clergyman used no efforts to prevent its introduction. The altar was covered with a cloth of gold, and had four candles burning on it, with a crucifix on one side, and the brazen serpent on the other. The organ was good, and the singing fine; the audience numbered between fifty and sixty,—the men occupying one side by themselves, the women the other. The minister stands at the altar while reading the Liturgy, and the people sit during prayer and singing. The minister prefaced his discourse by a short introduction, and then gave out his text, on the reading of which all stood till the words were finished. They rise, also, at the Lord's prayer.

We met for worship in the afternoon, in the missionary's room, where Mr Hiscock preached to us from Matt. xvi. 13, "Whom do men say that I am?" In the evening we joined together in the same place, a small company of five, in the midst of a city given over to the darkness and wickedness of Popery, in "shewing the Lord's death till he come." Mr M'Cheyne conducted the service in the Presbyterian form, and it was felt by us all as a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord—a well of salvation "in a dry and thirsty land where no water is." It was four years since Mr H. and his wife had enjoyed this ordinance. They do not think

it right to receive it at the Lutheran church, both on account of the error of that church in regard to consubstantiation, and also on account of its cold dead services. They spend silent Sabbaths, and yet are not alone, for they experience much joy in the midst of their afflictions. The God of the missionary is a covenant-keeping God, and he gives them "a hundred-fold more" than all they have left behind, "with persecutions."

During our stay at Cracow we gathered a good deal of information. In regard to *the Protestants*, there are about 600 in the city, and 200 more in the country round, but the most of them, it is to be feared, are inclined to infidelity. For a year and a half previous to our visit, their only public worship had been a forenoon service every Sabbath, with a sermon of twenty minutes' length. Their minister lately had a ball on Sabbath evening, at which eighty persons were present; and such parties are not unfrequent. On one occasion, an awakened Jew, going to the Lutheran minister to be examined for baptism, found him *playing at cards*, and was invited to sit down and join in the game before proceeding to any serious business. The Protestants often tell the Jews here, that it is quite as well for them to remain in their Judaism. What a stumbling-block are such Protestants in the way of Israel? "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in."[1]

The *Poles* in Cracow are exceedingly depraved, and immorality is not looked on as a crime. They are always seeking revolution, and would rise in revolt to-morrow if the Austrians were to retire. Lying, stealing, swearing, drinking, gambling, and adultery, abound. Not long

[1] Matt. xxiii. 13.

before our visit, a fearful assassination took place in a quiet part of the town. A young man was suspected as a Russian spy; and his body was found with thirty-five stabs in it. We were often reminded of the dark pictures drawn of human nature in the Holy Scriptures, for every feature is realized here. "There is no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of God in the land: By swearing, and lying, and killing, and stealing, and committing adultery, they break out, and blood toucheth blood."[1] Masters in general strike their servants unmercifully, and men-servants are often lashed with the whip. At one time they were even murdered without any investigation ever following. The police publicly flog servants, male or female, that are brought to them by their masters. The nobles oppress their vassals even more cruelly than the Russian conquerors have treated them; and the vassals in their turn oppress their servants not less severely. Popery is very strong here, and most intolerant. Monasteries and nunneries abound, and the priests are notoriously abandoned in their lives, while many of the people are "mad upon their idols." Yet among the upper classes there is much infidelity; for they despise Popery in their heart; and even among the peasantry, there is scarcely one in a hundred that will now go down on his knees in passing an image, whereas, till within these few years, every one invariably did so. Cracow is governed nominally by a Senate, composed of eight members and a president, two of whom are Roman Catholic priests; but as every matter must receive the sanction of the three Residents of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, the protecting powers, *they* in reality govern. Indeed, Austria seems to have the whole power in her own hands. The Austrian soldiers took posses-

[1] Hos. iv. 1, 2.

sion of the city three years previously, and have occupied it ever since.

The University is said to be the oldest in Europe, except that of Oxford. It might be a very efficient institution, were it not that the Austrians are unfavourable to it, believing that it sows the seeds of revolution among the young men. Many students belonging to the best Polish families are very desirous to learn English, and Mr Hiscock told us that, if we would send him fifty English Bibles, he could distribute them profitably to these young men. Since our return, the Edinburgh Bible Society, at our request, kindly engaged to send this supply to Cracow. We were interested in hearing that Mr Dow, who was deposed some years ago from the ministry in Scotland for following Mr Irving's views, had paid a visit to Mr Hiscock, not long before our arrival; but with what object we could not learn. He had come from Russia, and Mr H. believed went to Odessa.

The upper classes are dressed very much after the English manner, but the common people wear a white surtout with red lining, a broad hat, and long boots. The women wear a white coarse stuff, with the handkerchief round the head, red or white. The Jews wear the fur-cap and long black robe, generally very squalid and torn, said to be a remnant of the dress of the ancient Polish nobles.

The population of Cracow is generally reckoned at 49,000, of whom 22,000 are Jews. The latter live together in a quarter by themselves, divided from the city by a stream, called "the Little Vistula." This quarter is named Casimir, from Casimir the Great, King of Poland 500 years ago, who married Esther, a beautiful Jewess, and granted to her nation at her request permis-

sion to settle there. There are about 10,000 more in other parts of the republic. They follow all trades, and yet have not bread to eat. They are so poor that, out of all the Jews in the republic, there are not 10,000 who could afford to pay one shilling for a Hebrew Bible. Twelve families are often lodged in one room in winter, the floor being chalked out into so many portions, and a whole family huddled together in each, the children generally remaining in bed to keep themselves warm, as they have no clothes to defend them from the cold. It is no uncommon thing for a Jew to pull aside his long black gown and shew that he has nothing to cover his limbs. How truly the Word of God by the mouth of Moses has come to pass, "When I have broken the staff of your bread, *ten women shall bake your bread in one oven*, and they shall deliver you your bread again by weight; and ye shall eat, and not be satisfied."[1] The Jews here are so strict Talmudists, that a man of some abilities, who had seen and ridiculed the absurdities of the Talmud, was solemnly excommunicated. They universally believe in the coming of the Messiah, and would not listen to one who doubted it. The Papists, in their zeal to make the Virgin Mary every thing, cast discredit on the doctrine that Christ will come again, and try to persuade the Jews that Mr H. is not a Christian, because he believes in Messiah's coming again in glory.

The Government some time ago erected a school for Jewish children, and employed a Jew to teach Hebrew, German, and Polish; but no Jew would send his children, because it had been instituted by the Christians. The University also is open to the Jews, so that they may study there free of expense; and Mr H. has fre-

[1] Lev. xxvi. 26.

quently prepared young Jews for attending it. The object in granting this privilege no doubt is to bring them over to Popery. The Government seem afraid, like Pharaoh, lest the Jewish become more numerous than the Gentile population, and have enacted a law that no Jew be allowed to marry unless he can read and write Polish.

Of late years, fifteen Jews have been baptized by the Lutheran minister here, nine of whom were instructed by Mr Hiscock. Of some of these he entertained good hope that they were brought to a saving knowledge of Christ, but still more of others, who were melted under the power of the Word, and apparently convinced, but who soon left the place. When a Jew comes to the missionary desiring baptism, if he has good reason to believe that there is a real change in the man's heart, he applies to the Senate for a protocol or examination. Often a delay of six weeks occurs before an answer is given. The examination of the candidate for baptism is then carried on before a Canon or Roman Catholic magistrate, and the Lutheran minister. If they are satisfied, the Jew is baptized by Mr Otremba, and registered in the Lutheran church. This most pernicious law must be submitted to. As soon as a Jew is known to have applied for baptism, his brethren cast him off; the Papists also, and Lutherans, shew him no kindness, so that the missionary has often had to maintain him till the examination and baptism were over, selling his own and his wife's clothes for their support. In such circumstances Jews are obliged, after baptism, to leave Cracow, and generally go to Hungary to seek their daily bread, so that in this country they must "suffer the loss of all things," if they would "win Christ." If there were any means by which converts could support themselves,

Mr H. was persuaded that one-half of the rising generation of the Jews would become Christians. At least eighty persons have applied to him for baptism, but as far as he could judge, only from worldly motives, and he accordingly discouraged them. It is an interesting fact, that since the Protestant Mission has been established here, very few have been baptized into the Roman Catholic church. A Jewish doctor, who has considerable property, was baptized by the Lutheran minister. He is an Arian, but offered to maintain Jewish proselytes on his estate, provided the London Society would allow them to keep their Jewish festivals.

In labouring among the Jews, the missionary here does not go to the synagogue to reason with them, because, if there be an ill-natured Jew present, he easily excites a clamour, of which the police would take advantage in a moment. For the same reason he does not preach to them on the public street. He generally goes into a shop, buys a book for a few *groschen* or pence; and, while he is making the bargain, he begins to speak on the subject of sin and atonement, and the shop is soon filled with Jews.

When Jews or Jewesses come to his door to sell their wares, he always detains them till they have heard the gospel of the grace of God. When we were dining with him one day, two Jews came to the house to sell some of their articles. Mr H. spoke very plainly to their consciences of the true way of peace. They wished to buy a Hebrew Bible between them for 3s., but he gave one to each of them to their great joy. Often thirty such visitors come in one day. We were reminded of the way in which Paul laboured at Rome. "Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and *received all that came in unto him*, preaching the kingdom of God,

and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him."[1]

He also invites the young men to come to his house and learn any of the languages he knows,—English, French, German, and Latin. When they come he puts the Bible into their hands, and teaches them out of it. At one time the rabbi pronounced a *herem* or curse of excommunication against all Jews who should visit the missionary's house, and appointed a man to walk round his house constantly for several months, to watch if any Jew went near him. But notwithstanding all this opposition, Mr H. finds them ready to hear in their shops, and sometimes in a quiet retired square. Frequently when he has been addressing a crowd of them, the Popish priests have come past and tried to draw the Jews away. He is allowed by the Government to distribute Bibles and tracts in Hebrew, German, and Polish, *among the Jews;* and in this way the Word of God finds its way indirectly among the Poles also. His passport from Lord Palmerston ensures him protection; but the Government are exceedingly unwilling that any more missionaries should come. The president hinted this to him when he spoke of getting an assistant in the Mission, by saying "You know there is not work for any more."

More than once we crossed the bridge over the Little Vistula, and visited the Jews in Casimir, their own quarter. The crowds of bearded Jews, almost all meanly dressed, moved our bowels of compassion. One Jewish lad whom we met said, "I believe in the God of the Jews and in the God of the Christians; I believe in Jesus, and in Mary, *and in all the gods.*" He afterwards added, that he believed in no heaven and in no hell.

[1] Acts xxviii. 30, 31.

Without doubt this is not a solitary case in which Popery has led to profane infidelity.

The Jews here, still more than in Brody, have the custom of pressing you to buy their goods. They rush out of their shop, and stepping up to you, warmly recommend their articles; often coming as far as the middle of the street, and sometimes even taking you by the sleeve. Thus earnestly will they one day press men to buy "the unsearchable riches of Christ."[1] We went into a small book shop, and conversed with several Jews. One immediately said, "You are English." We asked why he thought so. "Because," said he, "you begin at once to talk about religion." Mr Calman shewed them many of the errors of the Talmud, and their idolatrous worship of the moon. They were very eager in their defence, shewing more feeling than is common.

Our Jewish factor or guide said once, when we were speaking to him, "Who knows whether Moses ever lived or not?" This shews that the secret unbelief, so common in Galicia, is spreading here also beneath the surface of Judaism. Yet they frequently boast that they are so steady in their faith, that no Polish Jew has ever been baptized. This, however, is contrary to truth.

One fine evening we walked out together about a mile from town, to a large pond called Esther's Pool. It is surrounded by willows, poplars, and beautiful acacia-trees; an old chateau, once her palace, stands near, and there are pleasure-grounds on every side. King Casimir the Great, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, married a beautiful Jewess whose name was Esther. Like Queen Esther in the Scriptures, she loved her nation, and procured them all the privileges which they enjoy in Poland to this day. One day the king dis-

[1] See Zech. III. 10.

covered on her head the marks of a dreadful disease, common among the poor in that country, called *plica polonica*, which mats the hair, and produces other disgusting appearances. His love was turned to hatred, and in his rage he condemned her to be drowned in this pool, which was immediately done, and all Jewesses were commanded to veil their faces in public, lest they should ensnare the king by their beauty. The palace and grounds were all laid out for her. A little way off we climbed an artificial mount, made that Queen Esther might view the surrounding country. From this we saw the high artificial hill, raised in honour of Kotsiutzo, one of their greatest patriots and generals, who died in America. His bones were brought home, and this hill raised over them, every citizen being commanded to carry a basket of earth to the spot. There is another conical hill of the same kind near the gate, sacred to the memory of King Cracus, founder of the city.

We were deeply impressed with the importance of this city as a field of labour in the cause of Israel. Their vast numbers, their afflictions, and their readiness to hear the truth, seem to invite the efforts of the Gospel Missionary. At the same time the difficulties are very great, from the opposition of a Popish government, the worse than indifference of nominal Protestants, and the want of temporal support for awakened Jews. Since the date of our visit, Mr Hiscock has been removed from Cracow to another station. His residence there was evidently blessed to the Jews, he being a judicious, yet devoted labourer, of a pensive spirit, but full of love to Israel, willing to spend and be spent for Christ. May the smile of the God of Israel be upon all his ways!

CHAPTER V.

PRUSSIA AND HAMBURGH.

"From the daughter of Zion all her beauty is departed."—LAM. i. 6.

(Oct. 15.) With unfeigned regret we parted from Mr Hiscock and his family, for we had taken sweet counsel together with these "hidden ones." None but those who have experienced the same can imagine the feelings with which true Christians meet and part in such a land.

We had received from the Austrian police the sealed parcel containing our books, of which we had been deprived at Brody; and now, disposing of our sleeping mats—hitherto indispensable articles—we prepared to enter the bounds of more civilized Prussia. At nine A.M. we set out in the Prussian *Schnell-post*, a most comfortable vehicle, which was to carry us to Breslau, a distance of 185 miles, for a sum equal in our money to 19s. each. Our road lay nearly north, through the fine strath in which Cracow lies, ornamented with sheets of water and forests of pine, the Carpathian range bounding the view on our left. The whole territory of Cracow, though very small, is beautiful, hill and dale alternating. A convent, embosomed in wood, several picturesque churches, and an old castle crowning an eminence, were the principal objects, till we passed within

sight of Zarnow, where are 1200 Jews; and crossing the Vistula, entered the Prussian province of Silesia. We met with little trouble at the custom-house, and none of that inquisitorial suspicion that characterizes the authorities of Austria. Indeed, we felt that we breathed a freer air as soon as we knew we were beyond the dominions of the Man of sin. Crosses and images, however, on the road-side met our view,—the undisturbed relics of Popery, which still prevails in these districts. In the first small village we came to, called Berun, all built of wood, with a graceful spire, there was a shameful image of the Virgin. In the clear twilight, we saw the spires of Nicolai, and late at night, rested for half an hour at Gleiwitz, a full October moon lighting up the old market-place. Here we were met by one of our fellow-travellers, a Jew, and relative of our friend Mr Cerf, lately Jewish missionary in Edinburgh and Glasgow. He was curious to hear of our wanderings among his brethren, and very kind. We passed on over an excellent road, macadamized like the roads of our own country; and awoke about five in the morning, while entering Oppeln, a large, pleasant town, with a council-house and other public buildings,—a good specimen of the general cleanness and neatness of the Prussian towns. The inns afford every comfort to the traveller, and the boys, with satchel on back, hastening to school, shewed us that we were in Protestant Prussia. Here we were made aware of a regulation of the Schnell-post worth recording. If one waggon be full, the travellers are forwarded in a second; if that be filled, a third is provided, so that no traveller can be disappointed of a place.

We left Oppeln while the new risen sun was glancing sweetly along the river Oder, upon which it lies, sur-

rounded with pleasant walks. At a church-yard at the suburbs, the funeral service was performing over some one at this early hour. Men, women, and children, a decent company, all kneeling round the grave. It was a cheerful resting-place for the dead, the graves being laid out in the form of small gardens, and a beautiful bloom of flowers covering most of them. The drive to Breslau has little to interest a traveller. The road is uniformly lined with trees (often fine poplars) at regular distances; the fields are cultivated with great care and beauty, by a peasantry who seem industrious and happy; and on the horizon, we generally caught a glance of a thriving village with its spire, and tall poplars vying with the spire. We frequently passed on the road the travelling journeymen, so common in Germany, all covered with dust. They go from town to town to gain experience in their trade. Occasionally, too, we met a travelling Jew. After taking our midday meal at Brieg, a town with an old church, and fountain in the market-place; in two hours more, we passed through Ohlau, with its fields of tobacco, and about five o'clock evening entered Breslau. Occasionally some of our companions during this journey were Jews. But we could hardly recognise them except by their features. The beard, the dress, the language, the manners, in a word, all that gives them nationality is gone, and they seem desirous to imitate the Christian population in every thing. At one place, two Jewesses came into the post-waggon. Mr Calman recognised them at once as belonging to his nation, though their gay dress and manners indicated nothing different from those around them. He told them of the Holy Land, but could not get them interested; indeed, they were quite unwilling to be recognised as belonging to Israel.

(Oct. 17.) Early in the morning, a Roman Catholic monk came to our room in the inn, asking charity for the hospital. We did not refuse him, although we saw that the design of the papists in being thus forward in supporting such institutions is to gain public confidence and credit for humanity. Soon after another came, asking us to give a little for the Sisters of Charity, telling us their good deeds to the sick and poor. But this we positively refused to do, telling the monk that we were Protestants, and that we could not countenance Popery in any way, however indirect.

Breslau is a fine old town, surrounded by a trench, and containing 90,000 inhabitants. The banks of the river Oder, on which it stands, have pleasant walks, shaded with trees, and there are many trees gracefully planted throughout the town. The oldest houses are built of wood, strange, crazy-looking structures. There is one fine old square used as a market-place, where the houses have the gable end toward the street, some forming a sharp angle, others of a fanciful shape. In the centre stands a bronze statue of Neptune, standing on dolphins, with a fine jet d'eau bursting forth from his trident. Along the banks of the river the houses are of wood, and built in a fantastic manner. At one place, there is a fine statue of Blucher, with one hand grasping the sword, and the other lifted up, as he addresses his army in these words inscribed below, "*Mit Gott für Konig und Vaterland*," "With God's help for King and Fatherland." There are eleven Protestant, and thirteen Roman Catholic churches, several of the latter being ancient and spacious.

We visited the University, a large antique building, on one side looking out upon the river. The session was not begun, so that we saw only the class-rooms, ve-

nerable and spacious, like those of our own Universities. We then visited one of the Gymnasia or Prussian schools, so justly celebrated over the world. There were 100 children present in the same room, arranged in three classes—the first containing children from four to six years of age, the second from six to ten, and the third from ten to fifteen. They began by singing a hymn, "*Gott ist gut*," the girls singing the air, the boys the tenor, while the master accompanied them on the violin. All sung from music-books, and the effect was pleasing and delightful. The teacher offered up a short prayer, after which every scholar produced and shewed his pencil, paper-book, &c., and sat down to draw, the girls copying flowers and patterns, the boys plans of architecture, &c. This was the employment of that hour; and all the scholars are required to provide themselves with pencil, compasses, and rule, which are kept in a case and carried along with them. They learn Luther's "*Kleiner Catechismus*" or "Shorter Catechism," and read the New Testament. The passages of Scripture to be committed to memory are written upon a black board, and also the lessons for next day. They seemed fine quiet children, very tidy, and several young Israelites were among them. All pay about 8d. per month. On our retiring, all the scholars rose and whispered softly with one voice "*Adieu.*"

We now found our way to the house of Dr Neumann, a converted Jew, of established Christian character, and one of the five professors in the University of Breslau, who are of the seed of Abraham according to the flesh. He and his lady and son received us very kindly. His eldest son is minister of some Protestant Germans, who settled at Rio Janiero in Brazil, and sent for him to come and labour among them. His second son is a doc-

tor of medicine, a fine young man, who speaks English well.

Of the 90,000 inhabitants of Breslau, there may be 30,000 Roman Catholics, and 54,000 Lutherans. Rationalism cannot be said to be on the wane in this quarter, for many of the ministers and professors hold these views, and few indeed stand up to oppose its progress. The recent death of Olshausen was a severe loss to those who defend the truth. There are probably 6000 Jews, although some make their number 2500 families, and they have twelve synagogues. During that year nine Jews had been baptized, but in other years many more. In 1836 there were twenty-six baptisms. The great majority of the Jews here are casting off the Talmud, and the Bible along with it. They are very careless of their religious observances, the young Jews never observing their own Sabbath, but keeping their shops open, neglecting even the morning and evening prayers, which they leave to be performed by the old men. Many, it is said, are baptized without making it publicly known. In the rest of Silesia there are about 10,000 Jews of a similar character, among whom, a missionary who could speak German might labour with the full approbation of Government, and with good prospects of success.

In the evening we resolved to visit the Jewish quarter, and on our way met an interesting old Jew from Kempfen, who took us to their finest synagogue, a large building, with windows of stained glass. There were not more than a dozen Jews met for evening prayer, and one of them was a Jewish soldier. Yet few as they were, they seemed to be very devotional. In the shop of a Jewish bookseller, we asked a young Jewess if she liked to read the Bible; she replied at once, "*nein*,"

"no." We purchased here some copies of a prayer-book for travellers, תפלת עוברי דרכים, "Prayers for those that journey." On our way to our inn, we noticed many of the signboards in the Hebrew character.

(Oct. 18.) We started at nine A. M. in the *Eil-waagen* for Posen, twenty-one German or one hundred and five English miles due north from Breslau, through a country of the most uninteresting sameness of character, and over roads of loose sand the greater part of the way. About eight miles from Breslau, in another direction, the 400 Tyrolese who lately left their native valleys, because of their attachment to the Protestant faith, are settled in the Coppal mountains. At three we entered the village of Prausnitz, while the bells were tolling the requiem of some deceased citizen. In the Prussian villages there is always a large square, in which the houses have their gable end toward the street, and the broad cross beams are visible, giving the houses a fantastic appearance. Many doors had the *mezuza* on the outside, and a Hebrew signboard appeared here and there. Out of a population of 2000, there are 100 Jews.

The country is well cultivated, but not interesting. Traenberg is another clean village, with its square, old Popish church, and image at the gate. Ten Jewish families live here, and we spoke to some of their children on their way to the synagogue. There is a fine avenue of poplars close by, a handsome baronial residence, and a stream, being the seat of Baron Hartsfield, whose father was once Prussian ambassador to England. Late in the evening we passed through Rawitz, and during the night through Lissa, an important Jewish town, the native place of the rabbi of Glasgow.

(Oct. 19.) Next day at noon we reached Posen, the

chief city of the Grand Dutchy of Posen. It was the Jewish Sabbath, and as we passed through the pleasant boulevard, we met numbers of well-dressed people walking for pleasure, whom we recognised at once by their features to be children of Israel. Like Popish Christians they make their Sabbath a day of show and parade. In the evening two Jew boys guided us to the residence of Mr Bellson, the worthy Missionary of the London Society, who, with his wife, gave us an affectionate welcome. He is himself a Jewish convert from Cassel Hessen, and had laboured among his brethren in Holland for four years, in Bromberg for three years, and latterly in Posen. We called with him on Mr Klee, a true lover of Israel, and a person of influence, and also on Dr Cohen, one of the most eminent medical men of the place, a man of learning, and a sincere convert from Judaism. From both of these men we experienced the kindest reception.

Posen has a population of 34,000, of whom 20,000 are Roman Catholics, 7000 Protestants, and about 7000 Jews. There are three Protestant churches in the town, but it is only in the Garrison church that the gospel is preached in purity. Rationalism, of a more refined but not less dangerous kind than formerly, is still making progress. Very few even of those who seem to be truly pious people believe in the divine inspiration of the Old Testament, and scarcely one among them ever studies the prophets.

The arbitrary attempt recently made by the late King of Prussia, to unite the Reformed and Lutheran churches into one, was resisted by a body of men who still maintain the ancient doctrine of the Lutherans, that "the very body of Christ" is present under the elements of bread and wine in the Lord's Supper; but

their opposition is grounded mainly upon the principle, that the King's interference with the church in matters spiritual is sinful. They are in fact maintaining the great scriptural principle for which the Church of Scotland is now so earnestly contending,—that the Church of Christ is free, and not to be controlled by any civil power in matters purely ecclesiastical. There are two *Gymnasia* in Posen; to which the wealthier Jews send their children to be educated, so that they are fast renouncing the Talmud.

The Christians here take no interest in the conversion of the Jews, with the exception of a few pious men, such as those to whom we were introduced. And yet there are in the whole Grand Dutchy of Posen upwards of 73,000 Jews, there being some in every town of the province—a vast field for a Jewish Missionary. At the time of our visit, the London Society had three labourers in this part of the vineyard, none of them ordained, but one of them a "*Candidat Prediger*," or probationer of the Prussian Church. Their labours are uninterrupted, and they find them peculiarly interesting.

There were likewise seven missionary schools for Jewish children, in different parts of the Grand Dutchy, under the superintendence of the missionaries and of an influential committee in Posen. Each of these is supported at an average expense of from £35 to £40 yearly. The teachers are required to be men regularly educated at a normal seminary, examined, and licensed by Government, as none but such are allowed to teach a school in Prussia. The committee use their utmost endeavour to engage only such as give evidence of personal piety, though this is often matter of great difficulty. They never employ converted Jews, because this would excite a prejudice against the school. Not

long ago, one of their teachers, who had become very decided in his views of divine truth, joined the Lutherans, on which account the Government threatened to displace him. In all the schools, the children receive the common Prussian education. Hebrew is not taught, for that would require a teacher of higher attainments; but the Old Testament is used as a school-book, and the teachers freely introduce the histories and doctrines of the New Testament. In more than one school the New Testament itself has been introduced, and in one the children are acquainted both with the New Testament and the elements of Church History.

It is a wonderful providence of God, that the Jews are willing to send their children to schools conducted on such principles. In towns, where the Jews have schools of their own, it would not be possible to draw away the children, and prevail on them to attend a missionary school; but in small villages, where there are no other means of education, the Government obliges the children to attend. There are many such places in the Grand Dutchy, where schools might still be planted with good hope of success, and the Jewish children are most anxious to attend, and have been known to entreat their parents with tears to allow them to become scholars.

In the town of Posen, the school had for a time been nearly dispersed, on account of the baptism of two of the girls. After this event, it was reduced all at once from eighty-three scholars to thirteen, in consequence of the threats of the rabbies. But storms of this kind have occurred before, are to be expected, and may soon blow over. Our own missionaries in India have several times experienced the same trial after the baptism of native converts. The late King of Prussia, the present King (at that time Crown Prince), and other members

of the Royal family, were in the habit of receiving an annual report of these schools, and returning to the missionaries their thanks, along with their subscriptions. This was instrumental in inducing the Jews to treat the missionaries with kindness, because they believed them to be in favour with Government.

(Oct. 20. Sabbath.) Mr Bellson conducted us to the Garrison church, to hear sermon from Mr Niese, an Evangelical minister, who had lately come. All the serious people attend there, because it is the only church in Posen where they can hear "the words of eternal life." It is also the fashionable church, because the officers of the garrison are to be found there. It was crowded, and we had to stand in the passages along with many others, including some devout men from the country who wore ear-rings, according to the custom of the place. After a very short Liturgy, the congregation joined in a psalm, and though there was a large organ leading, the sound of it was almost drowned in the full swell of human voices, carrying all the parts of music in a way unknown in our churches. After a short preface, the minister read out the text, Ephesians VI. 12, "We wrestle not with flesh and blood," during the reading of which all stood up. He began by remarking, that though some might think this passage suited soldiers best, yet every Christian is a soldier; even in times of perfect peace there is war around him. One of his chief foes is the devil, the leader of a host—the unseen "ruler of darkness," who is crafty, suiting himself to the dispositions of every man; if he be a poor man, tempting him to murmur, if rich, to be proud. Therefore we must take the "whole armour of God." The "righteousness" here spoken of is Christ's righteousness; for our own could never give us courage to stand. The word of God is "the sword," as we see it

proved to be when Christ used it against the devil, giving him always this stroke, "*Es steht geschrieben, Es steht geschrieben, Es steht geschrieben,*" "It is written," "It is written," "It is written." We overcome through him in the same way. And (said he) "*Christi Bruder ist Satan's überwinder,*" "A brother of Christ is a conqueror of Satan." Therefore, watch. A soldier on watch cries to each that passes, "Who's there?" *(Wer da?)* But is that all? No, he must seek help. Therefore, also "pray." He then, in a strain of most animated eloquence, suiting his gestures to the words, spoke of the "hope of salvation," and made allusion to the battle of Leipsic, the anniversary of which had taken place the preceding week, as a time when for seven years there had been one cry through all Germany, "*Mit Got für Konig und Vaterland,*" "With God's help, for king and country." So must it be with us till our conflicts are crowned with victory. A short prayer followed, after which he pronounced a blessing; the people sung a hymn, and dismissed. It was an interesting audience, and an impressive service; yet we were told that many were offended, for they are not much accustomed to hear the truth.

In the evening, we met together in Mr Bellson's for prayer and conversation on the Scriptures. Dr Cohen and Mr Klee were present, and at their request, we conducted worship in English. There was also present an interesting young man, who is condemned to imprisonment for life in the fortress, because in his college days he had joined a conspiracy against kings and governments. He has been lately impressed with the truth, and by the influence of Mr Klee has his bonds often loosed.

(Oct 21.) We found only eleven Jewish children at the Missionary school in Posen, and these very young,

the rest being for the present deterred from attendance by the influence of the Rabbi. The teacher appeared to be a man of an excellent spirit. He examined his class upon the early life of Christ, and then they sang a hymn, while he led them on the violin; one little girl, named Lina, accompanied him with the voice by herself in another hymn. Up to the time of the baptisms this was a flourishing school. There were at one time twelve children in it of whose real conversion the teacher had every reason to hope well; and two of these were the girls lately baptized.

The average number attending the seven missionary schools in this province, in the year 1839, was 267. In several of them an evening class is maintained, which is frequently well attended by elderly Jews, even married men. In Posen, as many as forty or fifty have come, induced chiefly by the desire to learn writing, though reading and explaining the Scriptures are always the principal business of the class. All the schools are gratuitous, for if the parents had to pay they would not send a single scholar. Every teacher gives in a monthly report of his school to the missionaries, marking the attendance or absence of the children every day, and stating their progress and behaviour. Subjoined is a specimen of the attendance of the children during five months in 1839:—

	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.
At Margonim,	44	42	32	34	40
..... Evening Class,	27	30	25	21	27
At Storchnest,	27	25	26	26	26
..... Evening Class,	21	16	16	16	15
At Kempen,	59	60	61	60	60
At Inaworclaw,[1]	21	46	48	34	20
At Schlichtingsheim,	24	25	25	...	...
At Posen,	58	67	76	39	33
At Rogasin,	..	...	24	30	32

[1] Pronounced Inavorclav.

The books used are the usual elementary school-books, a book of history for children, and the Old Testament. The evening classes are not considered to be under the charge of Government, and therefore the system pursued in them is not so complete, nor the reports so full. In their reports, the teachers frequently mention the impressions made on the minds of the children by what they hear of the Saviour. The girl mentioned as baptized nine months previous to our visit was Bertha Louisa Brache. She was one who had been under deep impressions of divine truth for four years; but the teacher to whose instrumentality she owed her knowledge of the truth removed to another station a great way off, in Prussian Poland, so that she had no one to whom she might open her mind. Bertha, however, became very decided in her views. Her mother was dead, and her father being her only companion, she loved him exceedingly, but he was a determined Jew, and bitterly opposed her desire to be a Christian, so that she resolved to seek baptism and a refuge elsewhere than in Posen. One morning she set out very early, with her Bible and hymn-book, to find out her teacher, who now lived so far off; but her father, suspecting which way she would go, pursued and overtook her. On being brought back, she said that as she went along that morning she was exceedingly happy, singing hymns and reading the word of God freely. Her father treated her very severely, taking every book from her, even her Bible, and not suffering her to attend school; at last she made her escape a second time, and her case becoming known, a very excellent man, who has an estate at Pinne, six miles from town, took her into his family. She was baptized at Pinne, by the worthy pastor of the parish, Dr Klee, and seldom has there been a more impressive

scene than that baptism. The other girl, whose conversion is also very decided, is named Maria Charlottina Wilensia.

In the evening a meeting of the committee who superintend the schools was held at Mr Bellson's house. There were present two officers from the garrison, affectionate, Christian men, who embraced us in the German fashion, kissing each cheek. Dr Cohen also attended, and one of the pastors of the Garrison church, a worthy man, yet like some other of the good people of Germany, totally ignorant of the Old Testament, and not reckoning it inspired. We had some interesting converse with this person in Latin, and surprised him not a little by telling him that in Scotland we all received the Old Testament with the same reverence as the New. We removed some of his objections, but he knew so little that he could scarcely find out the books to which we referred, in the common German Bible. He told us that he had read some of Dr Chalmers' works translated into German, and desired much to see his sermons. We had often heard the missionaries remark that those Christians in Germany who take a lively interest in the Jews, are all of them persons who have begun to take an interest in the Old Testament; but this clergyman seemed to be an exception. How defective must be the knowledge, sanctification, and spiritual attainments of many German Christians, since "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, &c., *that the man of God may be perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works.*" How thankful ought we to be that we live in a land where from our youth we are taught that every word of the Holy Bible is divine.

Dr Cohen explained to us the manner in which all

Prussian teachers are licensed.—They are obliged to attend one of the normal seminaries for three years, and at the end of this period receive a testimonial with the signature and seal of the proper authorities. The most proficient get testimonial No. I.; the next, No. II.; and those who have made least progress, No. III. The following are the heads of the testimony,—1. Religion; 2. German Language; 3. Elocution; 4. Writing; 5. Reckoning; 6. Geometry; 7. Geography; 8. Natural History; 9. Singing; 10. Piano and Organ; 11. Violin; 12. Theory of Music; 13. Drawing; 14. Aptness to teach. After each head is written "*tolerable*," "*well*," or "*very well*," according as the case may be. Why is enlightened Scotland so slow to imitate the many excellencies in the Prussian System of training her teachers?

The teacher's salary in their Jewish schools is only £20 annually, and a present varying from a few dollars to £3. The female teacher, who is engaged two hours a-day in teaching the girls knitting and sewing, receives £4 a-year. The rent of school-room, cost of materials, &c. must be added to this, and about £5 at the outset to fit up the room. So that the whole cost of maintaining a Posen missionary school is from £35 to £40 a-year. At how small a sacrifice may Christians in this country open up more of these "wells of salvation" for Jewish children, who are "ready to perish" in Prussian Poland.

The same evening we walked round the fortress of Posen, which is in the course of being erected. It is of vast extent, and the walls are of a peculiarly hard brick cemented together, having bastions of earth impenetrable to cannon-balls. At the corners stand bomb-proof redoubts, small forts so constructed that twenty

men could maintain them against a host, and these have underground communications with distant fortifications. When the whole works are finished there will be five such fortresses completely encircling Posen, and frowning defiance on the Northern Bear, so that it will be one of the strongest fortifications in the world. Certainly we never saw anything like it in any of the countries we passed through; but, how much happier did the towns of our own free country appear, which have neither gates nor bars? And yet happier Jerusalem which shall have neither walls nor battlements,—for "I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her."[1]

We left Posen at 12 o'clock the same night in company with Mr Bellson, to visit one of the Jewish schools at Storchnest, being anxious to be there next morning (Oct. 22) in time to see its operations. The blowing of the bugle in the Prussian "*Post-waagen*," is a very enlivening sound. The *Suarrow* or driver imitates the sounds of the horses going at different rates of speed. "*Blasen sie 'Die Fahr-post,'*" said Mr Bellson, and the driver imitated the sound of the common mail-coach. Then "*Blasen sie 'Die Schnell-post,'*" and he gave us the rate of the express-post. We retraced part of our Breslau journey for three posts, and then turned off to Storchnest. The morning was dull and hazy; we were well wrapped up in cloaks and furs, and Mr B. occasionally beguiled the way with Hebrew chants, till about 10 in the morning we reached Storchnest, a small quiet village with a green in the centre. We found thirty-eight children in the school, of whom only fifteen were girls, all very poor, but having fine Jewish faces. As there are no other means of education, the Government

[1] Zech. II. 4, 5.

makes it obligatory on the Jewish children to attend this missionary school, and the Burgomaster of the village is warden, and must take care that this is done. The teacher seemed a good young man, and the children were reading the life of Joseph in the German Bible as we entered. We afterwards heard them examined on Bible history, grammar, geography, and natural history, in all which they answered well. Lastly, they sang sweetly three of Luther's Hymns, the teacher playing the violin. On the whole, we were reminded of a well-conducted small parish school in Scotland; only the singing was far more beautiful. We then proceeded to Lissa, a town of 10,000 inhabitants, of whom 4000 are Jews. It was here that *Emma de Lissau* lived; and her relations are still here. The Jews of Lissa are noted for bigotry and attachment to Judaism, and the missionaries, though they sometimes visit it to discuss the truth with their learned men, have no opportunity to preach to the people, because the Protestant clergyman is a rationalist, and opposes them.

At evening we came in sight of Fraustadt, said to be one of the cleanest towns in Prussia. The number of windmills erected near the town is quite remarkable. Ninety-nine were in sight, all in active operation grinding corn, which is carried to Berlin and the towns around. We spent the evening at Fraustadt with Mr Hartmann, a probationer of the United Church of Prussia, and one of the missionaries of the London Society. Mr Graff, another of their missionaries, also joined our party, for these two make Fraustadt their head-quarters, and both seem "workmen that need not to be ashamed."

Mr Hartmann is allowed to preach in almost all the churches of the Grand Dutchy of Posen and of Silesia,

and this liberty he uses on Saturdays in preaching to the Jews. When the missionaries arrive in a town, they spread among the Jews a few printed notices intimating their arrival, and also that there will be sermon at such an hour, mentioning the text or theme. These sermons in the parish church, are attended by a congregation of Jews and Jewesses, from 200 to 500 in number. They behave quietly, not answering again, as they would do in a room; only when he quotes a passage of Scripture in Hebrew (which he always does), they repeat the quotation along with him, and sometimes correct him if he makes a slip in any word. He preaches to them plainly that Messiah is come, and that Jesus is the Messiah. On one occasion, he preached in the parish church of Krotosheim, to an audience of nearly 800 Jews, who listened with great propriety and stillness till he came to the end, when he began to declare in the most explicit terms, that Jesus Christ was the Messiah, which he had no sooner done than they rose and left the church in great confusion. At Pleschen, where there are only 600 Jews, he had lately a congregation of 300, and at Kobylin there were 200. On such occasions, the children attending the missionary schools delight to be present, and often bring their friends.

At the three fairs held at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, in May, July, and November, the missionaries attend and preach to great congregations of Jews, both on the Saturday and Sunday. Mr H. preaches once a month at Walstein, and once a month at Glogau, but if there were more *candidats* or ordained missionaries, they would traverse not only the Grand Dutchy, but Silesia also. These two affectionate Germans told us that they had been labouring for twelve years in this province, and they observe a very marked change in the state of

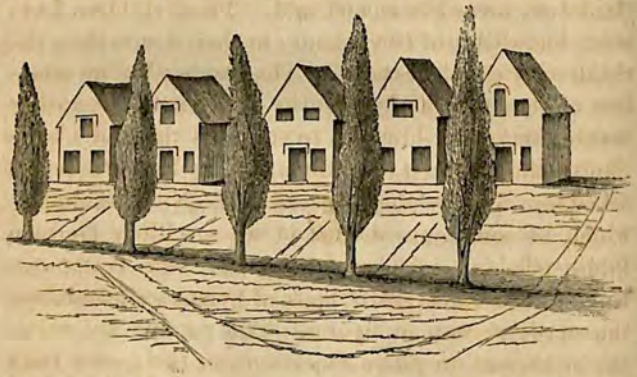
the Jewish mind. Twelve years ago, the Jews would not have come near a Christian church, nor were they willing to converse upon matters that affected their soul. But now they seem to be convinced in their heads that Judaism is false, and that Christianity may be true; but they feel not the burden of sin, and therefore do not really change. The present is the time for Christians to use every effort to send the gospel to them, otherwise infidelity in some form will occupy their minds. What a sphere is this for missionary labour! Here we might have our Scottish system of a parish school and a parish church realized among the many thousands of Israel! Nowhere have we yet seen such an inviting field to one who feels that the simple proclamation of the glad tidings is a minister's chief duty. He may go through the provinces freely, enter the churches, assemble Israel, and, like another Paul, declare to them "the hope of Israel" as already come.

Mr Bellson, by way of contrast, related some of the difficulties he had met with in labouring among the Jews of Holland. There are 25,000 Jews in Amsterdam, but many of them being rich and influential, are difficult of access, and bitter in opposition, while the meaner Jews do not hesitate to shew their dislike on the streets. On one occasion, they beset his house, and tried to raise a tumult. A man of a peculiar mould might be useful there, one who could face much opposition; and it appeared to us that our Scottish churches in Amsterdam and Rotterdam would render the efforts of our missionaries more easy.

(Oct. 23.) We left Fraustadt, accompanied by the three brethren, all in the missionary waggon as they called it, a car drawn by two active ponies, and driven by Joseph—a Roman Catholic, but a useful servant in

gathering the Jews together, when they visit small towns.

We shortened the journey by conversing on Israel, and the labours and prospects of the missionaries, and soon reached Schlichtingsheim, a neat Polish village,



built in the form of a square, with pleasant grass and trees in the centre. In the school, were twenty-three Jewish children, all young. The elder scholars had very lately left the school, after completing their term of attendance, which is eight years. There are only twenty Jewish families in the village, and every child of the specified age was present. The scholars were lively and interested; and the teacher seemed to have the true art of fixing their attention. He examined them on the books of Moses. When they repeated the promise that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head, he asked, "Who is this?" They replied, "Messiah." He then asked for the next prophecy in the Bible in regard to him. They quoted the words of Jacob, "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah till Shiloh come," and said that Jesus Christ was foretold there. He pointed to a map of Palestine, and asked them to shew Beth-

lehem, bidding them tell who was born there. They quoted Micah's prophecy, and explained it of the birth of Christ. They then pointed out Nazareth, and other places in the Holy Land, telling what had happened at the several towns. The Burgomaster, himself a baptized Jew, turned to us and said, "These children have more knowledge of Christianity in their hearts than the children of the Christians." The teacher has an excellent method of dealing with the children, for he rather makes them draw him out to speak to them of Christianity, than forces it upon them. They have frequently asked him to allow them to read in the New Testament, which he sometimes does, and we saw their German Bibles piled up, each containing the New Testament. Each child has also a MS. book of hymns well thumbed, the music written in figures. The parents are either too indifferent to make objections, or their own faith in Judaism is shaken. The teacher then examined them in mental arithmetic, in which it is said that the Jewish boys always excel. He also shewed us specimens of their writing and drawing; and they ended by singing one of Luther's hymns, "*Lobe den herrn.*"

At one of these schools, on the day before Christmas, the teacher told the children that there would be no meeting of the school next day, and explained the reason. He was surprised in the course of the afternoon, when some of them requested to be allowed to come next day, and learn about the Saviour, whose birth he was to celebrate. He gladly consented; and accordingly next day almost all the children came, and he then enjoyed the fullest opportunity of instructing them in the knowledge of Jesus. A similar incident occurred to another teacher. When walking in the fields one day with some of the children, they gathered round him and

entreated him to tell them about his Messiah. He immediately sat down with them on the field, and fully proclaimed the Saviour to his little flock. In the school at Kempen, we were told that there are children who really appear to have the grace of God in their hearts. The same has been the case in the school at Posen, so that God is pouring out his Spirit on the seed of Jacob.

We set out again in the missionary waggon for Glogau, passing through a village which a few years ago was swept away by the Oder overflowing its banks, but which is now rebuilt. An interesting anecdote here related to us, shews what blessed effects might flow forth upon the Jews, if the Prussian Christians among whom they live were all Christians indeed.—An aged Jew was sitting one summer evening beside a really Christian woman, before her cottage door, as is the custom in Germany. The Jew said to her, "If you would tell what you really think, you would say that Jesus is not the Son of God." She answered very solemnly, "As sure as we are sitting here, and the sun shining from heaven, so surely is Jesus the Son of God, and very God himself; and unless you believe in him you must surely perish." He made no reply, but went home, and soon after took to his bed, and was evidently at the gates of death. The Jews, according to their manner, lighted candles; but once and again he revived. At last he cried, "*Herr Jesu*," Lord Jesus, "Have mercy upon me!" Upon this, all the Jews left him, and he died alone, calling loudly on the name of the Lord Jesus. Another anecdote was told us of a less pleasant nature.—Some time ago, when the missionaries were travelling through the Dutchy of Posen, they met a poor Jew who asked alms, and told them his history. He had had a large family of daughters, but no sons; and had become excessively anxious

that the next birth in his family might be a son. He prayed earnestly for this, and went so far as to say that if God would grant his request, he would submit to any suffering or disease, and would even be willing that his wife and daughters should die. Some years after, his wife did bear a son, but she herself was shortly after removed by death. Next one of his daughters sickened, and died; then another, till at last all were taken from him. To crown his misery, he himself was seized with that loathsome disease, so common among Polish Jews, the *plica polonica*,[1] and at the same time was reduced to poverty. He considered himself as a monument of the severe justice of God, who had thus punished him for insisting upon a change in the arrangements of his Providence.

Crossing a wide drawbridge, we entered Glogau, a fortified town on the Oder, having 12,000 inhabitants; of whom 1500 are Jews. It has several Protestant churches, one of which is built of brick, and is 500 years old. Its gymnasium is reckoned one of the best in Prussia for teaching the Latin language. We called upon one of the Evangelical clergy, Pastor Anders, a young but faithful minister, who is exposed to much reproach for his Master's name. He spoke with us in Latin, making many inquiries into the constitution of the Church of Scotland.

We here parted with deep regret from our three missionary friends. Although our acquaintance had been so recently formed, we had nevertheless found each other to be brethren, and our hearts were knit together in love to the same Lord, and in compassion for Israel.

1 This disease, already noticed in the history of Queen Esther, p. 305, will remind the student of prophecy of the words of Moses, "The Lord shall smite thee in the knees, and in the legs, with a sore botch that cannot be healed, from the sole of thy foot *unto the top of thine head*." Deut. xxviii. 35.

And now looking back on the view we then obtained of the field of labour in Prussian Poland, our sense of its importance has been deepened rather than diminished. It has many peculiar advantages :—

1. *The Jewish Schools*, under the superintendence of the Missionaries, are not confined in their range of instruction to the common elements of a general education. The aim steadily kept in view has been, to give the young Jews such instruction as will lead them to Christ. The Committee have succeeded in finding godly men, trained in the Normal schools of Prussia, who are willing for a small salary to devote themselves to this work. There was something in these schools that made us feel as if we were visiting our own parochial schools in Scotland; only they were Jewish villages that sent forth the groups of playful children, and Jewish parents that came to make excuses for an absent scholar. The instances of conversion that have occurred, shew that they have "the good will of Him that dwelt in the Bush," for already young olive plants in this soil are partaking of the fatness of Judah's true olive-tree. Many more such schools might be added, if the Committee had the means; indeed, they might be multiplied to an indefinite extent. Surely some Christian hearts will be touched with pity for the children of Zion, "who faint for hunger at the top of every street."[1] Since our visit, three additional schools have been set in operation by the contribution of Christians in Scotland; and the ease with which this has been done, proves how possible it would be to multiply them.

2. Along with these interesting schools, a missionary here has *an open door for preaching the word to the Jews*. Perhaps there is at present no other place where

[1] Lam. II. 19.

one whose delight is to lift up his voice as a herald of divine truth to Israel, could find such an opportunity of gratifying his desire. The missionary has free access every week to the parish churches, if he be inclined to avail himself of the privilege, and on such occasions, may be seen a crowd of Jews and Jewesses, with their children running by their side, moving to church to hear the Word of truth proclaimed. Particular occasions also, such as the Frankfort Fair, furnish them with even wider opportunities. Let a man of apostolic mind and energy arise, and unimpeded by Government, he may stand in the midst of Jewish multitudes, proclaiming, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!"

3. *The state of the Jewish mind* in this province at present is most favourable to missionary efforts. In other places they delight to enter into controversy, here they have patience to listen to the exposition of the word; and parents manifest an extraordinary, unsuspecting readiness to send their children to the schools. The authority of the Talmud with the mass of Jews is altogether shaken; and yet they have adopted no other system in its room, as if God were keeping open the door for Christian labourers. The fact, too, that there have been more converts from the Jews of this province than from any other country, of itself would confirm the favourable hopes that might be entertained from further exertions among them. And, when to all this we add, that the qualifications required for a well-furnished missionary are by no means difficult of attainment, being simply a fluency in the German tongue, and a good knowledge of pointed Hebrew, does there not open to the view a field "white and ready to harvest?" It is not a controversialist that is here required, but rather one, who

having the unction of the Spirit, would, like Paul at Rome, "expound and testify the kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus, both out of the law of Moses, and out of the prophets, from morning till evening."[1]

After our missionary brethren had departed, Mr Klopsch, Director of the Gymnasium, called upon us, and invited us to spend the evening with his family. We complied, and were received with the utmost warmth of affection. Besides his wife, his three boys were in the room, and his daughter continued to work busily at the spinning-wheel all the evening, while taking an active share in the conversation at the same time. With the old Director, our whole conversation was carried on in Latin, and we understood one another easily. One of his seven surviving children he had called "Immanuel," because his mother's life was despaired of at his birth, but *God was with her;* another he named "Reinardt" (*i. e. pure-hearted*), to intimate the purity of heart required by God; and so with the others. When we asked why he had not given names to his daughters on the same principle, he replied, "Because at the time of their birth, I myself did not know the Lord." At his desire, we described the present state of Palestine, while he and his family put many questions about the towns and places mentioned in Holy Writ. He told us that there are forty Jewish boys attending the Gymnasium here; some of whom left the Roman Catholic gymnasium, and came to him, because he was kind to Jews. Of one Jewish boy he had much hope, for he came of his own accord, like Nicodemus, and asked to be taught concerning the Christian faith. He

[1] Acts xxviii. 23.

knew a good deal about Scotland, and said that the visit of a German traveller, Gemba, who described the manner in which the Sabbath is kept by the Scottish people, first drew forth his love to our country. He was interested in the questions at present agitating our Church, and had already heard that the *Veto Law* was pronounced illegal. He seemed to appreciate fully the Scriptural constitution of our church, in being free from all civil control in matters spiritual, and felt deeply that the treatment of the Lutheran church by the Prussian King, was an act of encroachment by the civil power, resulting from their church possessing no spiritual jurisdiction distinct from the State. One of his favourite books was Rutherford's Letters, which have been translated into German. During the evening, a German *Candidat* came in and joined the conversation in Latin, and also a gentle Moravian with his wife, from whom Mr Calman received an interesting account of some of their settlements. The company of believers seems to be very small in Glogau, but they are full of love. They have to suffer many things. Meetings for prayer are not allowed, lest they should be used for political purposes, and when they wished to have a Sabbath evening school in the church, the police prohibited it, on the pretence that the church might be set on fire, though the theatre is open with its blazing lustres every night. We told them how different it was in happy Scotland. Late in the evening, we bade them an affectionate farewell, happy to have had a glance into one of the believing families of Prussia.

(Oct. 24.) We left Glogau in a raw foggy morning, before dawn, and in two hours were at Klopschen. Soon after we passed through Neusaltz, a Moravian village, where Kolmeister lives, a venerable missionary

who laboured for thirty years at Labrador. At midday, verdant vineyards were on each side of the road, on the sloping hills around the pleasant town of Grunberg. Toward evening, we reached Lessen, where the Oder is joined by another stream. The broad river, the opposing hill, mantled with vines, and the handsome church, give it a beautiful aspect. The dark blue kerchief which the women wear on the head in addition to their white caps, gives them a singular appearance.

By nine o'clock we arrived at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and next morning by daylight entered the capital of Prussia.

Berlin is now so well known in this country, that any lengthened description would be here out of place. It is really a handsome city, situated upon a plain, with the Spree, a tributary of the Elbe, flowing through it, spanned by many bridges. The public buildings have much of the air of royalty about them. The castle, the museum, the dome church, the theatre with a church on each side, (a painful combination, and an emblem, it is to be feared, of the state of religion in Prussia,) are all handsome buildings, worthy of such a capital. The long walk under the linden-trees, with the king's palace and many fine houses on either side, all the way up to the splendid Brandenburg gate, forms one of the finest promenades in Europe. The streets are wide and lively, without being overcrowded like those of London and Paris.

(Oct. 25.) Our main object being to acquire information regarding the Jews, we early sought out Mr Becker, missionary of the London Society. We found him engaged with the captain of police, in a consultation about some Jews who had come from Poland without a pass, professing to wish baptism, and one of whom

at least seemed really in earnest. Up to 1830, Mr Becker was maintained by the Edinburgh Jewish Society; and laboured in Magdeburg, until he was compelled by the late Duke to leave that station. He was then engaged at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and latterly at Berlin. During the year then passed, fifty-four inquiring Jews had come to him, of whom he had baptized five, but many had drawn back. There are about 5000 Jews in Berlin, though others make the number 8000; and between 900 and 1000 proselytes. Of the latter, the great proportion are very poor, a few only are rich, but these have no concern about the salvation of their brethren. Two Jews came in while we were with Mr Becker, one an inquirer, the other a baptized convert, a rabbi from Galicia, named Abraham, whom we had met in London, and who had been lately sent over to study under Mr Becker's care. He is a very learned man, but proud, and unwilling to submit to the labour of acquiring elementary knowledge at his time of life.

There is a society in Berlin for aiding in the support of poor proselytes and inquirers, and which is thought to be absolutely needful. The plan is not to give help directly but in return for labour, getting pious men to employ inquirers or proselytes at their different trades. In the evening, we met with the Committee of this Society, and were introduced to the Rev. Mr Kuntze, and Mr Focke, the Secretary. We heard a statement of thirty cases of those who receive support. "Most of our experiences are sad (said Focke), but some are joyful." One of their first steps was to advertise for Christian masters, who from love would be willing to take Jewish inquirers and converts as apprentices. Thirty-three masters agreed to this, but it was not all of them that had patience and long-suffering with the young

Jews sufficient to lead them to persevere. They thought an *Institution for proselytes* would be advisable, where they might be fed and watched over, and from which they might be sent out as apprentices, for at present they sleep each in the house of his master. They had been instrumental in relieving the wants of about seventy proselytes during that year, the support granted differing in different cases,—some requiring clothes and every thing necessary; only they never give help directly, but always in return for labour. The "*Basle Freund des Israel*," published at Basle, is conducted on the same principles.

Mr Becker mentioned that he had preached at the gaol on the previous Sabbath to 400 prisoners, among whom were forty Jews. The Director is a good man, and has been useful to several of the prisoners, and among others to a young Jew. This youth was confined two years for theft, during which time he learned the catechism and much of the Bible, and now that he is set at liberty, he comes regularly to the missionary asking in good earnest what must he do to be saved. Mr Focke also told us of a man who had murdered his mother, and who, during his confinement, appeared to be truly converted. The minister who attended him said that his confession of sin was the deepest he had ever heard.

It was likewise mentioned that three persons of note had lately laid before the King of Prussia a proposal that the European powers should at this time bring Jerusalem again under Christian sway, or give it into the hands of the Jewish nation by a bloodless crusade. The king answered that he highly approved of their object, but that he had no influence, and advised them to lay the proposal before the other powers of Europe.

They were said not to be religious men, but were moved by general views of philanthropy.

Dr Neander, though himself an Israelite by birth, takes no special interest in his brethren. He cannot be made to see that means ought to be used for their conversion, and his opinion is that the efforts of societies are not to succeed. On the other hand, Dr Hengstenberg has done much for the Jewish cause, and has frequently recommended it to his students.

Walking home with the faithful Kuntze, we received from him an account of the religious state of the capital. Berlin has a population of 250,000 souls, and seventy churches of different denominations. Three ministers and two churches have been added lately upon the principle of our Church Extension Scheme, for the Government discovered that the population had greatly increased, while scarcely one additional church had been built for a hundred years. Some rich people subscribed to the new churches, but the Government were the chief promoters of the scheme. Rationalism is not in fashion at Berlin; only three of the ministers are rationalists, and these are not attended by more than fifty hearers. The late King was a supporter of all good things, though he did not firmly press on his ministers all that he himself saw to be right. The present King (at that time Crown Prince), was thought to be much more decided, and supported the truth in direct opposition to all his father's Neologian councillors. Three of the King's ministers, of whom Kuntze is one, preach the Gospel unflinchingly. There is also some success accompanying the preached word in Berlin, and many come inquiring what they must do to be saved. Gossner, who was brought to the knowledge of the truth through Martin Boos and wrote his life, is pastor of the Bohemian church

here, and has been remarkably blessed in awakening souls. The real Christians of Berlin do take an interest in the cause of the Jews, but not equal to its vast importance, for missions to the heathen are far better supported. Kuntze himself is engaged every week in the instruction of inquirers, both Jewish and Gentile, and has baptized 112 Jews from the commencement of his labours, forty of whom were from the Grand Dutchy of Posen, and almost none from Berlin. "It is a cause (he said) which needs much patience and long-suffering; but the more they are sunk and degraded, so much the more we should compassionate them: And how cheering is that promise, 'As ye were a curse among the heathen, O house of Judah and house of Israel, so will I save you, and ye shall be a blessing.'"[1]

In passing the palace, Kuntze pointed to the King's sleeping apartment, the light in the window of which is the common intimation to the people that the King has retired to rest. We could not but contrast his peaceful reign with that of the Sultan of Constantinople, whose palace is far removed from his capital, in order to ensure his safety.

(Oct. 26.) Rabbi Abraham called and conducted us to one of the New School synagogues, connected with their seminary for youth. A choir of fine Jewish boys sat on either side; the older Jews, wearing no distinctive dress except the *Tallith* over the shoulders, sat in the middle, and the women were placed by themselves, but not concealed by any lattice-work. After a short prayer, a fine Hebrew psalm was sung by the boys responsively, and then the rabbi, Dr Auerbach, gave an extempore prayer in German, and preached a sermon on Abraham offering up Isaac, enforcing from it the duty

[1] Zech. VIII. 13.

of serving and obeying God. His quotations from Scripture were given in Hebrew, but always followed up by a German translation. We spoke with several of the Jews present. One who had travelled with us from Breslau seemed a fine young man, and seriously inclined. Another spoke with us in Latin. While leading us to the synagogue, he said that he still studies the Talmud, though he does not receive it as the Word of God, and that he believes the Old Testament to be divine. The old synagogue is a fine large building in the Gothic style, like that of Brody, but not so handsome.

We visited the splendid Museum, which is freely open to the public; and afterwards called on Elsner, agent for the Bible and Tract Society, a warm-hearted, godly old German, a truly zealous and useful man, and one of those who are raised up by God to be the helps of the ministry in spreading the glad tidings over the world. He gave us the Reformation Tract, newly printed. The Saturday following was to be held as a sacred festival, in commemoration of the Reformation, it being exactly 300 years that day since first their King publicly owned the Reformed religion, by partaking of the Lord's Supper in both kinds in the Old Church of Nicolai (2d Nov. 1539.) The present Royal Family had resolved to partake of the Lord's Supper in the same church on that day. On our way home, we did not fail to visit this venerable structure, with its sharp-pointed spire, the Nicolai Kirche, where Bucholzer used to preach.

(Oct. 27. Sabbath.) At nine, we went to hear Mr Becker preach in the old Roman Catholic "Kloster-Kirche," a dismal old church, built of brick, with galleries covered over with ancient paintings, and an immense image of Christ on the Cross with the women

standing by, suspended from the roof. These do not suit our Presbyterian, nor even our Protestant taste, and must be an object of abhorrence to a Jew. There was a small congregation of serious old people, and a few Jews. We first heard the Lutheran liturgy, then a psalm, and a discourse on Exod. XXIII. 21, "My name is in him." Mr Becker is in the habit of advertising in the newspapers the day before, the subject on which he is to preach, thus:—

"AVERTISSEMENT.

שׁוּבוּ בָנִים שׁוֹבָבִים אֶרְפָּה מְשׁוּבֹתֵיכֶם

'Kehret wieder, ihr abtrünnigen Kinder, so will ich euch heilen von eurem Ungehorsam.' Die Alt Testamentliche Predigt über Jerem. III. 22, 23, wird am Busstage, den 24ster April, früh 9 Uhr, der Prediger Becker in der Kloster-Kirche halten."

"ADVERTISEMENT.

'Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backsliding.' The Old Testament discourse on Jerem. III. 22, 23, will be given on the Fast-day, 24th April, at nine o'clock A. M., by Mr Becker, in the Closter-Church."

We next went to the Dom-Kirche, where the King and Royal Family generally attend. It is a modern building, with a lofty fretted roof, supported by a range of pillars on either side. The altar is adorned with a beautiful painting, two lighted candles, and a crucifix. Five services are conducted here every Sabbath by different ministers, at different hours. As we entered, we saw the conclusion of a marriage ceremony, which was performed in front of the altar. A short liturgy was then read by an aged minister, and a fine choir of boys sang a hymn, aided by a noble organ. A younger mi-

nister preached on "the two debtors," with a good deal of animation in his manner. Reading sermons, or even the use of notes, seems unknown among Prussian pastors.

At two, we heard Mr Kuntze preach in the "Waisen-Kirche" (Orphan-church), to a large and evidently impressed audience. The singing was delightful, and the discourse delivered with great fervour and warmth, "Ye were once darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord." He referred in the course of his sermon to the Reformation, and the third jubilee of it to be celebrated that week. At every mention of the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, whether in prayer or in the sermon, the greater part of the congregation bowed their head. Most of them sat during prayer, though some kneeled, and some stood. After the blessing was pronounced, all sat still for a minute in deep silence, and then rose to depart home.

The Sabbath desecration of Berlin is most lamentable. It is not like the gay pleasure-day of Paris, nor like the day of show and parade in London, but it is like a common business-day. Most of the shops are open and busily frequented, and most of the people wear their week-day clothes. In the evening, it was saddening to see the large theatres open and lighted up. Guilty city! Paris sins in comparative ignorance, but Berlin sins against the light of a faithfully preached gospel, and the testimony of many holy believers.

(Oct. 28.) We visited the Jewish school belonging to the New Synagogue, where 150 boys are educated. There are four classes, of which the highest is taught Hebrew thoroughly; one of the boys translated a portion of Isaiah while we were there. They have a small library apparatus for experiments in natural philosophy,

and a piece of ground cultivated for the study of botany. The director, Auerbach, paid us every attention, gave us their printed reports, and conducted us through the orphan-house adjoining, where sixteen orphan children are maintained. When educated, these orphans are sent out to work under Christian masters, and two of them have been baptized.

At four o'clock, we went to hear Gossner preach in the Bohemian Church. It was crowded with an audience of peculiarly solemn and devout worshippers. The king's brother and his lady are among his most regular hearers. He preaches with much fervour and great plainness, not sparing the sins of high or low. His remarks were often very pointed. "Some of you cheat, lie, swear, and come to the Bohemian Church, and are among my most attentive hearers,—and why? That you may balance your sins with your devotions." He preached first from the New Testament, and then from the Old, both discourses being very brief. At the close, the congregation sang a missionary hymn, with special reference to their brethren who have gone to Australia; Gossner reading the line, and all singing in the sweetest manner.

We spent the evening with Mr Focke, and learned something more of the brotherly love of German Christians. He is the translator of Rutherford's Letters, and some other Scottish writers, into German.

(Oct. 29.) We had an opportunity of hearing Dr Neander lecture for an hour to about 400 students. He stood without any gown, carelessly dressed in a brown surtout, leaning over a rude desk. His large shaggy eyebrows and prominent Jewish nose, give an expression of depth and power to his face, but his whole manner and appearance are most ungainly. His utter-

ance is very distinct, but with a good deal of effort, and with so many pauses, that the students were able to write down every word; and when he came to any unusual proper name, he spelt it to them. The lecture was on the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews. In the midst of his dissertation the bell rang, and immediately he closed his papers, scarcely finishing the sentence, bowed to the students, and was the first to leave the class-room. There is no prayer either at the commencement or close, for this would be considered *Pietism*. The Doctor is a singular man. When visitors go to call upon him, they have often to seek about his room in order to find him, for he is hidden behind shelves and folios. In conversation they must draw him out, question after question, for no one gets from him more than he asks. Yet he is very kind to his students, and entertains them twice a-week at tea.

Berlin University is now distinguished in all its branches. The great aim of the late king was to make it the first University in Germany, and he has succeeded, by gathering the ablest men to be professors there. Its theology is on the whole the soundest of any in Germany. Hengstenberg is professor of Biblical Criticism, and confines himself to the interpretation of the Old Testament. He seems to be the firmest and boldest opponent of Rationalism and the German philosophy in all Germany, but there are not many professors who adhere to him. Neander is standing still while others are becoming more orthodox, and his views of inspiration would be condemned by every body of Christians in England.

We next called upon Gossner, and found him a lively warm-hearted old minister. He does not take a particular interest in the Jews. "This is the time (said

he) for angling them out one by one, but not for the general haul." He spoke much of Martin Boos, saying, "He was a man like Luther, but very mild, and I myself am a monument of his success." He believed that the chief reason why Boos never joined any Protestant church was, that he could not bear the coldness and infidelity so widely prevalent among them. Thirty-seven Bavarian priests were the fruit of his labour, who continue in the Roman Catholic Church, yet preach the truth as it is in Jesus. Many of his people became Protestants, but others could not stand the trials to which they were subjected. He shewed us a picture which represents him with a cap on his head.

We had afterwards an interesting account of Gossner's own labours in St Petersburgh. It is eighteen years since he was forced to part from his people there. Many in the Russian capital were becoming concerned about their souls under his ministry, and for this reason he was suddenly commanded to leave. Chained to a soldier, he was conducted out of Russia, when multitudes of his people followed him, weeping as they went for ten miles; till he entreated them to return, and implored a parting blessing upon them. Although so many years have elapsed, still some of his people meet together upon his birthday every year, to pray that his useful life may be preserved. How lasting is the tie that unites a Christian people to their spiritual father!

We spent the evening with Mr Kuntze and two interesting Jewish converts, one a medical man, who desires earnestly to be employed as a medical missionary among his brethren, the other a useful member of the Berlin Society for Visiting the Sick, and both esteemed as truly Christian men. From them we learned something more of the real condition of Christ's kingdom in

Berlin. Faithful ministers are on the increase, and they maintain three meetings for ministerial conference and prayer. One of these contain seven pastors, who meet every Monday evening for the study of the Scriptures; the Hebrew and Greek Bible, and Hengstenberg's Christology being before them. After supper they go over each of the sermons of the past Sabbath, and communicate freely ministerial experiences and difficulties. What a salutary influence such meetings must exercise, and how worthy are they of imitation by the faithful pastors of our own beloved Church!

Sabbath schools are not allowed in Prussia. Mr K. instituted them, and carried them on quietly for three years, but they were put down by the Government on the ground that the teachers were not licensed. Even meetings for prayer are not allowed, through fear lest republican sentiments should be promoted! Yet Mr K. holds a meeting every Wednesday evening, in a large saloon, in the house of Baron Kotswitz, a faithful old gentleman of eighty-three years of age, and this is filled to overflowing by an audience of above 400 persons. There are many awakened souls in Berlin asking the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward, and for the most part these are either in the highest ranks or in the poorest, the middle class being the most ungodly.

Several of the faithful pastors visit from house to house through their parish, as amongst ourselves, but generally with the help of a *Candidat*, owing to the vast extent of their parishes. The division of parishes is hindered by the minister's salary depending in great part on the marriage fees, &c., which would be much lessened by diminishing the parishes. The schools are entirely under the care of the clergy, so that he can di-

rect the books to be read, and the portions of Scripture to be learned. We parted from this affectionate servant of Christ after solemn prayer.

Next day we visited the Normal Seminary, conducted by Mr Diesterweg, reckoned one of the most skilful normal teachers in all Prussia, and an author on the subject. We found him in the upper room, instructing sixty young teachers in the elements of logic. Oral catechetical instruction seems to be one principle of the system. He proposes a question, and all who are ready to answer hold up the forefinger. He names one who answers, and so on, with the greatest rapidity, keeping up a continuous stream of lively examination among all. The young men are taught in this way for two years, when they are introduced into the classes below to teach the children, the director privately observing and correcting their faults. We went through six classes of the school in which this was going on. In one, the children were exercised in mental arithmetic. In others, instruction in French, Anatomy, and Natural History, was given, all in the same lively manner; and in one class, they read a brief history of the Reformation, and repeated a hymn. We were much gratified by this visit, and longed to see the same system fully realized in Scotland.

We next visited the Berlin Missionary Institution in Sebastian Street, and were kindly received by the Directors, two gentle Christian men. They have a hall for prayer, comfortable apartments for the students, a small library, and a neat chapel adjoining. Several young men were studying there at the time, who have devoted themselves to the missionary cause; one of whom was Jacobson, a converted Jew, full of love to his Lord, and under training to carry the glad tidings

to his brethren. The expense for each student is £30 a-year.

The same evening, we had the pleasure of calling on Dr Robinson, the American Professor, author of Biblical Researches in Palestine,—a most valuable work, to which frequent references have been made in a former part of this narrative; he was then residing in Berlin for the purpose of bringing it to a completion.

Our inquiries being now completed in the Prussian capital, we set out for Hamburgh (which is thirty-two hours distant) late at night, good old Elsner seeing us away, and supplying us with tracts for distribution. Passing through Spandau and many villages during the night, we came next day about noon to Perleberg, and shortly after to Ludwigslust. This latter place is surrounded with gardens and pleasure-grounds, having formerly been the residence of the Duke of Mecklesberg, in whose territory it lies. At evening we reached Boitzemburg, then crossed a strip of territory belonging to Denmark, and early next morning entered Hamburgh.

The environs of Hamburgh are beautiful; fine avenues of trees afford shady walks, through which the scenery of the river Elbe at different openings meets the eye. Many of the houses are old and picturesque. There are 150,000 inhabitants; and it is reckoned one of the most vicious towns in Europe. The city forms a kind of republic, governed by a senate, who seem to be opponents of the truth. The established religion is Lutheran, but the pastors are far from being faithful or even orthodox. A little before our visit, two *Candidats* had been preaching against the Divinity of Christ, and nothing was done to check them; whilst another faith-

ful *Candidat*, who printed a tract opposed to Socinian views, was tried, fined, and forbidden to preach for three years. In the whole Hamburgh territory, there are twenty-six Lutheran pastors, but of these, only six have come boldly forward to defend the truth. One member of Senate, who is a faithful man, has published a protest against the Socinianism of some of the ministers. There are 4000 English resident in this town, and these have an Episcopal clergyman. Mr Rheder, a minister of the Congregational persuasion, and a worthy man, labours quietly among his flock, and is undisturbed. Mr Oncken, the agent to the Edinburgh Bible Society, preaches to a small Baptist congregation, but not without interruption.

We found our way to the house of Mr Moritz, missionary of the London Society, by birth a Jew, who, for thirty-two years, has maintained a consistent profession of the truth. When he first went to London, before his conversion, he lived at the house of a Jewess. On Saturday, instead of going to the synagogue, he spent the whole day in going through the city, gazing at every novelty. On Sunday morning, he was astonished at the quietness of the town, and still more when he saw the shops all shut. Inquiring what it meant, his Jewish landlady said, "The people of England are a God-fearing people, and if we had kept our Sabbath as they keep theirs, Messiah would have come long ago." This word from the lips of a Jewess was the first arrow of conviction that pierced his heart, for he always thought that Christians were idolaters. The arrow remained, and never left him till he was brought to the feet of Jesus. After his baptism, he read in a newspaper one day a proposal by Alexander, Emperor of Russia, to establish colonies of Jews near the Sea of Azoph, whereupon he

wrote to a friend in St Petersburgh, that Gospel missionaries should first be sent among the Russian Jews. His letter was laid before the Emperor, by whose desire he was immediately engaged in that work. From 1817 to 1825, he went through many provinces of Russia, Volhynia, Courland, and the Crimea, preaching the gospel to the Jews with great acceptance, and often with success. His own aunt and her two sons were the first fruits of his labours. He was often invited to preach in their synagogues, where the Jews listened with deep interest. Frequently, in order to attract them, he made use of their own style, and conveyed the truth to them in the form of a *mashal* or parable,—for the Jews still delight in this form of speech, as their fathers did.[1] Once in the synagogue of Kiow, being asked to preach, he spoke the following parable.—"A poor Jew wanted very much to be rich; he therefore put a bandage on his eyes, that he might pray to *Mazal* or Fortune, and went everywhere through the streets, looking up to heaven, and crying, 'O Mazal, Mazal, make me rich.' At length, Mazal threw down a great bag full of precious treasure, which fell right before him. The poor man did not take off the bandage, but ran on, and stumbled over the treasure. Neither did he even then turn back to see what it was, but went on, still crying, 'O Mazal, Mazal, make me rich.' Mazal seeing her gift neglected, took it up again into heaven, and the Jew remained a beggar as before." The Jews present requested an explanation of the parable, which he gave them, by referring to Isaiah IX. 6, and the 2d Psalm. A deep silence followed. At last some young men asked,—And will the bandage always be on our eyes? He told them to pray that the Spirit of God might take it away.

[1] Judg. IX. 7.

Five of these young men seemed to receive saving impressions that evening.[1]

In 1819, he was in Dorissow, preaching the gospel to the Jews, when a rabbi from Kletsk (six German miles distant), accompanied by some of his young men, called, and asked why he did not come to their town to preach the gospel to them. Mr Moritz said he was willing to come if they would receive him. The rabbi said, "We will treat you kindly, I and my people will hear you, and I will tell them to treat you kindly." Accordingly he went, and was well received; he declared the gospel freely to them, and gave away all his tracts and New Testaments. He did not hear at the time of any particular result; but a year ago, letters came to Warsaw from forty Jews of Kletsk, asking if one Moritz was still living, and where he was, offering if he were at Warsaw to come there and be baptized. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it *after many days*."

This excellent missionary regards Russia as by far the most important field for a Jewish mission. There are at least *two millions* of Jews in European Russia, not including Poland, and all are Talmudists except in Courland, where a little more light has broken in. But there seems little hope of obtaining leave for Protestants to labour amongst Israel there, for the Government are doing all they can to crush Protestantism. The Basle missionaries who went to the Caucasus, obtained per-

1 In one of their own books on Psa. LV. 22, they tell this *mashal* by way of illustration. A poor man was travelling on a hot day, carrying a heavy load upon his back. A rich man passing in his chariot took pity on him, and invited him to take a seat in his chariot behind. Shortly after, on turning round, the rich man saw the pilgrim still oppressed with the load upon his back, and asked why he did not lay it on the chariot. The poor man said that it was enough that he had consented to carry himself in his chariot, and he could not presume to ask more. "O foolish man" (was the reply), "if I am willing and able to carry you, am I not able also to carry your burden?" Thus it is with God, when he once receives a poor sinner, if he accepts his person, he will carry his burden of cares too.

mission to baptize their converts, but a year after they were all sent out of the country. In the regions bordering on the Baltic, Protestants marrying Greeks were formerly allowed to bring up some of their children as Protestants, but now all must be Greeks. Before, when Protestants were far from a Protestant minister, the Greek priests baptized the children, allowing the children to remain Protestants; but now all such children must be brought up as Greeks.

From Mr Moritz we obtained the same favourable account of the Karaites in Russia as that given before. There are two colonies of them near Wilna, inhabiting a town and a village, the one having 1500, and the other 300, who support themselves by cultivating the ground. At a place called Karcimisky Neustadt ("new town belonging to Karaites") in Lithuania, they are employed in agriculture, and the cultivation of hops and cucumbers. In the Crimea, there are above 4000, who are nearly all farmers. They are a very moral and trustworthy people. Once they did not receive the prophets, but only the law, but now they receive both as divine. They keep the externals of the law very strictly, never kindling a fire on Sabbath in the coldest winters; but they are full of self-righteousness.

Jews in Russia are now taken into the army, so that no Jew can leave the country without special permission;[1] yet still they succeed in obtaining passports by bribery.

In Sweden, of which Mr M. is a native, there are only 250 families of Jews, and these are obliged to live in four cities. At Stockholm are 600 Jews; at Gottenberg 450, at Narkoping 100, and at Carlscrona 40. Mr M. had visited them all, and so little hinderance is

1 See Isa. xliii. 6.

there in the way of labouring among them, that one of the Bishops offered him a church in which he might preach to the Jews. In Denmark it is otherwise; there are 2600 Jews in its capital, Copenhagen, and the same number in Altona, and about 1000 more throughout the country; but no missionary is allowed to seek their salvation.

Mr Moritz having also visited other parts of Germany, gave us information concerning them. In Baden there are 20,000 Jews; in Bavaria 30,000, and in Wurtemberg 1200. In *Baden*, the greater part of the Jews have cast away the Talmud, except those in Carlsruhe. In *Bavaria*, there is a mixture of Rationalists and Talmudists, and little has been done for the Jews there, two-thirds of the population being Roman Catholics. In *Wurtemberg*, the most of the Jews are Rationalists, but very friendly. No missionary has ever been stationed there, though it is a most inviting field of labour, and he would find delightful Christian families, who love Israel, in almost every town and village; and were his labours blessed, might be permitted to establish around him a congregation of converted Jews. The desirableness of forming such a congregation was a subject on which Mr Moritz often dwelt. "You will never make a deep impression on the Jewish mind" (he would often say) "until you form such a congregation. If your church would lay down her plan, and present it to the King of Prussia, you would, no doubt, receive permission to gather all the converts round the missionary, as in the Moravian settlements, so that they might support themselves, sympathize with one another, and be nourished by sound teaching. I know a great many Jewish families in Wurtemberg who would at once join such a congregation; but, at present, they are kept back in

some degree by the feeling, that most of those who profess Christianity around them are infidels; while, at the same time, their convictions are repressed by the difficulties and painful struggles that are in the way of converts."

Hamburgh itself presents a difficult field for missionary labour. There are 9000 resident Jews, and a fluctuating class of travelling Jews from Poland, Bavaria, and even occasionally from Constantinople and Asia, who come here in the way of trade. The majority are Talmudists, but far from being devout; the New School Jews have an elegant synagogue, where they use an organ and German tunes to their hymns.

When Mr Moritz first arrived, he sent a circular of intimation to the Jews, and immediately great crowds visited him. Many soon threatened to kill him; and the rabbies both of the Old and New School used all their influence, so that in a little while all Jews ceased to come to him. He next opened a school, and taught twenty-four poor Jewish children for several months; but the rabbies threatened to withdraw their proportion of alms, and so all were removed from him. At the time of our visit, Mr M. preached every Tuesday in his own house to about seventy hearers; of whom, however, the most were Christians, with four or five Jews occasionally. He has found some fruit of his labours among them. Many of the foreign Jews who visit Hamburgh, come to him for a tract or a Bible, when he opens to them the gospel, and often they come again. That very week ten such inquirers had been with him. The Jews have great influence over the Government, two-thirds of them being rich, and holding the greater part of the trade in their hands. They have a police of their own, who permit no foreign Jew to stay more than

two days without their leave; if he is suspected of inquiring into Christianity, he is sent off immediately. Still Hamburgh is a most important station, and we heartily thanked God when we found so warm-hearted a missionary there, "going forth weeping bearing precious seed."

On our way to the old synagogue, we met Mr Oncken, newly arrived from a visit to Denmark, a kind, intelligent Christian, who went with us. The building was large, and well filled with careless-looking Jews, with nothing distinctive in their dress except the *Tallith* worn by some. They have little real devotion, and seem to cleave to the superstitions of the rabbies in outward form only.

We next visited the New School synagogue or temple, "*a temple without a Shecinah,*" as Mr Moritz well expressed it. The rabbi, Mr Klee, dressed with a small Jew cap and *Tallith*, black cloak and bands, was in the pulpit, reciting a German hymn with much energy. He then gave a short preface, and read the text in the same way as the Lutheran ministers; and delivered with much elocution, a sermon on patience and submission to the will of God. He quoted a Christian author and several hymns, and even spoke of *Christian* patience. There were about 200 present, the ladies occupying the gallery and a side compartment. When the sermon was finished, and the blessing pronounced in the mode of the Lutherans, the preacher withdrew, and a German hymn was given out, the organ playing one of the fine national psalm tunes. Another rabbi then began the Hebrew prayer, but most withdrew during this service. The peculiarity of their prayer-book is, that *they have erased all mention of Messiah.* "Have I been a wilderness unto Israel? a land of darkness? wherefore say my people, We are lords; we will come no more

unto thee?"[1] It is painfully interesting to remark, that though they borrow so many of the externals of the Lutherans, they have a most bitter hatred at Christianity. Like the father of young Hannibal, they administer an oath to their children at confirmation, to the effect that *they will never become Christians.* Mr Moritz had frequently conversed with a young Jewess, who had deep convictions of the truth, but who always waved any decided expression of her views by saying, "*Ich habe geschworen, Ich habe geschworen,*" "I have sworn, I have sworn."

The same evening we walked out at the Hamburgh gate, and along the Hamburgh Bar, famous or rather infamous over all the world as a scene of deepest profligacy, where many a British sailor has been hurried on to ruin, and where the poor Jews are too often made to share in the sin of Christians. At the end of this walk we came to Altona, connected with Hamburgh, yet in the province of Holstein, and belonging to Denmark, a fine town, containing 30,000 inhabitants, with a shady walk under linden-trees, and a beautiful view of the winding Elbe, and a tributary entering it. It contains 2600 Jews, and many of their shops were open, though it was their Sabbath.

It was this day that we first heard of the wonderful work of God that had lately taken place in Scotland. Mr Rheder, who shewed us much kindness, brought us a newspaper, containing brief references to the Revivals at Kilsyth and Dundee, thinking that we would be able to give him fuller details; but all our letters having been sent to Warsaw, we were in utter ignorance of what had occurred, God having reserved the good news

[1] Jer. xi. 31,

till our wanderings were nearly done. The notices were of the briefest and most imperfect kind; and though Dundee was named, we did not know how nearly we were interested in the shower of blessing. We were, however, filled with joy, by hearing that God had poured out his Spirit as in the days of old; and we felt it a special kindness to ourselves, that the glad tidings should meet us when we were almost in sight of our native land. It appeared also worthy of special notice and thanksgiving, that God had done this in the very year when the Church of Scotland had stretched out her hand to seek the welfare of Israel, and to speak peace to all their seed. And we felt that the same promises that had so often supported us in our trials, had been made good also to our Church at home—"Blessed is he that blesseth thee:" "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee."

Those only who have experienced what it is to have been long separated from a beloved flock, and in distant solitudes to pour out the heart to God in their behalf, can understand the feelings with which we now longed to visit our parishes again, and to know if they had shared in the grace that had dropped on the pastures of the wilderness.

(Nov. 3. Sabbath.) Mr M'Cheyne preached in Mr Rheder's chapel, on the words "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony." It was the first time he had preached since laid aside by that providence which had led to our mission being proposed. We afterwards enjoyed the privilege of sitting down at the Lord's table with a small company of serious people, among whom were four converts of the house of Israel. Mr Bonar ad-

dressed the communicants, and then preached in the afternoon on Jer. XXXI. 3–7, giving a sketch of what we had seen of God's ancient people. In the evening we had a pleasant meeting in the house of Mr Moritz, who read the 102d Psalm, and sent us away with affectionate prayer.

A little after midnight we left Hamburgh, and came to Shulau, where we embarked on board the Lonsdale steamer for London.

After a prosperous voyage we entered the Thames on the morning of the third day (Nov. 6), and the same afternoon arrived in London. After spending a few days there among the many kind friends who had been interested in our wanderings, we hastened to Scotland, and, "according to the good hand of our God upon us," arrived in peace.

We were welcomed home by the Committee of our Church who had commended us to the Lord when we went forth, and solemn thanksgiving was offered for our return, with earnest prayer for our two elder brethren whom we had expected to find arrived before us, but who were detained by dangerous illness abroad. A few days after, the Commission of the General Assembly received us in the same spirit of love, and requested to hear from our lips "concerning the Jews that had escaped, which were left of the captivity, and concerning Jerusalem;" and "we rehearsed all that God had done with us, and how he had opened the door of faith to his ancient people." Not less fervent was the welcome we received from the people of our respective parishes on the day we returned to them.

And now that we can look back on all the way that God led us, we are constrained to say, to the praise of

the glory of his grace, that He has blessed this undertaking from the beginning to the end. Both in the towns and rural parishes of Scotland, a deep, and we trust, Scriptural interest has been excited in behalf of Israel; an interest which has penetrated to the very poorest of our people. While going from parish to parish to tell the things we have seen and heard, there is one gratification we have never missed—namely, the presence of the aged, patriarchal-looking men of our Scottish peasantry, (seated oft-times on the pulpit-stairs,) that they might hear of "the seed of Abraham, God's friend,"—the nation for whose ingathering their godly sires used fervently to pray, as they dropt a tear over the narrative of their miseries.

It was a considerable time before Dr Black and Dr Keith were able to return. The former was detained some months at Vienna, and the latter till the following spring at Pesth in Hungary, by severe illness. They returned by the blessing of God with renovated health, bringing with them much interesting and useful intelligence regarding the countries they had visited.

Immediately on their arrival, a report was drawn up, and submitted to the General Assembly of 1840, when it was unanimously resolved, THAT THE CAUSE OF ISRAEL SHOULD FROM THAT TIME FORM ONE OF THE GREAT MISSIONARY SCHEMES OF OUR CHURCH. In July 1841, a similar resolution was passed by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. So thus one grand result of this undertaking has been, that the venerable Church of Scotland, in days of darkness and perplexity, along with her revived and vigorous offspring in Ireland, has been led to acknowledge herself debtor both to the Jews and to the Greeks, and humbly to imitate the Apostolic Church of Jerusalem,

by sending forth some of her sons to the heathen, and some to the circumcision.[1] True, when we turn our eyes on the millions of the blinded heathen, and the scattered bones of Israel that whiten the valley of vision, we feel that absolutely nothing has been done at all adequate to the awful need of a perishing world, and the weight of our responsibility. Yet a beginning has been made; the cry, "Come over and help us," is now distinctly heard in the remotest corners of our land. And all who take pleasure in tracing the steps of the Son of man, as he walks amidst his golden candlesticks, cannot but thank God that these two Churches have now come forth in their full Evangelistic character—preaching Christ and him crucified to their people at home, and stretching out their hands abroad, with the offer of the water of life to the distant Gentiles and the dispersed of Judah. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake."

[1] Gal. ii. 9.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX.

No. I.

PROGRAMME OF THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION PURSUED IN THE RELIGIOUS SCHOOLS OF THE ISRAELITISH UNIVERSITY OF LEGHORN, IN THE YEAR 1839.

Institution for Males.

RELIGIOUS AND MORAL INSTRUCTION.

Elementary Schools.

1st School—Formation of syllables, exercise on the vowel points, and the reading of the Hebrew tongue. The current reading of the principal prayers. (The system of mutual instruction.)

2d School—Catechetical instruction, moral and religious; a first or elementary class, and a second or superior class.

3d School—Reading and translating the prayers. The reading of the Pentateuch, and some chapters of the Prophets (חפטרה), with the tonic accents (טעמים).

... Italian rendering of Hebrew vocables. Rules for the vowel points and tonic accents.

More Advanced Schools.

1st School—Complete and progressive reading of the Bible, and the oral rendering of it into the vernacular language.

1st Class—The Pentateuch and first historical books.

2d Class—The other books of the Bible.

Rudiments of Hebrew Grammar. Religious duties of the Jews.

Hebrew text, read and translated, of Maimonides חנוך לנער, Part I., abridged.

1st School, 2d Class—
Hebrew text, read and translated, of Jarchi (רשי) on the Pentateuch.
Hebrew text, read and translated, along with the Chaldee paraphrase of Onkelos.
2d School—A course of Hebrew grammar.
3d School—Oral and written translation of the Bible. Selections and moral illustrations of the same.

HIGHER RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

Preparatory School.

1st Class—The first book of the Pentateuch, with Jarchi's Commentary, translated and illustrated.
The four first historical books of the Bible, with grammatical and philological comments, (מצודת דוד ומצודת ציון, *i. e.* the book called *Fortress of David*, and *Fortress of Zion*).

2d Class—Continuation and conclusion of the Bible, with grammatical and philological comments, (as before).
Introduction to rabbinical and theological studies (קיצור הליכות עולם, *i. e.* an abridgment of the Talmudical work called "*Everlasting Ways*").
The ritual of Caro—rules regarding the prayers (vol. i. p. 1).
Select treatises of the Mishna. (The Mishna of rabbi Bartenora.)

Literary School.

Higher Hebrew Grammar.
Translation of Themes from Italian into Hebrew.[1]
Complete course of Biblical Illustration—including grammatical, moral, philological, and archæological comments.

[1] As a specimen of the way in which they teach the scholar to write Hebrew, we subjoin the following. The master of the class took up a book that was lying by him, and read the following sentence in Italian. "I counsel thee to read with the pen in your hand, and to write on the book the useful and new ideas. This is the best means of imprinting them in your mind; and farther, being in this way able always to find them, they will be helpful to you in your conduct when they are good." A lad, in the course of a few minutes, thus rendered the passage into Hebrew, using the current Hebrew hand:—

אני יעץ אתכם לקרא בספרים עם החרט בידכם ולכתוב
בספר המחשבות מועילות וחדשות זה הוא הדרך הטוב
ליסדם בלבבכם ומלבד זה בשאתם רוצים למצוא אות ם
לעולם יהיו מועילות על מעשיכם בשהם טובים

Rabbinical School.

Talmud—select treatises, with illustrations (such as ברכות, "Blessings before meat;" שבת, "Sabbath;" יט, "Festivals").

Maimonides—select illustrations (such as מאכלות אסורות "forbidden meats").

A complete course from the Rituary of Caro, with illustrations.

The commentaries of the Mishna (such as ראש השנה, "New Year;" סוכה, "Feast of Tabernacles").

Opinions of the rabbies on questions regarding ceremonies.

CIVIL INSTRUCTION.

Elementary Schools.

1st School—Formation of syllables and reading. Penmanship. Arithmetic, the four first rules and fractions. (The system of mutual instruction.)

2d School—Instructive readings.

3d School—Drawing. Geometrical figures—principles of ornament and architecture.

More Advanced Schools.

1st School—Penmanship and Orthography completed. Higher arithmetic, applied to Commerce. Italian Grammar.

2d School—"Scrittura Doppia." System of weights, measures, and coins.
Mercantile Correspondence.

3d School—The French language.

4th School—Elements of history, geography and cosmography.

5th School—Lessons and exercises in vocal music, as used in the sacred songs of the synagogue.

INSTITUTION FOR FEMALES.

I. *Religious and Moral Instruction.*

Formation of syllables, exercises on the vowel points, and reading of Hebrew.

Reading of the daily and common prayers, in Hebrew.

Oral translation of the same.

The Catechism.

Daily reading in the assembled classes of moral and religious books, with illustrations and applications.

II. *Civil Instruction.*

Formation of syllables, and reading of Italian. (The system of mutual instruction.)
Instructive, moral readings.
Penmanship.
Arithmetic.

III. *Instruction in the Common Domestic Arts.*

1. Sewing, knitting, &c.
2. Embroidery, and works of the needle.

No. II.

VALUE OF THE COINS MENTIONED IN THE COURSE OF THIS WORK.

A Piastre in Syria, . . . = 1½d.
... in Asia Minor, . . = 2d.
... in Moldavia, . . = 3d.
Harieh in Egypt and Syria, . = 9 piastres.
A Para, ... = 40th part of a piastre.
A Zwanzig, ... = 8d.
A Kreutzer, $\frac{1}{20}$ of a Zwanzig, less than a halfpenny.
A Polish Gulden, . . . = 6d.
A Preuss Gulden, . . . = 2s.

We may subjoin a specimen of the endless variety of Turkish coins, which annoy and perplex the traveller. At Smyrna, the following note of the value of coins was given us along with our bag of money.

			Piastres.	Paras.
133	Duckisly, at value of $9\frac{2}{16}$ piastres,	=	1280	5
80	Rubbi Zenzerly, $9\frac{2}{16}$ . .	=	760	
$10\frac{1}{2}$	Addly Adzem, 19 . . .	=	199	20
$5\frac{1}{2}$	Addly Shdeed, 17 . . .	=	93	20
64	Spanish Dollars, 23 . . .	=	1472	
6	Austrian Dollars, 22 . .	=	132	
20	Fannus, 11 . . .	=	220	
4	Rissilik, $17\frac{1}{2}$ . . .	=	70	
2	five Piastre Pieces, . . .	=	10	
2	five Para Pieces, . . .			5
			4237	10

No. III.

HISTORY OF RABBI SIMEON BEN YOCHAI.

We give the following as one out of a thousand specimens of Jewish credulity. Rabbi Simeon is said to have lived in the second or third century. One day when some of them were met together, a rabbi named Pupas, who had visited Rome, related to his friends the wonders he had seen,—dwelling especially upon the works of public utility, such as the bridges, the baths, and the highways. Rabbi Simeon was much displeased at his commendation of the Romans, saying, that all they had in view was self-exaltation. Upon this rabbi Pupas, deeply offended at being thus contradicted, went to Rome and informed against rabbi Simeon. He was, accordingly, summoned to Rome; but for a long time escaped the vigilance of the police. On one of these occasions, when the police were in close pursuit of Simeon (who was in company with his son Eliezer), God revealed to him a cave, in which was a fig-tree and a spring of water. In this cave, both of them took shelter, and were nourished twelve years on the fruit of the tree, and refreshed by the spring of water. During this long time they were instructed in the *cabbala* by the prophet Elijah. On coming out of the cave at the end of twelve years, so absorbed were they in the study of the *cabbala*—the only true way of knowing God—that they looked on every secular pursuit as profanity, unworthy of men created in the likeness of God. By their frowns they consumed many towns and villages with hundreds of people, and the cattle that were ploughing in the fields within their sight. On this, God commanded them to return back to the cave, lest the whole world should be consumed by them; and there they remained other twelve years. During this period rabbi Simeon composed the *Book of Zohar*, still enjoying the instruction of the prophet Elijah. On leaving the cave the second time, the frowns of rabbi Eliezer were as destructive as rabbi Simeon's had been the first time, but the blessing of rabbi Simeon restored all that rabbi Eliezer laid waste. They hid the *Zohar* in the cave, where it was found 400 years after, the roll being as fresh as if written only yesterday. Pilgrimages are performed to the rabbi's grave at Marona every year by Jews from all parts of the world. They remain at it three days, spending the time in mirth and festivity. Often hundreds of pounds worth of shawls, dipped in oil, are burned in his honour. Vows are made to him, and prayers presented for deliverance from any misfortune. Even in the time of the late earthquake, hundreds came to pour out their prayers over his grave.

No. IV.

JEWS OF CORFU.

Communicated by a Resident there. (See page 187.)

The number of Jews in the Island of Corfu is about 2000. They all reside in a particular quarter of the town, but are not separated from the rest of the population by any enclosed wall, as is the case at Rome, Ancona, and other places in Italy. They have two synagogues, and two small oratories. There is some trifling difference in the ceremonies performed at the two synagogues, but not such as to prevent a Jew, who is in the habit of attending one of the synagogues, from frequenting and worshipping at the other. The Jews at Corfu I consider a very unfavourable specimen of their race. They are, in general, filthy in the extreme in their houses and in their habits, ignorant and ill-informed beyond all belief, very few of them knowing even the heads of their own interesting history. Their morality is at a very low ebb, but certainly not lower than the mass of the Christian population around them. The better class of Jews are principally merchants and shopkeepers (the greater number drapers), the middle class are artisans, and of tailors there are an immense number, the clothing both for town and country being principally made by them. The lowest class, of which there are a great number, are dealers in old clothes, common porters, seamen, and gatherers of rubbish.

They have one good quality, which is industry, and, as a natural consequence, in the midst of a wretched, starving population, they are generally well off, and many of them rich. They are hated beyond measure by the Greeks, who take every opportunity of insulting and ill-treating them; and were it not for the protection of the British arms, their situation would be insecure and wretched in the extreme.

Twenty years ago, a Jew dared not venture to shew his face in the street during Passion-week. Detachments of troops at that season of the year, were stationed at their synagogues to protect them from insult and violence; but a great change has taken place since then, and they may now walk about the streets even on Good Friday with impunity.

The chief rabbi is a native of Gibraltar, and calls himself an Englishman. His name is Bibas. He is a genuine Pharisee of the old school, rigidly observing the Jewish law. Some time since he prohibited his people from carrying an umbrella on the

Sabbath, as a violation of the fourth commandment. The Jews here are generally very strict in their observance of the Sabbath, which they will not violate for any temporal consideration, but they revolted against the prohibition to carry an umbrella on that day. In reply to the inquiry whether there are any Christians at Corfu who care for the souls of the Jews, I can only say that the Christians here, whether Greeks, Roman Catholics, or Protestants, care little, generally speaking, for their own souls, and therefore have little thought for the souls of the Jews.

No. V.

JEWS OF DAMASCUS.

Communicated by ERASMUS S. CALMAN, from personal observation a few years ago.

The Jews at Damascus are, like their brethren at Bagdad, the descendants of the first and second captivity; their descent may, many suppose, be traced as far back as the reign of King David.

The Jews at Damascus at present point out a cave, or grotto, about three miles from the town, as having once formed the temporary abode of the prophet Elijah, when he was sent to anoint Hazael to be king over Syria. The identity of this place, they say, has been handed down to them by an unbroken chain of witnesses, from the prophet to the present generation; and here their ancestors visited him, and brought to him the necessaries of life. The grotto is now metamorphosed into a kind of underground synagogue, and is resorted to on the last day of every month, which they spend in prayer and supplication. It is also a refuge in the time of danger. The number of Jews here in the time of the apostles must have been very great, but many of them were cut off during the wars of the Jews with the Romans, from which calamity they never recovered—and their number now does not exceed 5000 individuals.

Their secular occupation is much the same as that of their brethren at Bagdad—banking and traffic: but on a much smaller scale. They have little influence, and so have escaped much of the envy of their fellow-townsmen. They live with more harmony and peace with the rest of the people than in any place in the East. Their prejudice to Christianity is on that account also much less than amongst the Jews elsewhere. They converse freely with the missionary, and interchange visits; they willingly

receive Christian books and tracts, and are very communicative. The fact of the Jewish quarter being at a distance from that of the Christians cuts off any kind of intercourse except that of business, and this deprives them of every opportunity of giving vent to their ill-humour, which they might otherwise have done, and likewise lessens their dislike to Christianity. The Pasha of Egypt, since he has taken possession of Syria, has wrested all the secular authority from the hands of the rabbies, which is another reason for the liberal opinions of the Jews at Damascus. I would thus conclude, that Damascus, as a missionary station, is of the utmost importance, not only as it regards the direct preaching to the Jews, but also as it concerns the distribution of the word of God. Caravans come and go regularly from Damascus to Bagdad, Mosul, Aleppo, and other large towns, several times in the year, where the Jews purchase every copy of the Scriptures they can obtain from the British and Foreign Bible Society's Agent, and send them to the above-mentioned places, from which again they are sent to Persia and Curdistan; and this is the only channel I am aware of, by which the word of God can reach the Jews in these distant regions. The Society's edition of the Bible is almost the only one which is used in their families and the schools.

Schools for Jewish children may likewise be easily established there, where the Hebrew, Arabic, and English should be taught. The latter language grows daily in importance since the trade with England increased. At Beyrout, where the number of Jews is comparatively small, not amounting to more than 100 individuals, several families of Jews send their children to the American school, intended for the native Christians there, and parents make no objection to their being instructed in the New Testament.

It is interesting to read the above observations, written before the sad persecutions of these Jews had somewhat changed their feelings and situation. Perhaps, however, even after all they have suffered at the hands of persecutors, on the ground of an alleged murder of a Christian, *British Christians* will be found as welcome to the Jews of Damascus as ever before. For *British Christians* have come forward to plead their cause as well as *British Jews*. Among others, the General Assembly of our Church in 1840, unanimously agreed to memorialize Government to interpose in behalf of the persecuted Jews at Rhodes and Damascus.

No. VI.

JEWS OF BAGDAD.

Communicated by ERASMUS S. CALMAN, who personally visited them.

The Jews of Bagdad believe that they are descendants of the Jews who were carried thither in the first captivity. They still have over them one called "Head of the captivity in Babylon," ראש־גלות בבל, an office which arose in the first or second century. About the same time arose the office of ראש נשוא שבא, "Head prince of the Holy Land." It is probable that these titles and offices arose from a desire to counteract the prophecy of Jacob, "*The sceptre* shall not depart from Judah, nor *a lawgiver* from between his feet, until Shiloh come." They still apply the first part of this passage to their "Head prince of the captivity," and the "Lawgiver" to their "Head prince of the Holy Land." The Romans abolished the latter office, so that the Jews now content themselves with referring to the first. They further say, that none were made princes who could not prove their descent from Judah. It is said that the Jews themselves applied to the Romans to put down the Head prince of the Holy Land, because of his oppressions. At present, the Prince of the Captivity is not a descendant of Judah, but is raised up by the Porte and the local Government at Bagdad to exact from his brethren the money levied on the Jewish nation there. The people hate the office, and wish it was abolished. Mr Calman, on a visit to him, once asked him "If he really thought himself *the sceptre* that was to remain in Judah?" He gave no answer; he would not say that he believed it, but only smiled. Yet the existence of this office is an argument used by the Jews in the East against Christianity.

The number of Jews in Bagdad is estimated at 5000 or 6000. Nine years ago there were five times as many; but they have been destroyed by the plague, the civil war, and the inundation, —all which followed each other in rapid succession. The population of the whole town was at that time reduced from 120,000 to not more than 20,000.

Their moral and religious state is bad to a proverb. They are generally as bad as the rest of the population, which is saying the worst of them. This change has taken place since these judgments, as if they thought the arrows of God were all spent,

and there remained no fear of wrath, or as if they had grown hardened like Pharaoh. This applies only to their moral state; as to their superstitious belief, they observe the traditions of the Talmud bigotedly. They spare neither money nor trouble in performing duties enjoined by the Talmud. They count the performing of pilgrimages one of the chief works of merit; and accordingly many families every year accompany the caravans that go to Damascus and Aleppo, in order to visit the graves of their favourite rabbies, such as *the author of the Zohar, at Marona.* The poorer classes, who have not the means of making pilgrimages to the Holy Land, go on pilgrimage to the innumerable graves of the writers of the Talmud, in the vicinity of ancient Babylon. Some go to the graves of the prophets Jeremiah and Ezekiel, who are supposed to be buried on the frontiers of Persia, making vows and prayers to them.

They are occupied in bartering and traffic, the commerce of Bagdad and its vicinity being entirely in their hands. They have occasionally stopped trade by withdrawing their capital from the market, when the Pasha attempted to make alterations in the currency injurious to their interests. Few have any manual trade, except writing out the Pentateuch on parchment scrolls, for which they are famous in all the East.

They are bitterly opposed to Christianity and to missionaries. The reasons of this are—If any Jew were to embrace Christianity, the *Head of the Captivity* has power to punish him; and he has done this occasionally in so severe a way that the criminal has died under the lash. Another reason is, that Christians—Armenians especially—avenge themselves on the poor Jews for wrongs done them by the Mahometans. The peculiar hatred which the Jews bear to the Armenians may arise from a charge often brought against them, namely, that Haman was an Armenian, and that the Armenians are the *Amalekites* of the Bible. When Mr Calman visited Bagdad with Mr Groves in 1832, to try to open a school among the Jews, the attempt completely failed, chiefly through the fear they have of the Prince of the Captivity.

The *Cabbala* is more a matter of study than the Talmud, both here and in the East generally. *Poland*, instead of Babylon, may be said to have become the seat of the *Talmud.* The reason assigned for the comparative neglect of the Talmud, and preference of the Cabbala, in a country where the writers of Talmudism once flourished, is, that more than half the Koran was taken from the Talmud, so that to them it is associated with Mahometanism.

About two days from Bagdad is a place called *Ieet*, or *Hith*,

on the banks of the Euphrates, in the desert between Bagdad and Damascus. Here about twenty families of Karaite Jews reside. Mr Calman visited them: they prosecute the business of silversmiths, making trinkets and ornaments for the people of the town, and for the Arabs of the desert. Finding it difficult, after all, to subsist by their industry in that small town, they tried to settle in Bagdad or its vicinity; but met with such determined opposition from the rabbinical Jews, that they were compelled to remain in this spot, where they have been for centuries. But the days are coming when "the sound of the great trumpet" shall reach the ears of those that are "ready to perish in the land of Assyria."[1] When Mr Calman visited their *Hacham*, he was dressed in a long, coarse shirt, with a rope about his loins. A small square chamber served him both as a study and a synagogue. He had a few manuscripts, which he would not part with for any price in the world. He was delighted when Mr C. told him that he was as much opposed to the Talmud as himself; and then listened to him when he shewed in the Old Testament the declarations of the prophets regarding a suffering Saviour. The *Hacham's* main objection to Christianity was Isaiah LXV. 4, "a people that eat swine's flesh."[2] Mr Calman shewed him that this was not a reference to Christians, for the people spoken of "sacrifice in gardens," &c. The Karaites seem to be preserved as living witnesses against the *Talmud*, in the very seat of its former dominion and its birthplace.

No. VII.

STRIKING SIMILARITY IN THE MAIN FEATURES OF JUDAISM AND POPERY, PROVING THAT THEY HAVE ONE AUTHOR.

The object of both the systems of Judaism and Popery, is to lead men *to go about to establish their own righteousness*, and thus prevail upon them *to live and die without submitting to the righteousness of God*. In the system of Judaism, the working of Satan is seen in *excluding* Christ, and offering the sinner a substitute for him: in Popery his working is seen in *including* Christ, yet still presenting a substitute for him. On the forehead of both is written—MYSTERY OF INIQUITY!

[1] Isa. XXVII. 13. [2] Isa. LXV. 4.

Popery says:	Judaism says:
The Bible is not the only rule of faith. The Church is to determine what is to be believed.	The Talmud and the Cabbala are as good authorities as the Bible. Nay, the Talmud is wine, but the Scriptures, taken by themselves, is only water.
2	2
The traditions of the Fathers and decrees of General Councils, are to be received as authoritative and binding.	All the traditions of the rabbies are to be implicitly believed and followed.
3	3
The Pope, or at least the Pope along with a General Council, is infallible.	The rabbies and the authors of the Talmud cannot err.
4	4
The laity ought to be guided by the priests, and have no right of private judgment. We will excommunicate them, if they judge differently from the interpretations of our holy mother, the Church.	It is the commentators, Jarchi, &c. that are to settle the meaning of Scripture, and not private judgment. We will fulminate our *Herem* against you if you interpret passages differently from us.
5	5
It is not safe to give the people at large the plain text of Scripture. And the prayers must be read in Latin, not in the vernacular tongue.	The plain grammatical sense of Scripture is to be taught to few. And we must never use any but Hebrew prayers, however few may understand them.
6	6
There is great merit in giving alms, and in prayers, pilgrimages, and other good works.	"Alms deliver from death." There is merit to be stored up by prayers, pilgrimages, feasts and fasts. "Touch not, taste not, handle not."
7	7
There is a purgatory. The best of men must be purged after death, instead of at once entering into heaven.	The Jew after death must undergo a trial of fire, and roll under the earth to the Valley of Jehoshaphat.
8	8
No man can be sure of salvation till the very hour of death. Therefore he must try to make his vague hope somewhat surer by every means which the priests and the Church choose to point out.	No Jew in this life can come to a settled hope of acceptance; wherefore, he must use every means that the rabbies choose to appoint to make his hope surer.
9	9
It is right to pay the priests for the Confessional, saying Mass, &c.	The rabbies require a present for giving you advice, praying for your dead friends, &c.
10	10
Prayer for the dead is useful to free the soul from purgatory. Therefore, after you die, we will pray for you, if you pay us for doing so.	"May God remember the soul of my honoured father A.B., who is gone to his repose; for that I now solemnly vow charity for his sake. In reward of this may his soul be bound up in the bundle of life." This is a prayer at the Feast of Tabernacles.

Popery says:	Judaism says:
11	11
Prayers to dead saints and to the Virgin Mary, are of great benefit in time of trouble.	Every Jew ought to pray over the graves of the saints, asking them to intercede with God for him. It is right also to plead the merit and services of our rabbies, and our father Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.
12	12
Worship may be paid to images and pictures; yet not exactly to them, but only to what they represent.	On the Evening of the Day of Atonement, Jews must pray to the Sheeinah in the moon, yet not *as if to* the moon.
13	13
Pilgrimages to holy wells, to holy places, and above all to the Holy Sepulchre, are meritorious.	Pilgrimages to the tombs of rabbies, such as Marona, and to the Holy Land, and offering prayer at the stones of the Temple wall, are acts of high merit.
14	14
Kiss the crucifix, and exalt it everywhere, yet pretend that you do not adore it, but him who died on it.	Adore the Torah—kiss it, and yet not as if *it* were any thing itself, but on pretence of adoring the Giver of it.
15	15
Read much of the Gospels, little of the Epistles, and do not encourage private reading of Scripture. If any read much of the Bible in private, he is a heretic; but if he read much of the *Fathers*, he is a good son of the Church.	Read much of the *Law*, and the Histories, and the Psalms, little of the Prophets. If any read much of the Scripture, he is an *Epicurus*, that is, a heretic or infidel; but if he study much o the Talmud, this is meritorious.
16	16
Keep the Sabbaths after forenoon service is over, by being gay and merry, and going to the theatres, &c.	Keep the Sabbaths, when not occupied in synagogue worship, by eating and drinking more than usual that day, taking three meals, and by walking about in gaiety, and calling on each other.
17	17
Christ will receive those who make themselves holy before they come, that is, who recommend themselves to him by their works, and their fidelity to the Church.	It is not with pardon that Messiah has to do. He is to reward his faithful people, who are pardoned already by their alms, fasts, and prayers.
18	18
It is lawful to put a *baptized* man, woman, or child, to death, if they renounce the true Church.	It is right to persecute, even to death, any Jew who becomes a Christian.
19	19
There is no salvation out of the Church of Rome.	"Heretics and Epicureans go down to hell and are judged for ever."

Such is a specimen of the coincidence between the doctrines of Judaism and those of Popery, and the instances could easily be

multiplied, proving to a demonstration that both the systems proceed from the Father of lies, the great adversary of Christ, and of the souls of men. Of the great mass of the deluded people under both systems, it may truly be said, "God has sent them strong delusion that they should believe a lie," while their priests and rulers subject themselves to that sentence from the lips of Christ—"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in."

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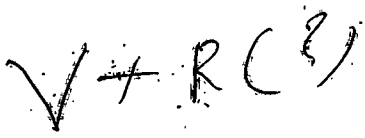

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